Correspondence July 1907 - December 1908
Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College

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Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents

This list includes people mentioned frequently in this volume. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

Family

Mary Rice Jewett (1847-1930). Jewett's older sister. Occasional nickname: **O.P.**

Sarah Orne Jewett's nicknames in these letters are **Sadie, Pin or Pinny, and P.L, for Pinny Lawson.**

Theodore Jewett Eastman (1879-1831) is mentioned often, the orphaned son of the youngest Jewett sister, Caroline Eastman. Nicknames in these letters are: **Thiddy, Stubby and variations**.

Friends

Thomas Bailey Aldrich: (1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (1840-1907), author, editor and translator of American authors, including Jewett. She published as **Th. Bentzon**.

Dr. Robert (Brother Robert) Collyer (1823-1912), an English-born Unitarian clergyman working in New York City. He was a frequent visitor in the homes of both Fields and Jewett.

Louisa (Loulie) Loring Dresel (1864-1958), painter, photographer, traveler, a neighbor of Annie Fields.

Annie Adams Fields: (1834-1915), social worker, author and Jewett's domestic partner. Jewett often refers to her as **A.F. and T.L.** and addresses her with variations on **Fuff and Mouse**.

Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920), poet, essayist and editor.

William Dean Howells: (1837-1920), novelist, critic, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*, an early mentor to Jewett.

Mary Frances Parker Parkman (1855-1942) wife of Boston businessman and politician, Henry Parkman (1850-1924), she worked with Jewett to edit *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907).

Mary Augusta Ward (1851-1920), British novelist who published under her married name as Mrs Humphry Ward. Her daughter, **Dorothy Ward,** shared in this correspondence.

Grace Norton to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*2 July 1907*]*

Dear Sarah —

I'm sending you this formal 'reminder.' I must add a word of the sympathy that all of us to whom Mrs. Agassiz* was — & is — dear, are silently exchanging with

[*Page 2*]

one another. I know you will feel her death; to me it brings a loss than which no other could so increase the loneliness of old age. -----

I hope the summer is going well with you.

Affectionately yours
Grace Norton.

[*Page 3*]

2 July.

Notes

1907: Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, ME, and cancelled in Boston on 2 July 1907.

Agassiz: Jewett correspondent Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz (1822 - 27 June 1907).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 2, Item 80, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Harriet Mann Miller to Sarah Orne Jewett

Ogunquit Farm
Maine. July 6th
[*1907*]*

Dear Miss Jewett:

Your note fills me with regrets for I fear your three [weeks *?*] absence will [cover *?*] the time of [my staying *?*] here. I <u>have</u> to be at Point o' Woods — on the Long Island coast by August, and

[*Page 2*]

should leave July 31st at the <u>very latest</u>. I did think I might return, but do not now think it probable.

When you are at York Harbor, you are but eight miles from here (I am told) and if you <u>could</u> come this way in some of your drives, I should be greatly pleased. I have so long wanted to know you.

I should like to see your ["marshes" *?*] — your things! so anxious for [*unrecognized word*] that they [*unrecognized word*] the electric light [*unrecognized word*]! If some one would

[*Page 3*]

put up for us they would probably use them.

The postman comes and I must close{.}

very sincerely yours
Olive Thorne Miller

Notes

1907: This date is a mere guess, but it has a little support. The one other known letter between Miller and Jewett was in March 1904, and that letter looks introductory, Miller introducing herself to Jewett by sending her a new book. This letter, therefore, is likely to be from after 1904.

In 1907, Jewett spent at least the first half of July at Mt. Desert Island, recovering from a severe respiratory infection.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 154 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Violet Paget / Vernon Lee

North East Harbour
Mount Desert —
[*July 1907*]*
[*Begin deleted letterhead*]
~~South Berwick Maine~~
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Miss Paget

I have been so ready to thank you all these weeks that I can hardly feel ashamed [of seeming *corrected*] ungrateful. — You cannot know how much I loved your letter and that most loveable chapter about our dear Madame Blanc* written with such sympathy and discernment, from the perfectly right point of view; it seems wonderful to me that anyone so much younger could have taken it who had not lived with her for long stretches of time. There were so many Thérèses if one had her for a day or two at a time! The

[*Page 2*]

great French lady of — one almost say <u>some</u> centuries earlier, returned to earth and gracefully adapting herself to modern conditions, [*deletion*] was what everyone could not see. Oddly enough one of my dearest friends on this side of the sea

was great granddaughter of a young French officer who came over at the time of the Revolution, and one never understood her until (and many New Englanders never could!) one returned to the 1760's and matched her traits to that day and date and to the habits of people who had to do with courts and camps. — But to say how I miss Madame Blanc and see new reasons for having loved her so much is

[*Page 3*]

quite impossible. Your memories of her bring her back as nothing else has done —

I am not forgetting to thank you, either, for Sister Benvenuta.* I brought that dear small volume with me in my kit. I doubt if we are separated for a good while to come, it is a true bit of life — it explains many quite un-related things! — with the charm that a new flower had the other day (perhaps it was only a forgotten flower) that I found on a green island on the Maine coast here where I have been cruising on a comfortable old sailing yacht with a friend. You would have loved the small harbours with their villages where we spent the

[*Page 4*]

nights and often an evening and clear, still morning. The birds sang all along the wooded shores and the lambs bleated, the waves plashed against the rocks after a boat went by, and one heard no other noises. I had been ill for a month with a second quite uncalled for attack of influenza, and I certainly liked those noises better than any. I send you a bit of 'pointed fir'* their new tips look almost as if they had flowered in pretty fringes. — The salt air, the fragrance of these woods make one a little light-headed sometimes -----

The other day I gave a card to two acquaintances — lovers of Italy who go to see her for

[*Page 5*]*

the first time: Miss McCracken,* a magazine writer of talent, and true, shy, little lover of best things — a Southerner by birth, and Miss Julia Marlowe* the player who has just been having a good season in London { — } Viola and Juliet not beyond her. She has had great popularity in lesser parts — but I think she has great gifts, unequal as artists are, but I look to see her gain much from this Italian summer. They both loved the Ariadne in Mantua.* I doubt if they are lucky enough to find you for half an hour, but they can have the drive to your door, and that is giving them much.*

[*Page 6*]

= I confess to having lived with you a good deal, since your letter came and really brought you not only to my door but inside, to stay. This letter thanks you for many things. I hoped you would say that this was the summer when you could come — to sail over from England in June is not long, and you should have a tin Bank when you got here and go home clinking and heavy with savings. You should be withheld from long journeys and only shown a

[*Page 7*]

very few places. Autumn is better than midsummer: come in Autumn!

If I were writing a week later I should send you messages from Mrs Fields,* whom I shall see then. She is not very strong nowadays, but always such a giver of help and pleasure. You would like her summer house close by the sea, as much as I do, and I hope you would like my own old house in a country village with a proper New England garden —

I must stop writing, but please find all that I write without ink, and

[*Page 8*]

please, my dear friend, write one day again. I can take your books, old and new, all for letters now, but that very fact makes me wish to Hear again —

Yours affectionately,
S. O. J.

Notes

July 1907: See Paget to Jewett of 29 April 1907. In early July 1907, Jewett was recuperating at North East Harbor, ME, after a second bout of influenza. Carl Weber suggests that this date is problematic in "Three More Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," *Colby Quarterly* 3 (1952), note p. 3, where he discusses the problem of dating Jewett to Paget of 3 January 1908. Jewett seems fairly clearly to have read Vernon Lee's "La Ferté-sous-Jouarre," which appeared in *The Sentimental Traveller* (1908). The title refers to the country home of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, who had died on 5 February 1907. It seems clear that Paget must have sent Jewett a copy of that essay before it was published, including that "most lovable chapter" with her 29 April letter.

Benvenuta: Vernon Lee, *Sister Benvenuta and the Christ Child* (1906).

'pointed fir': Jewett alludes to her 1896 book set near the part of Maine from which she wrote this letter, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*.

Page 5: The second half of this letter also is on Jewett's letterhead, the printing appears upside-down at the bottom left of page 8, below a penciled horizontal line.

McCracken: Elizabeth McCracken. Key to Correspondents.

Julia Marlowe: Born Sarah Frances Frost (1865-1950), Julia Marlowe was an English-born American actress, who excelled in performing roles in William Shakespeare's plays.

Mantua: Paget/Lee, *Ariadne in Mantua: A Romance in Five Acts* (1903). Cary says "Miss Jewett ardently but unsuccessfully urged Miss Marlowe to produce and play in Miss Paget's *Ariadne in Mantua*."

He also notes that "the travelers did not find Miss Paget in when they called, but Miss McCracken did meet her later in England."

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Helen Bigelow Merriman to Mary Rice Jewett

N.E. Harbor, July 11
1907

Dearest Mary,

You letter is here, and as I hope you will be [sailing *?*] on the 18th I will answer at once as well as this disgusting sick will let me —

Dear Roger* and [Doro *?*] left us after supper last night, taking much light and joy with them — The dear Baby called for "mamma" tonight at bed time, and looked in her room for her,

[*Page 2*]

but his attention was easily distracted, and I do not think he will suffer at all.

We made the journey here comfortably. Roger and Doro, who came first with the Baby, had the house all gay with wood-fires, and candles, and wild flowers, to welcome me on Saturday, and Dan arrived Sunday morning — [Doppy *?*]* did not complain any more on this trip than on the shorter one to Intervale,

[*Page 3*]

a week ago — She cannot get about much yet. But will practice her legs better when she is in her own more spacious house. She seemed quite herself.—

Dan leaves me on Saturday for a two week's absence, so it will be doubly delightful to have your company and Sarah's — [Much *?*] love to you both —

from [yr *?*] Helen B. M.

[*Up the left margin and then the right margin of page 1*]

Love to Mrs. Tyson,* please.

We have a telephone — Call me up when you get here —

Notes

Roger: Helen and Daniel Merriman's son, Roger, married Dorothea Foote in June 1904. Their children were Roger, Daniel, Dorothea, and Helen. See Wikipedia and Key to Correspondents.

Doppy: This transcription is very uncertain. Presumably Merriman refers to Dorothea Merriman.

Tyson: Emily Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 366, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Annie Adams Fields to Emma Collyer Hosmer*

Saturday5
Thunderbolt Hill
[*12 July 1907*]*

My dear Mrs Hosmer:

We depend upon a visit from you tomorrow, Sunday. Pray come as early as you find it convenient and stay as late.

Your father seems very well; in good condition for his European visit.

Mifs Jewett sends her good wishes with mine.

Most truly yours
Annie Fields.

Notes

Hosmer: Emma Collyer Hosmer (1851-1927) was the daughter of Robert Collyer. Key to Correspondents.

1907: A slight problem with dating this letter is that 12 July 1907 fell on a Friday. As the accompanying envelope seems strongly associated with the letter, I have assumed Fields erred in her date.

With this letter is an envelope addressed to: "Mrs Hosmer. Care of Dr. Collyer. The Delphine, East Gloucester, Mass^{tts}". It was cancelled in Manchester, MA, on 12 July 1907; on the reverse a "received" cancellation is dated 13 July 1907. Apparently in different ink and a different hand, in the upper left, is written: "From Mrs James T Fields also from Sarah Orne Jewett".

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 3 Folder 199.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Alice Meynell

Manchester by the Sea Mass^{ts}
July 13th
[*1907*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]

My very dear M^{rs} Meynell

I have had your dear mid-winter letter in my hand many a time, and I have had the thought of you often and often in my heart. We were enchanted by the thought that perhaps you would come [over *corrected*] this autumn and I meant to say at once 'Oh do come earlier, before the summer ends, and come to Manchester and to Berwick where you shall see my old and dear village, and all

[*Page 2*]

the riverside country toward the sea!' We really long to see you again, we are ready to make any offers of sea and shore between us, A.F. and I and to plead [any *corrected ?*] desperate excuses of your only knowing [the *corrected*] weather in New England, to get you back —

I was disappointed not to see little Miss M^{c}Cracken* — She wrote great letters of delight about your kindness and friendliness to her and to Miss Marlowe* but I wished to ask things and to hear more of you. Do you know, that after playing

[*Page 3*]

for two weeks in New York those two friends were going to start off at once again for Italy! [Their *corrected*] hearts were set upon it from the first. I recommended Paris and the Comédie Française !! but they will not be in season [unless *corrected*] they come back later ^in autumn^ than ^a busy^ player can — I always believe in misfits: people dont get suited with their bodies, and it is really funny that such a brave adventurous nature as Miss M^{c}Cracken's should have got into a small body with a timid voice. Usually the little persons get into giants clothes of bodies: it isn't

[*Page 4*]

so often that the other thing happens. It makes a good deal of trouble! If you ever fall upon her book "Women in America" I am sure you will think of this with a moment's deep amusement. It is a very good book and ought to be better known. I shall send it to you if she was too modest to give it —

You will like to know that our dear Mrs. Fields seems better this summer than for a long time. She is pretty lame still, poor dear [friend *?*], but She is wonderfully well. I have just come here after being away a month nearly = much longer than usual! but I have come back feeling much better{.}

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

{This is only the}* beginning of what I wish to write but I can at least send a word of unforgetting affection; and thank you for many things; for your dear hospitality to the two strangers lately, you could not know how much it meant to them —

yours ever most sincerely
S. O. Jewett

Notes

1907: See Jewett to Paget of July 1907. Jewett and Fields corresponded with Meynell during 1907, hoping that she would be able to travel to the U.S.

Miss M^{c}Cracken: Elizabeth McCracken. Her book *The Women of America*, appeared in 1904. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Marlowe: Julia Marlowe is the stage name of Sarah Frances Frost (1865-1960); she was a Shakespearean actor. McCracken published an article, "Julia Marlow" in *Century Magazine* (November 1906), pp. 46-55. In which summer Marlowe traveled in Italy with McCracken has not been established with certainty; Charles Edward Russell, in *Julia Marlowe: Her Life and Art*, notes that she spent part of the summer of 1908 in Franzenbad, Bohemia (p. 451). Further, Russell indicates that Marlowe was on tour in England beginning in the spring of 1907, though the date of her return to the United States is not given (pp. 426-50).

Comédie Française: The Comédie-Française is a French state theater in Paris.

She: This word may not be capitalized, and it may be underlined twice.

only the: Uncharacteristically, Jewett seems to have left out or implied a number of words here, and I have filled in what I believe she meant to write.

This manuscript is held by the Greatham Library, in West Sussex, UK, owned by Oliver Hawkins, great grandson of Alice Meynell. A copy has been provided by independent scholar and editor of *The Selected Letters of Alice Meynell*, Damian Atkinson.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Julia Ward Howe

Manchester by Sea
July 17th
[*1907*]*

Dearest Mrs. Howe

I have thought of you so many times and wished to write to you. So many things have made me think of you; news of those who have gone and left us, and last of all, your dear friend and mine, Mrs. Agassiz! How often it has made me happy to see you together and to be where you both were! I am rich and happy in such dear and beautiful memories; this makes me

[*Page 2*]

understand how many delightful things come into your mind whenever you remember those [most *corrected*] kind and loving and delightful friend{s}. " — They are all gone into a world of light ="* how often we must say that to ourselves: but I think as I write that it ought to make you very happy to know how much pride and pleasure and delight you have given to these friends who have gone, and what you have been to the ones who may have a had a lovely patience with

[*Page 3*]

the dull and thoughtless but who knew so well the difference, when they had wit and genius and an understanding heart to count upon!

Mary and I are here just now with Rose Lamb,* also Brother Robert Collyer is now with us. [*deletion*] He preached a good sermon last Sunday upon the length and breadth and height of it being equal and doors being open all ways! He sails for England on the 6th ("not going to call it a last visit; said that too

[*Page 4*]

many times!"* = Since I wrote the last word all the day has gone but I must finish this page and put my letter in the post =

Brother Robert asked me to give you his kind regards but I cant underscore the two words to give them all the affectionate emphasis that he did.

Before he came Mary and I had been sailing the seas eastward, taking eight days to go from Portsmouth to North East Harbour — I saw my dear Pointed Firs and got quite clear of a second bad pull of [influenza *corrected*] that had been pulling me down for a month.

We were great sailors and when the winds were light [we *corrected*] went in a small boat up the rivers and about the bays

[*Page 5*]

— I felt sometimes as if all my old power of enjoyment had come back again.

I saw Mrs. Bell* at York since then, very well in spite of [house *?*] being struck by lightning! — the house was damaged a little ^[the last time *?*]^ but it seemed as if the actual thing were not half so bad as her dread of it and "Minnie's{"} all these years — It is a long time since Mrs. Bell has looked so well, and as if the anxieties of last year had gone like shadows — She was so serene and full of delightful things to tell her listeners, as always.

Mrs Fields asks me to give you her love and a message of love and sympathy to Mrs. Hall* if she is

[*Page 6*]

with you — in which I should like to join — I cannot feel so near to you without feeling a sense of nearness to her — through you and Laura* too — I hope that you are keeping well and I thank you so much for my share of your dear letter that came longer ago than I like to remember — a month at least, and since then you have gone out of town to the green fields —

Yours always with true and proud affection and many loving wishes

Sarah

Notes

1907: This date is confirmed by Jewett's reference to the death of Elizabeth Agassiz on 27 June 1907. Key to Correspondents.

world of light: Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) was a Welsh mystical poet who wrote in English. "They

are all gone into a world of Light!" appears in *Silex Scintillans* (1655).

Rose Lamb: Key to Correspondents.

times!: Jewett's quotation marks seem clear, if not where expected.

Mrs. Bell: Helen Choate Bell; her sister Miriam (Minnie) Pratt died in 1906. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Hall: Florence Marion Howe Hall (1845-1922). She and Laura Richards were two of Julia Ward Howe's three daughters. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Box 4 (119).

Louisa Loring Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett

July 19.
1907.*

Dear S.

This is "Aunt Jot's."* I made this photograph and another and Marianne* had them printed in Germany and I gave them to "Aunt Jot".

(Turn over please)

[*Page 2*]

It was so nice to see you yesterday, and an especial pleasure to see your sister. Please tell her so, from me.

Yours
(with affection)
L. L. D.

Notes

1907: This note is written on a postcard of a Dresel photograph of a house, as explained in the text. The photo is labeled "Annisquam, Mass." The card is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick and was canceled in Gloucester, MA on 29 July 1907. Dresel begins the note below the photograph and continues it in the message space on the other side.

"Aunt Jot's": This person's identify is not yet known.

Marianne: Marianne Theresia Brockhaus. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Dresel, Louisa Loring. 2 letters; 1892-1907., 1892-1907. bMS Am 1743 (50). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

Monday afternoon
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]
[*22 July 1907*]*

My dear Loulie

I cannot tell if I wrote you a letter ^that^ I meant to write or whether I waited — three weeks ago — thinking as I did about some other letters, that I should get it written on a foggy day at sea, or in some nice Maine harbour. I was just going from Kittery to North East Harbour but it took eight days to do it! When there were "light airs" as the old log books say, we took the [puff *?*] boat and went up the rivers, and were on deck, or puffing off in this

[*Page 2*]

fashion all the time. It was truly delightful. I had really [been *corrected*] pretty ill with that last attack of influenza — grippe — for a month, and had run way down but I began at once to run up in good sea weather and had a delightful visit after we got to North East at the Wheelwrights.* You were my first younger friend and I don't doubt led the way to my enjoying Mary Wheelwright a good deal: before you, my friends had nearly always been older —. I like her and her family yacht the Hesper, which=who= sails like a swallow. I don't like to joggle on a steam boat half so well

[*Page 3*]

as to 'sail free' — I should like to make you see a picture of Christmas Cove* and all the minor coves and harbours of Boothbay where I saw my dear old Mrs. Murray* again after six years. It is a beautiful coast to follow slowly in and out — One might give up the whole summer to it and not get quite to Eastport or Campobello.

I was sorry to miss you the day I left Manchester — Now I am going back on Friday and you might come over to church on Sunday and hear Dr. Collyer who preaches earlier this year

because he goes soon to England. Do you remember

[*Page 4*]

driving me to dear Mrs. Cabot's* door last summer the last August Sunday, where, alas! we never can go again to find her? I left my umbrella in the wagon and you had to bring it back: Mrs. Trimble* was there — but this reminds me that I ought to write to that dear friend! —

Thank you for wishing that I could come to stay with you, dear Loulie. I have been very careful about making any plans for visits this summer so as to be free to be either here or at Manchester — whichever seems best. (My sister was on the Hesper with me so that I was practically at home!) But when I am at Manchester in August we can talk about it. I should like to have

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

a good day with you at any rate and that we can be pretty sure of — Will you give me Marianne's* address? I have had some most kind and friendly cards from her and I [want *?*] to speak back. The old garden here looked quite beautiful when we came back. I

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 3*]

like to think that you know it by sight —

Yours very affectionately
S. O. J.

Notes

1907: See Jewett to Howe of 17 July. This letter was written after Jewett returned from a trip to North East Harbor, ME, in 1907 and while Robert Collyer was visiting at Manchester by the Sea. It is possible this letter was written on another Monday, July 15 or 29.

Wheelwrights: Mary Cabot Wheelwright. Key to Correspondents.

Christmas Cove: Christmas Cove is a coastal village in South Bristol, ME., east of Brunswick and of Boothbay.

Mrs. Murray: The identity of Mrs. Murray, possibly of Boothbay, remains unknown.

Cabot: Susan Burley Cabot died on March 24, 1907. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Trimble: The identity of the Mrs. Trimble is as yet unknown. In Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Jewett Eastman, December 16-20, 1895, Jewett refer to Mrs. Cabot's Mrs. Trimble, suggesting that Mrs. Trimble worked in Susan Burley Cabot's household.

Marianne's: Marianne Theresia Brockhaus. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 — Folder A14: to Louisa Loring Dresel., 1886-1898. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Houghton Mifflin & Co.

South Berwick. Maine
23d July
[*1907*]*

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Gentlemen

Will you please change the address of the copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* which has been sent by me to Madame Blanc Bentzon* Meudon France — to Mifs Grace King

Couvent St. Maur
12 rue de l'Abbé Grégoire Paris

to end this year's subscription only — unless I give directions to the contrary? --------

I have lately been 'coasting,' eastward in a friend's boat, and

[*Page 2*]

when I was shopping for stories at Loring, Short & Harmon's in Portland,* (that excellent depot of supplies for idle summer readers!) I found a cheap Crowell & Co. edition for the first time, and was much interested. Mr. Harmon and Mr. Stevens two members of the firm, told me that they wished there might be a [50 *corrected*] cent copy of the Pointed Firs* bound of that sort; they could do well with it. I have remembered to tell you, because if all negotiations

[*Page 3*]

with Crowell & Co ^(Perhaps it is "converted" enough for the purpose?)^ are finished, it might be done by the House itself for another season.

The Tory Lover* really looked very well. I had asked to have the dedication page left out, but I found it was forgotten. Please do this in any future printings. If the page cannot be left blank I can send

another ^inscription^ which should have been used at first.

Could we arrange at this late day a "new edition" of Betty Leicester for the holidays? I could give you some pretty photographs of the river &c four

[*Page 4*]

or five, or more to use as half=tone ^or photogravure^ 'illustrations'. The book has done so well [these]* last two or three years that a little lift as a 'Christmas book{'} — using the same plates of course — might not be unwise — to come out in Octr or early November.

With kind [regards *corrected*] always
Sincerely yours

S. O. Jewett

Notes

1907: In the upper left corner are stamps over part of the text. One stamp is red, a box with four department names: Firm, Editorial, Publishing, Publicity. The first of these is checked. Last in the box is "Answered by" and is filled in with initials, possibly F.J.M. The second is a date stamp in purple ink, 24 July 1907. Two holes are punched in the top of the page. A line is drawn in ink through the first paragraph down diagonally from right to left. At the top of this line is a note: "noted 7/25/T.S.P." The initials are difficult; this is a guess.

Bentzon: The occasion of this letter is the death of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc on 5 February 1907. Jewett is transferring her gift subscription of *Atlantic* from Madame Blanc to Grace King. A close friend of Blanc in her later years, King remembered her in *Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters* (New York, 1932).

Loring, Short & Harmon's in Portland: A major book and stationery store in the Lancaster Building in Portland, ME. Jewett is likely to have met Charles Cobb Harmon (1846-1923), who became president of the firm. An Edward Stevens became a buyer for the firm, but whether this is the person Jewett met is not yet known. See Louis C. Hatch, *Maine: A History*. v 4, pp. 88-9.

cheap Crowell & Co. edition: Thomas Young Crowell (1836-1915) founded Thomas Y. Crowell Company and began publishing books in 1876.

Pointed Firs: Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896).

Tory Lover: Jewett's *The Tory Lover* (1901). The novel was dedicated to T.J.E., Jewett's nephew Theodore Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents. Whether Houghton Mifflin honored Jewett's request is not yet known. All editions the editor has seen include the dedication as in the first edition.

Betty Leicester: Jewett's 1890 novel "for girls." None of the three books Jewett inquires about were issued in new or paperback editions before Jewett's death in 1909.

these: Jewett has superimposed "this" and "these." Her final intention is not certain.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Houghton Mifflin Company correspondence and records, 1832-1944, Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 68 letters from; 1870-1907 and [n.d.]. MS Am 1925 (962).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright

Sunday
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]
[*Summer 1907*]*

My dear Sarah

Your letter was so kind and delightful — I love to hear of the Hesper's flying to Lubec* like a swallow and I only wish that you and I had been aboard. I did so wish to go! — but it also sounded very comfy to hear of you [two *corrected*] (2) being at home together after so ~~much~~ ^many^ goings-on — I should have liked a piece of that quietness just then ^too^ — and I would have gone down

[*Page 2*]

by the boat house and picked up little stones and played all day and not bothered you a bit! Dear old Doctor Collyer made his summer visit at Manchester, and my sister Mary was there too and he preached a noble sermon in the little church about the Follies of Solomon that led him to [thinking *corrected*] All is Vanity* — it was only because with all his wisdom, he got naughty and self indulgent and didn't use life in the right way: and ^so^ what he said then wasn't true! but you

[*Page 3*]

must fill into this bad sentence a splendid observation of the glories of Solomon, and an appeal to the 'better nature' of a devout little worshipping congregation. He sang the hymns like a boy, dear old fellow, and I believed every word he said.

I tried to do a good many things that involved driving that week or ten days but I have got all right again now and my sister and I are going to Newport on Tuesday — to see her friend, and mine, Minnie Appleton* — who by the way wrote ~~me~~ that she knew Miss Ellis,* so that I hope

[*Page 4*]

to see her. We come back at the end of the week — Mrs. Bradley* and some others come next week.

Please let me know when you get near the time for moving — for I should not wish to be away, [for *?*] as the evenings grow long I am apt to think of Mrs. Fields if I find she is alone at Manchester. I would do any thing for you about the Rockinghams* but I think you will only need to send a note or telegram a little while before. The hotel is pretty large and seldom gets over full, But if you wish for special rooms and I can do anything just speak

[*Up the left margin and*
across the top margin of page 1]

and say what it is. Oh how I should love to have every one of you here, but the expresses don't stop in summer as they do in winter and it would make you trouble. If anything happens to prevent you there why you must come down later —

With dearest love to all Sarah

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

I loved what you said about the stories, dear.

Notes

Summer 1907: In her Summer 1907 letter to Louisa Dresel, Jewett writes of expecting an early summer visit from Dr. Collyer.

Hesper ... Lubec: Lubec is a port located just south of Eastport, Maine, in Washington County. The Wheelwrights based their yacht, the *Hesper*, at Sutton Island, near Mt. Desert, where Acadia National Park is today. It appears that Mr. Wheelwright has taken the yacht to Lubec, near Grand Manan Island, another place Jewett enjoyed visiting.

All is Vanity: See the Bible, Ecclesiastes 1:14: "I have seen everything that is done under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind."

Newport ... Minnie Appleton ... Miss Ellis: Presumably Jewett refers to Mary Worthen Appleton (12 May 1886 - 15 April 1965), Newport, RI, a supporter of local arts and philanthropy, and a close friend was Helen Ellis of Newport (died c. 15 November 1940).

Mrs. Bradley: Mrs. Bradley may be American painter Susan Hinckley Bradley (1851-1929).

Rockinghams: Wikipedia says: The Rockingham Hotel is a historic hotel building in Portsmouth, New Hampshire." Opened in 1833, it "was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1982."

It seems clear that the Wheelwrights are planning a stop in Portsmouth upon returning home from Sutton's Island, and that Jewett hopes to see them, perhaps even have them as guests at her home in nearby South Berwick.

The manuscript of this letter is in the collection of the Miller Library of Colby College, Waterville, ME, JEWE.1 — Folders A74-5: to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright, 1898-1901. Scott Frederick Stoddart's annotated transcription appeared in his Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign: *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, copyright by Stoddart, 1988. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright

Manchester
Friday
[*July 1907*]*

Dearest Sarah

It was such a joy to get your letter this morning — on Tuesday I was in town and 'fetched a compass' round by Mount Vernon Street* to see if your house was open and when it was and looked so full of sunshine I ran in hoping to find you looking after it before you went to Newport!

Then I really did feel consoled for disappointment because

[*Page 2*]

it was a half-dog-day weather with a gusty wind that one could ill bear in the country and not at all in town streets.

= We are only to be here until Wednesday the 17th —Then go to 148 and stay until Friday when I hope that A. F. will be ready to go to South Berwick with me — perhaps she wont: but I think that getting away from Manchester is quite enough at once, and I don't wish to have her add [*deletion*] the

[*Page 3*]

getting settled in town to it at once — the women can go on without her for awhile and she can put her own touch to things just as well a fortnight later — These are great and high philosophies....

I came here last Saturday and went to Boston on ~~Wednde~~ Tuesday{.} I brought Sally Norton* down with me for two or three days. She goes home this afternoon. I am afraid that we shall miss seeing dear Mary* here — To think of

[*Page 4*]

the Hesper!* — but I am so glad that you were not far from Rockland and did not have a long worry of drifting —

— I am quite disabled when I try to write because I wish to just sit down with you both and talk about everything — You wouldn't by any chance have to come to town on Thursday the 18th? ---- !

Mrs. Fields sends you her love and wishes me to tell you that she has loved the little basket on her table all summer ^since^ I brought it. she was so sorry that ~~she could~~ she was not at the house when you went there (and I too)

Good bye dear with love from S. O. J.

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

I wonder if Miss Ellis would know if Mary Appleton* has come back{.} I quite long to have her know you — she has had a hard time and does not find life easy yet. 'Life' isn't what one may frankly call easy — but she has read the difficult book of readjustment this last year or so — You would like the Codman house* in its altered — peculiar state I think —

Notes

July 1907: The 17th falls on a Wednesday in October 1906 and in July 1907. In another summer 1907 letter to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright, Jewett indicates that she hopes to see Miss Ellis when visiting Mary Appleton in Newport.

Mt. Vernon St.: 73 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston — home of the Wheelwrights from 1893 until Mary's death in 1958.

Hesper: The Wheelwright's yacht at their summer home on Sutton Island, ME. It appears the yacht lost power near Rockland, a fishing and commercial city located on Penobscot Bay, and had to sail or be towed to port. By sea, Rockland is roughly 35 miles from Sutton Island.

Miss Ellis ... Mary Appleton: Mary Worthen Appleton (12 May 1886 - 15 April 1965), Newport, RI, supported local arts and philanthropy. For example, she and Helen Ellis (died c. 15 November 1940) served on the board of the Newport Hospital around 1910 and were members of the Newport Historical Society. See Find a Grave.

Codman House: The Codman House, in Lincoln, Massachusetts, is presently owned and maintained by Historic New England. The house was purchased and completely renovated by Ogden Codman, Jr. from 1888 to 1900.

The manuscript of this letter is in the collection of the Miller Library of Colby College, Waterville, ME, JEWE.1 — Folders A74-5: to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright, 1898-1901. Scott Frederick Stoddart's annotated transcription appeared in his Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign: *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, copyright by Stoddart, 1988. New transcription and notes.

Louisa Loring Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett.

[*20 July 1907*]*

It was so nice to see you yesterday, and an especial pleasure to see your sister. Please tell her so, from me.

Yours
(with affection)
L. L. D.

Note

The manuscript of this postcard is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence (Box 1, 50). The card is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick and was cancelled on 20 July 1907 in Gloucester, MA. Message and address appear on the same side.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Katharine Peabody Loring

Sunday, July 21 [*1907*]*
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Katharine

My pink mallows* are all in bloom, and I thank you much. They make even more difference in the garden than I thought they would, and I walk proudly by, and today Mr. Frank Bartlett* came up with somebody from the Harbour* and when he saw them he told me that [his *?*] mallows weren't in bloom yet, whereupon I was prouder still. We are rich

[*Page 2*]

in hollyhocks too this year but so many things were winter=killed* that the garden shows a difference — almost all the box* departed, big and little.

= I came home on Friday from Manchester in all the heat and it was a hot week there so that I didn't get any farther from the top of the hill* that Mrs. Howe's on the Point,* and another day I went to Mrs. [Greeds*?*]. And to church to hear Dr. Collyer.* The day I came home I was basking in the Beverly Station*

[*Page 3*]

waiting for the 4.05 train to Portsmouth and read in the Beverly Times about your lecture —* What a good Katharine! but I knew that beforehand, no one better! You wouldn't think of starring it in the Provinces would you? for the Berwick Womens Club* and then I could get a visit!!!

I find me wishing very much to see you as I write dear K. in truth I hoped to see you this last week — but was disappointed. I am likely to get back to Manchester within a fortnight or less.

[*Page 4*]

Wouldn't it be funny if you went to Stonehurst* to the Bryces this summer without me? You know what fun we used to have{,} you and Louisa and S. Norton* and I.

There are so many things that I wish to tell you and to talk about that I can only end my letter in despair. I had a second attack of influenza for a month and was way down hill, and then started off with my sister and Mary Wheelwright in the beloved old Hesper and we took eight days to go from Portsmouth to Northeast Harbour.* Stopping in nearly every cove: Which came near to making me over new with sleeves quite in the fashion. but I am now

[*Up the left margin*
and in the top margin of page 1]

"a little past" again owing to the hot weather. This is just the time that I have been at dear Mrs. Cabots* these many years, and I was with Mrs. Fields, it seemed I must go up there and [*deleted word*] find her and the house just as I always did.

Goodbye dear — this is no letter for an answer and I hope to

[*Up the right margin*
near the top of page 1]

see you soon with much love S.O.J.

[*Up the right margin*
near the bottom of page 1]

and love to Louisa

Notes

1907: Jewett reports in this undated letter that she has recently recovered from a severe attack of influenza, that she has been sailing down east with the Wheelwrights, and that she has heard Dr. Robert Collyer preach the previous Sunday. These events came together in summer 1907.

pink mallows: Jewett may mean *Malva moschata*, a pink-blooming perennial native to Europe and southwest Asia. The roughly 30 inch plants produce multiple, large, attractively scented blossoms through the summer.

Mr. Frank Bartlett: This is likely to be Francis Grindall Bartlett (1836-1918) of Northeast Harbor, ME. Find a Grave.

winter=killed: Jewett writes her hyphen here to appear as an equal sign. Annie Fields did this quite often.

box: *Buxus sempervirens* (common box), according to Wikipedia, is a "popular ornamental plant in gardens, being particularly valued for topiary and hedges because of its small leaves, evergreen nature, tolerance of close shearing, and scented foliage."

top of the hill: Jewett refers to Thunderbolt Hill, the location of the Gambrel House of Annie Fields in Manchester, MA.

Point: Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George Dudley) Howe, who maintained a home on Smith's Point in Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. [*Greeds?*]: This spelling is uncertain, though it definitely looks like Greed, Creed is a more likely name. The person is unidentified.

Beverly Station: The Loring family residence in 1907 was in Beverly, MA. While waiting at the Beverly train station, Jewett would have been near the Lorings.

Beverly Times ... your lecture: The Beverly, Massachusetts *Evening Times* was published 1893-1964. It is not yet known what public lectures Loring may have been presenting in 1907.

Berwick Womens Club: Jewett and her sister, Mary, were active members of the South Berwick Women's Club by about 1895. Little is known about the club's activities, except that their friends, like Julia Ward Howe, often were invited to present

talks. Blanchard reports that Howe made regular appearances to speak at the local women's club (*Sarah Orne Jewett* pp. 353-4). Mary Jewett seems to have presented a talk for the club, "Recollections of Whittier," sometime after Sarah's death.

Stonehurst ...the Bryces: Stonehurst Manor in North Conway, NH, was a regular vacation destination for Jewett and her friends. It was the home of Jewett's friend, Helen Bigelow Merriman. According to "The Story of Stonehurst," a stay at the manor in 1907 would have been a special event: "In the summer of 1907, while the Merrimans were traveling in England, Stonehurst served as the temporary British Embassy for the Viscount James Bryce, the British ambassador to the United States. During that summer, Stonehurst was at the center of international diplomatic exchange, along with Bryce's active and glamorous social life."

Louisa and S. Norton: Louisa Putnam Loring, Katharine's sister, and Sara Norton. Key to Correspondents.

Northeast Harbour: Jewett reports on this sailing trip to other correspondents. See for example her letter to Louisa Dresel of Monday afternoon [*Summer 1907*]. From Portsmouth NH to Northeast Harbor, ME* along the Atlantic Coast is about 200 miles.

Mrs. Cabots: Susan Burley Cabot. Key to Correspondents. Mrs. Cabot died in March of 1907.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Beverly MA Historical Society in the Loring Family Papers (1833-1943), MSS: #002, Series I. Letters to Katharine Peabody Loring (1849-1943), Box 1, Folder 1, Undated Letters, A-Z**.**

William Perry Fiske to Sarah Orne Jewett

July 25 1907*

My dear Sarah

I thought that right away, I would write you after the telephone conversation with you on Sunday, for I did not get the last part of it, but the busy days take one's time so much that one can't always make connections. I wanted to send greetings to Uncle Will* for I [thot *so spelled*] he might be with you over the birthday, from something Mary wrote from Manchester. I hope he did get round to you, however and is bearing the honors well.

[*Page 2*]

I got an idea that it was his 85th but Frances* wrote about the 84th birthday. Isn't it [surprizing *so spelled*] how well he is, and if it were not for his deafness, he would 'be real smart.' We are real brisk up here now for everyone has begun on [tea's *so spelled*] and neighborhood functions. Very few people at our end of town have gone away so they ^are^ taking advantage of the visiting friends to do their prettiest.

Last night I went with the other members over to the Watkins'* for our evening and we had a very pleasant time. Many outings are being planned so that the days

[*Page 3*]

are filled. Isnt it quite giddy in our staid [village.? *so it appears*]

I am in the midst of getting my charge* away from the Hospital to the country and she has set on Saturday to make the pilgrimage much to my regret, but it will be a relief to have her away so I can see her so often. The book* was completed and I sent you a copy, of the poems many are mere trash but once in a while you can get some gleam of what might have been —

What a pleasure it must have been to have seen Mr Collyer at the Fields, and to think of his going over to his old home

[*Page 4*]

to help dedicate the library. Wouldn't it be a pleasant thing to be nearby to hear the good things that will be offered{?}

It is such a pleasure to know of the good summer you have had and I sincerely hope there will be more of it. Mary* & the children go to York next week and Abba the week following, so that I shall be relieved of family duties !!

I must make a pilgrimage to see Susan Perkins* at Little Boar's Head, and will swing round and see you if you are at home sometime soon. Give Mary my best love and to you also.

Affy
Will

Notes

Uncle Will: Fiske's uncle, Dr. William Gilman Perry turned 84 on 21 July 1907. Key to Correspondents. Find a Grave.

Frances ... Watkins': Frances may be Fanny Gilman, a Jewett cousin about which little is yet

known. See Helen Williams Gilman in Key to Correspondents.

The Watkins family has not yet been identified.

my charge: The identity of this person is not yet known.

the book: The identity of this book is as yet not known.

library: Robert Collyer went to Yorkshire, UK, in August 1907 to dedicate the Robert Collyer Library in Ilkley. See Collyer to Fields and Jewett of December 1907 and Collyer to Fields of 5 March 1906.

Mary ... Abba: In the U.S. Census of June 1900, these people were listed as sharing a household in Concord, NH. Note that these dates are approximate. Find a Grave presents some different and probably more accurate dates.

William P. Fiske, head, born December 1853,
Abby Fiske, sister, April 1862,
John Fiske, brother, October 1864,
Mary L. Fiske, sister-in-law, April 1862,
Dorothy L. Fiske, niece, March 1889
Sarah T. Fiske, niece, July 1894.

Susan Perkins: Susan George Perkins. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 2, Item 67 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Cabot Wheelwright

South Berwick July 29
[*1907*]*
Sunday afternoon

My dear Mary

You were very good to write this delightful letter about the cruise and we read both the lines and 'between the lines' with joy and eagerness. The North Haven ^post^ card brought back that charming spot and I could feel myself going along again trying to get it by heart, and I am so glad that you came west by Merchant's Row — * in fact I do not exactly stop at the turn offs from our course east or west but look off down the reaches and out beyond the outer islands as if I were there all the time. I have been liking our cruise better

[*Page 2*]

and better and thinking of it more and more: It really gave me such a start that it seems as if any minute I might fall to writing and making up islands to order as I made Green Island and Poor Joanna's* in the old days! I was fairly homesick to get to sea only yesterday when my sister and I took my dear old uncle* along shore by York, and the new trolley line just opened past Ogunquit, where we stopped for dinner, and round your favorite Wells Bay back of the marshes to Kennebunk. I declared my feelings when we had been looking at the blue sea (and white caps!) for a few minutes and Mary echoed my cry of home-

[*Page 3*]

sickness and we sat wishing to be afloat, as you sat last autumn when we went past York Long-Sands.* I looked off at Boon Island* at last as if I were an old acquaintance. When you come again I mean to take you the same day's journey — it is really delightful. This long card is one of the Ogunquit coves [close *corrected*] by Mr. Woodburys* region and his studio;* such a pretty unspoiled place (so far) except that you do not see the prettiest bit of all from this picture, a small curving beach where the waves break in from open sea — the most charming perfect curve of shore that I ever saw.

I am going to M^rs^ Fields's

[*Page 4*]

at Manchester tomorrow — Miss Cochrane* who is coming over from Rome for the rest of the summer was to be here now, but she has been obliged to put off sailing for a steamer or two — as she was not well. Miss Lamb* is just leaving, and I am going to start a [a *repeated*] week or so earlier than I expected so that dear Mrs. Fields will not be alone until "Jessie" comes = I was wishing to write to your mother — I wonder if she has heard that the [Parkman's* *so it appears*] are coming right home? Perhaps they are at home already, for Frances heard of her father's very serious illness. I had a hurried note from her on Friday, and they were sailing within a few days from Genoa. They will have had two good months or more and carried out all plans save staying through August

[*Up the left margin and*
across the top of page 4]

in Cortina —* whence she wrote = they would have had only a week there. It will not be so easy to make plans for August here but she will do it. I am so sorry for she loves her father dearly and this may quite break up the old home.

———

I am so glad to hear of your father's good [saily *for* sailing] and that your mother seemed better. I

miss you all except that it's next best thing to think of you if I don't see you —

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

I shall write your mother soon — but she is not to try to write

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 3*]

letters to me until she feels stronger and just 'like' it. Thank you again for the real pleasure of your dear letter.

Yours always
S. O. J.

Your cousin Mary* would send her love too — and thanks for the North Haven card{.}

Notes

1907: Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Miss Mary C. Wheelwright, North East Harbour, Maine, cancelled on July 29. The year is barely readable, but Scott Stoddart believes it reads 1907, and I agree. On the back, Jewett has written: The junk box is delightful! I "noted" every particular!

Merchant's Row: Merchant Row is a channel between Deer Isle and Isle Au Haut, southwest of Mt. Desert Island.

Joanna's: Green Island and Joanna's Shell-heap Island are fictional settings in Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896).

uncle: Stoddart identifies this uncle as Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910). Key to Correspondents.

Long-Sands: A beach 3 miles east of York, ME.

Boon Island: Wikipedia says this is a small, barren island about 6 miles off the coast near York, ME, the location of the Boon Island Light.

Woodbury's: Charles Woodbury. Key to Correspondents.

studio: Jewett's punctuation here is uncertain. It appears to be a period followed by a semicolon.

Cochrane: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Lamb: Rose Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

the Parkman's: Frances Parker Parkman's father, Cortlandt Parker, died on July 29, 1907, the date this letter was composed. Her mother, Elizabeth Wolcott Stites had died on January 1, 1907. Key to Correspondents.

Cortina: Stoddart identifies this as Cortina d'Ampezzo, a leading summer and winter Alpine resort area in northern Italy.

Cousin Mary: Cousin Marys were numerous in most families. This may be been Mary Elizabeth Woodhull Perry (1844-1910) or perhaps Mary Long Gilman Bell (1860-1917). Find a Grave. Stoddart notes: "Captain Joseph Cabot, a paternal grandfather of Sarah Wheelwright, married Rebecca Orne in 1768. This makes Mary Rice Jewett and Wheelwright distant cousins." Key to Correspondents.

This letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, Maine: JEWE.1. A transcription first appeared in Scott Frederick Stoddart's Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign: *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, copyright by Stoddart, 1988. New transcription and notes.

Henrietta Goddard Wigglesworth Fitz to Sarah Orne Jewett

Cauterets
July 31st
[*1907*]*

Dear Miss Jewett,

Your most welcome letter of July 14th came like a friendly hand clasp across the big waters and gave me the happy sense of being remembered by one of my good friends at Manchester{.} I could shut my eyes and imagine myself in the dear little church with Mr Collyers beautiful face and smile before me while in reality I was and still am here in the heart of the Pyrenees with natures cathedral formed by the blue sky above, the glorious snow

[*Page 2*]

capped mountains for walls and the green earth for the floor with the sounds of many mighty waterfalls singing and talking ever of the glory of God and this beautiful world. Have you ever been in this region dear friend — if so you will understand my enthusiasm — if not you will forgive it for the place is indeed very beautiful{.} Our whole trip thus far has been a very pleasant and successful one. Spain was wholly an unknown land to all our party and we found it very interesting. Now we are in France

[*Page 3*]

and we find the Pyrenees full of interest and beauty{.} We have made several delightful excursions one of which was to Lourdes last

Monday to witness the arrival of a pilgrimage of several hundred pilgrims and it was indeed a touching and pathetic sight. First the church full of people joining in the service, then the grotto with the sick and maimed, men, women and children waiting outside, those who were able entering the building to take the baths{,} others waiting outside where they drank the waters which they hoped would effect their cure. Later the slow procession

[*Page 4*]

led by priests chanting the prayers and three Ecclesiastics of high rank carrying the host with which they stopped in front of every one who was in any way afflicted — the priests offering a prayer for each in turn and the great concourse of people answering in chorus repeating the same prayer with deep earnestness. Then the return of the procession to the church where all kneeling the priests turned again and uplifting the host prayed again for the sick who were all lined on one side of the square in their litters. It was very much more impressive

[*Page 5*]

than I had imagined possible before going there and had it been possible to have believed anything I would most gladly have entered into the spirit of it all. We also went in the funiculaire to the top of one of the mountains from which there was a superb view of the surrounding snow capped mountains and returned to our hotel fairly possessed by the beauty of it all and with a heartfelt desire to share with others that which had meant so much to us. I am so glad dear friend that your cruise along the coast

[*Page 6*]

of Maine did you so much good and I am also glad that you are to be with Mrs Fields in August. Mrs Hill* who is in my house at Jackson writes me that Miss Wormeley* seems quite well excepting that she walks very little. Miss W. says she is going to give a "diplomatic tea party" in September perhaps to Mrs Bryce and others so I think she must be feeling better. Take good care of yourself dear Miss Jewett until I come home in October — we leave Friday for Nimes, Carcassonne, Avignon{,} the Riviera, [Venice *?*] — Switzerland, Paris — London & home on October 9th. You were a dear to write to me and I shall be very glad to see you again. Yours affectionately

Henrietta G. Fitz.

[*Up the right margin of page 6*]

My dear love to Mrs Fields.

Notes

1907: This letter was composed during the summer when Ambassador Bryce and his wife stayed at Stonehurst in North Conway, NH, about 8 miles from Fitz's and Katherine Wormeley's homes in and near Jackson, NH. James Bryce, Viscount Bryce (1838-1922), was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford University (1870-1893), ambassador to the United States (1907-1913), and also an author. See Jewett to Katharine Peabody Loring of 21 July 1907.

Hill: This person has not yet been identified.

Wormeley: Katherine Wormeley. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 34, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright

Manchester by Sea
Wednesday 7th Augt [*1907*]*

My dear Sarah

It is not because I do not think of you very often that I have not written, but every day brings its succession of little hurries, and hours when one cannot write . . And then I count more and more upon the truth that we can 'think to' each other when we are really friends much better and oftener than we can write — When they find out all about wireless telegraphy they are going to find out how the little batteries in our heads send messages — and

[*Page 2*]

then we [can *blotted*] do it by rule and not by accident — it is very nice now however, and we aren't called up by strangers as we may be in those later and more instructed days. -----

You see that I am here, alone with Mrs. Fields just now, though we had two young men for Sunday Mr. Woodberry and Mr. Greenslet* (who wrote for Mr. Lowell's Life last year) and there was no end of talk about book affairs and especially about Sicily — Taormina — where they had all three been. I listened as if I had been there ^too^ — having read them — and others — Mrs.

[*Page 3*]

Fields had six weeks at Taormina three years ago, and I know her point* of view literally and figuratively both. She seems pretty well — but when I first see ^her^ I am always shocked because she looks so little and so frail — She gets the fresh air and makes the house ^on this dear hill^ a happy place for people who come, but she cares to go out less and less. Alice Howe* is just about the same — she has been over to luncheon within a few days and I am just going to [stay *blotted*] to have luncheon with her. She had a sort of lumbago which made her quite pale last week and there is a new fog horn on Baker's Island* that she much deplores. — -----

The thing I can tell you that you will care most about is that I went to town on

[*Page 4*]

Friday and met Frances Parkman.* There was no 'Marconi' on the Canopic* so that she was anxious all the way and met the news of her father's death like a strange shock when she got here. Her brother Colonel Parker was waiting for her and they delayed the funeral which was a great comfort to her heart. She is coming home today or tomorrow — the boys are going to Laura Richards's camp for the rest of the time, and the rest of them are going to Rangeley Lakes the last of the week. I suppose that they will be near the Wolcotts* — and it is the best of plans. F. wrote that 'Harry; would stay at Rangeley for two weeks straight on, so that he will have almost the whole of the vacation they planned at first

[*Page 5*]

as they meant to reach home at any rate on the 5th of September. Mr. Parkman looked so well and rested and younger than he went away. My poor Frances was very sad — she loved her father dearly and she hoped to be with him before he went — We could not have long to talk —

She went right on to [New-York *so it appears*] with her brother by the one o'clock train, and Mr. Parkman ^with the two younger children^* was to follow at night with the others — and you have had a new sorrow* in these days, — it has been in my mind all the time I have been writing. I have had a feeling that it would touch you closely. It is hard to have people go when they take a piece of our lives

[*Page 6*]

with them, I have sometimes felt as if it were I who died and stopped and not they = "they are all gone into a world of light" — as Vaughan* says (oh, that most beautiful poem!) but it leaves it darker here. — I have just been sitting and thinking about you with my pen in my hand — I wish that I were nearer to you, we could be out in the Solace* and yet we needn't try to talk — Helen Merriman* wrote Mary that you had given her a beautiful excursion in the Solace — I keep thinking of that dear cruise, the remembrance of it is a joyful possession. I wish you had been well enough to go out just once, but then

[*Page 7*]

we did go last year, didn't we? Are you better dear Sarah? I long to get one word from you to say so, but don't — don't make yourself write a letter to me, ever, any more than you would make yourself talk when we are together —

Mrs. Fields and I are waiting now for our friend Miss Cochrane* who is at last on the sea after many delays. She will get in next week early — to New York which is tiresome — she meant to come on the Canopic. I want you and Mary* to hear her play,

[*Page 8*]

and I may say, to know her! but I hope she will still be here when you get back to this part of the country. She goes on from here to Louisville where she has Aunts! Now I must say goodbye in a hurry! but with love, and to Mr. Wheelwright and Mary

Yours ever
S. O. J.

Notes

1907: This letter was written soon after the death of Frances Parker Parkman's father, Cortlandt Parker, on 29 July 1907. Parts of this letter were included in Annie Fields's *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Woodberry ... Greenslet ... Lowell's life: George E. Woodberry. Key to Correspondents.

Ferris Greenslet (1875-1959) was the author of several biographies of Jewett's contemporaries, including *The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich* (1908) and *James Russell Lowell, his Life and Work* (1905). For Lowell, Key to Correspondents.

point: It appears as if Jewett placed a comma after this word. In this letter her commas and periods are difficult to distinguish.

Alice Howe: Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents. The Fields's summer home, Gambrel Cottage, is on Thunderbolt Hill in Manchester by the Sea, MA.

Bakers Island: One of the Cranberry Islands off the coast of Maine.

Frances Parkman: Mary Frances Parker Parkman. Key to Correspondents. Her father was Cortlandt Parker (1818- 29 July 1907). Several of her six brothers served in the military. "Colonel" Parker may have been James Parker (1854-1934), a veteran of the Philippine Insurrection who eventually became a Major General in the United States Army. Parkman's older son was Henry / Harry Parkman Jr. (1894-1958). Find a Grave.

Marconi: Italian Guglielmo Marconi (1874-1937) was the inventor of technology for long-distance radio transmission and for radio telegraph.

Built in 1900 by Harland and Wolff of Belfast, Ireland, the *Canopic* was a 12,268 ton passenger liner for the White Star Line. The ship appears not to have had wireless telegraph in 1907. Wikipedia.

Richards: Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards. Key to Correspondents.

According to the biographical sketch at the Maine Women Writers Collection, Richards and her husband, Henry, operated Camp Merryweather, "a summer camp for boys on Great Pond in Belgrade, Maine, which ran for more than thirty years," beginning in about 1900.

F. S. Stoddart notes that Rangeley Lakes are "6 stream-linked lakes," now a large recreational area in Maine and New Hampshire.

Wolcotts: Probably the family of Edith Prescott Wolcott. Key to Correspondents.

children: Jewett did not make clear where this insertion should be placed. Stoddart places it here, and that seems likely to be correct.

sorrow: Wheelwright's aunt and a mutual friend, Susan Burley Cabot, died on 24 March 1907. Also in recent months, Wheelwright had lost a nephew, the chemist Samuel Cabot IV (1850 - November 1906), son of Samuel Cabot III; and a brother, Stephen Cabot (9 December 1826 - 23 November 1906). Key to Correspondents.

Vaughan: Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) was a Welsh mystical poet who wrote in English. The quoted line, which Jewett altered slightly, appears in *Silex Scintillans* (1655) and begins, "They are all gone into the world of light! / And I alone sit lingering here; / Their very memory is fair and bright, / And my sad thoughts doth clear."

Solace: Stoddart notes that "Jewett often was a guest on the Wheelright family yacht, *Solace*, kept at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine."

Merriman: Helen Bigelow Merriman.

don't: Jewett underlined this word twice.

Cochrane: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Mary: This is not Jewett's sister, but Wheelwright's daughter, Mary Cabot Wheelwright. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is in the collection of the Miller Library of Colby College, Waterville, ME, JEWE.1 — Folders A74-5: to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright, 1898-1901. Annie Fields included part of this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). Scott Frederick Stoddart's annotated transcription appeared in his Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign: *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, copyright by Stoddart, 1988. New transcription and notes.

Annie Fields Transcription

Manchester by Sea, Wednesday, 7*th August* [*1907*]

It is not because I do not think of you very often that I have not written; but every day brings its succession of little hurries, and hours when one cannot write. And then I count more and more upon the truth that we can "think" to each other, when we are really friends, much better and oftener than we can write. When they find out all about wireless telegraphy, they are going to find out how the little batteries in our heads send messages, and then we can do it by rule and not by accident. It is very nice now, however, and we aren't *called up* by strangers as we may be in those later and more instructive days. You see that I am here, alone with Mrs. Fields, just now, though we had two young men for Sunday, Mr. Woodberry and Mr. Greenslet (who wrote Mr. Lowell's life last year),* and there was no end of talk about book affairs and especially about Sicily, — Taormina, — where they had all three been. I listened as if I had been there too, having read them — and others. Mrs. Fields had six weeks at Taormina three years ago, and I know her point of view literally and figuratively both.

You have had a new sorrow in these days — it has been in my mind all the time I have been writing. I have had a feeling that it would touch you closely. It is hard to have people go when they take a piece of our lives with them. I have sometimes felt as if it were I who died and stopped, and not they. "They are all gone into a world of light," as Vaughan says (oh, that most beautiful poem!), but it leaves it darker here.

I have just been sitting and thinking about you with my pen in my hand. I wish that I were nearer to you. We could be out in the "Solace," and yet we needn't try to talk.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Frances Parker Parkman

Manchester
Saturday morning
[*12 August 1907*]*

Dearest Frances

I hope that this will find you in a place where you can rest; a place that you like the look of at first and that there is a big lake and a large still sky and plenty of shady trees. Perhaps you will not get to where you enjoy any new place for a little while but such a piece of country has a way of waiting quietly all round you until you suddenly find that you have become only a piece of it instead of a foreign substance thrown into it by chance, and if

[*Page 2*]

you keep to one place to go and sit in, this feeling comes faster and little things keep happening without troubling you, that you can watch. [This *corrected*] is the difference between Out Doors and in a house! Something always happens ^out doors^ to amuse you; an ant with a crumb; a bird going up and down a tree, or a little bit of a tree that stands in front of you until it seems like a quiet person. ----- Mrs. Fields and I laughed at breakfast time to think of any Maine birches in particular setting themselves up to be a Post office

[*Page 3*]

— they certainly feel high above being counted merely as spoolwood* as most of the poor birches are. You are just on your way north this morning and as you can see, my thoughts are flying after you . . . Mrs. William Forbes* has been here for two or three days — not at the house but close by, so that we have seen her much. She has just been down the coast on the Merlin and she wished me to go round the Cape to Naushon with her, but we were looking for Sunday guests — and I have had one

[*Page 4*]

of the poor two days of stupid head ache (broken neck!) that come less and less, but still they come! I couldn't pull me up to do it but by tomorrow I shall be better and call myself a goose. I thought I should want to see everybody in each house on Naushon and how could I! but when I feel better again I could very well. I was driving a little too much the first of the week — but one must drive sometimes !! -----

Monday: I had no sooner penned these repentant and wistful thoughts before Mrs Forbes again asked me — she only meant to sail across the Bay and go up to Milton, so I

[*Page 5*]

said yes at once and went off in the afternoon — the wind was dead against the Merlin's big wings but we had a good wind and beat gallantly sailing at last into Hull and sleeping on board — it being so late — There was a splendid sunset and all the Nantucket Shore and Hull were lighted as if it were Venice holding high carnival. Yesterday morning we went up to the Milton house by trolley train and driving from Quincy and had luncheon and then I came into town and down here about the hottest afternoon that ever was. Oh my! — but nothing is going on today and

[*Page 6*]

I can keep still and get over it — I mean the travelling of yesterday for the sail was perfect — and at any rate I was glad to have gone, for I found that Mrs. Forbes had really minded going alone — Waldo — with whom she had been [coming *?*] had had to go down to Naushon Saturday. ----- I am taking it for granted that you are somewhere near Mrs. Wolcott{.}* I hope you are for both of your sakes! And please give her my love.

This carries much love to you dear Frances — I long to hear more from you — but dont make yourself write to me — now or ever! Yours always with true affection Sarah

Mrs. Fields sends love —

[*Up the left and across the top margin of page 5*]

Mrs. Fields asked Mifs Lily Hoppin* to spend Tuesday but she was at her brothers on Staten Island and couldn't come. Mifs Cochrane ought to be in by tomorrow [on the *?*] Prinzess Irene{.}*

Notes

1907: Added in another hand to the date on page 1: [1907]. An envelope associated with this letter in the Houghton folder is addressed to Mrs. Henry Parkman, The Birches, Maine, cancelled on 12 August 1907.

At the bottom left corner of the front of the envelope, in another hand and ink is: "Rangeley Lake." The Birches was a hotel at Rangeley Lake,

about 80 miles northwest of Augusta, ME, an area advertised at the turn of the twentieth century for its fishing and other recreation.

spoolwood: Before the wide use of plastics, sewing thread for domestic use was sold on small wooden spools. Jewett plays with Parkman's summer address.

Mrs. William Forbes: Edith Emerson Forbes. Key to Correspondents. Waldo, presumably, is her brother, Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson.

Richard Cary writes: "Miss Jewett periodically visited the family of John M. Forbes, the railroad builder, who owned his own island off the coast of Massachusetts. [Ralph Waldo] Emerson's daughter Edith was married to Forbes's son William. The island was a haven for summer and autumn guests who entertained themselves at boating, fishing, riding, and hunting. Miss Jewett relished most the invigorating cruises along the Maine coast in the Forbes majestic sailing yacht, Merlin" (*Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, 86).

Mrs. Wolcott: Mrs. Wolcott probably is Edith Prescott Wolcott. Key to Correspondents. Though it seems likely she is a relative of Parkman's mother, Elizabeth Wolcott Stites, no family connection has yet been discovered.

Lily Hoppin: Eliza Mason Hoppin (1847-1927). Key to Correspondents. Her surviving brother was Henry Parker Hoppin (1839-1921) of Staten Island, NY.

Mifs Cochrane ... Prinzess Irene: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

The SS *Prinzess Irene* was a North German Lloyd Lines passenger steamer. In 1907, the ship's route was New York, Genoa, and Naples. The ship was interned by the United States during World War I and became the USS *Pocahontas*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters to Frances Parkman; [190-]-1907. Parkman family, Edward Twisleton, and Sarah Wyman Whitman additional papers, 1763-1917 (inclusive) 1850-1907 (bulk). MS Am 1408 (214-230).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Bliss Perry

Manchester by Sea
August 13th [*1907*]*

Dear Mr. Perry

I hope you will pardon me for being so late in answering your most kind note. I wished so much to say that I could send you a story — perhaps even yet I can send a bit of something or other! but as you see, I am away from any papers that I might find to look over. I fear

[*Page 2*]

I could only climb as high as the Contributors Club* if I try to write anything new but that would be something!

Mrs. Fields telephoned late last week ^meaning^ to ask you if you would not come down for Sunday, but it proved that you had gone to Williamstown.

Please believe how sincerely

[*Page 3*]

I am ever your friend (and The Atlantics!)

S. O. Jewett

We have been so deeply interested in Mifs Sinclairs story* — it has great qualities but now that I have seen the end, I cannot help a feeling that the heroine abuses herself ^too^ pitifully. She went by her high instincts: she fell [*deleted words*] among people of a lower grade, and

[*Page 4*]

suffered as men and women of her 'make' always must. And when such winter repression and control break up it must be always with spring floods, yet for my part I cannot find her in the wrong as most readers have — it is the rest of them that I dislike, the hero is far the best of them of course! Mrs Fields does not take Anne's part so much as I do, but still she take it even while blaming her. How we should like to talk of the story with you — but I am afraid there will be some very trying discussions.

Notes

1907: This date is based upon Jewett's discussion of *The Helpmate* (1907) by British novelist, Mary Amelia St. Clair (1863-1946), who wrote under the name of May Sinclair. The novel began appearing in *Atlantic Monthly* in January 1907 and completed its final installment in *Atlantic* in the August issue, after which it appeared as a book. See two letters of St. Clair to Jewett and Fields of 29 August 1907.

Contributor's Club: The Contributors' Club in *Atlantic Monthly* consisted of several pages each month of anonymous short sketches and essays. Jewett is not known to have published in this column after 1893. Indeed, it is a little odd that Jewett and Perry are discussing publication of her work, as she effectively ceased writing for

publication after her near-fatal carriage accident of September 1902.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 8 letters to Bliss Perry; undated. Perry, Bliss, 1860-1954, recipient. Bliss Perry letters from various correspondents, 1869-1942. MS Am 1343 (290-297).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Thomas Bird Mosher*

Manchester by Sea
August 17th
[1907]*

My dear Mr. Mosher

I have lately seen a very charming little book "Little Flowers of a Childhood."* The record of a short life indeed of a little Edinburgh boy. It would gain by being shortened in its reflections! — just as Dr. John Brown* took the first memorial of Pet Marjorie and made it into its present ^perfect^ shape — but it is really full of exquisite

[*Page 2*]

things . . I thought that you might like to put it on your list of books to be considered — (for republication.) The publisher is Alexander Moring George Street Hanover Square, London. W —

If I owned it I should gladly send it to you, but one was only lent me and I am obliged now to return it.

Believe me yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

Pray do not give yourself the trouble to send any answer to this note.

Notes

Mosher: It is not known how the Maine Women Writers Collection determined that American publisher Thomas Bird Mosher (1852-1923) was the recipient of this letter, but this seems likely to be correct. He had a reputation for printing fine editions, and he was based in Portland, ME.

1907: After Jewett's date appears, perhaps in another hand, "07". Given that Jewett recommends reprinting a book published in 1906, this is not an unreasonable guess for the date of this letter.

Childhood: *Little Flowers of a Childhood: the Record of a Child* by Scottish author, Grace Harriet Warrack (1855-1932), was published in 1906 by Alexander Moring Limited at George Street, Hanover Square, Edinburgh. It is not clear why Jewett gives London as the address.

WorldCat does not list any other publications of this title, indicating the Mr. Mosher was not persuaded by Jewett's suggestion.

Brown: Wikipedia says "John Brown ... (1810-1882) was a Scottish physician and essayist best known for his 3-volume collection *Horae Subsecivae* (*Leisure Hours*, 1858), which included essays and papers on art, medical history and biography.... His dog story, "Rab and his Friends" (1859), and his essays "Pet Marjorie" (1863), on Marjorie Fleming, ten-year-old prodigy and "pet" of Walter Scott, "Our Dogs", "Minchmoor", and "The Enterkine" are the most notable."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 2 Folder 148.

Annie Adams Fields to Anne Whitney

August 18th 1907
Manchester by Sea

Dear Anne:

In spite of my ignorance of your posh office address I must write at once to thank you for those lovely pictures of your Adeline. I wish we were nearer that I might assure you of my love and thought. I hope you have a constant sense of Adeline's nearness and of her protection. I have learned to feel the comfort of her guardian angels.

I should like to feel assured also that your

[*Page 2*]

kind housemates of the winter are summer housefriends also. We need such friends to speak with and so share and make light the daily burdens of life. Sarah has been with me nearly all summer "off and on", not so much in July when Rose Lamb* was with me for a month but she has been a help and comfort as of old. Now Miss Jessie Cochrane* whose delightful music you are likely to recall even if you do not remember

[*Page 3*]

her personally, has just arrived from Rome and will be here the rest of the season I suppose.

Mrs. Spofford* has not quite recovered from her second accident of six or eight weeks ago, therefore she has not been here at all. But she is better, living chiefly on her piazza and getting about by means of "a stout stick". She writes cheerfully in

spite of the disappointment of seeing the summer skipping away and the flowers ripening and dying in Katherine's* garden without a greeting from her appreciative eyes.

[*Page 4*]

We feel sorry to think that Secretary Cannon* was false to the welfare of the N.H. woodland* last winter. The firm of Henry and [Coy. *meaning* Company] seems to have committed sad devastation and irreparable within some generations — and this quite lately. I trust before another year some way will be found to stop their depredations. I do not know "Zealand Lake"* and hope it is so remote as to have [lost *?*] the landscape [less *corrected from* lest *?*] than the immediate slopes in that vicinity. Goodbye, dear Anne! Remember me to Mrs [Converse *?*] and her daughter.* Sarah sends you a message of care. Affectionately your friend

Annie Fields

Notes

Adeline: Abby Adeline Manning (1836-1906) was Whitney's domestic partner. Key to Correspondents. See also Spofford, *A Little Book of Friends*, ch. 3.

Rose Lamb ... Miss Jessie Cochrane: Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Spofford: Elizabeth Prescott Spofford. Key to Correspondents.

Katherine's: According to Alfred Bendixen, Spofford's frequent companion after her husband's death was her niece, Katherine Prescott Moseley, daughter of her sister, Catherine Montague Prescott (1844-1917) and Edward Augustus Moseley (1846-1911). See *"The Amber Gods" and Other Stories* by Spofford, New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1989, p. xxi.

Secretary Cannon ... Henry: James Everell Henry (1831-1912) owned and logged 10,000 acres of White Mountains forest, founding the logging town of Zealand. See Bill Gove, *J.E. Henry's Logging Railroads* (1998).

Forestry and Irrigation and Conservation v. 14 (1908) editorialized on a bill before the U.S. House of Representatives in early 1908 that, among other things, would preserve forest in the White Mountains. Notably in opposition to this effort was Republican Speaker of the House from Illinois, Joseph Gurney Cannon (1836-1926). While it is not certain that Congressman Cannon is the "secretary" to whom Fields refers, this seems likely.

Zealand Lake: Probably Fields refers to what now is known as Zealand Pond, near Zealand Notch in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Mrs Converse and her daughter: The transcription of "Converse" is uncertain. This may be Mary Parker Converse (1872-1961) and her daughter, Margaret (1896-1981), of Malden, MA.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Annie Adams Fields, Manchester, Massachusetts, to Anne Whitney, Plymouth, Massachusetts, 1907 August 18" (1907). Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence. 683. With the manuscript is an envelope addressed to Mifs Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday
[*22 August 1907*]*

I felt a bit anxious yesterday lest you should have gone for it was pleasant here until the midafternoon but what a quiet sweet rain we have had. We are going up to K. and L.P. L.* for luncheon. Jessie* says she cannot play after luncheon today which I fear will disappoint them — Give my love to Mrs Tyson.* I am very sorry she is

[*Page 2*]

not well. Jessie thinks she has had the best of ^M.D^* advice in Rome and knows quite well what to do. She thinks she can stay here until middle Sep[r] meantime Eva* can give me some time after that I believe. I thought you would like to know something of their plans. I am sending to ask J. L. Smith* to bring his pictures and talk about them. If he comes you must run over for the occasion. Dear A. Howe* also seems <u>much</u> better. The summer is beginning to tell. By the way, I think the alcohol is really the best thing I have had

[*Page 3*]

for my foot. I think it is stronger and with fewer twinges.

A. Howe comes over tomorrow A.M. to talk over readings and many things.

Goodbye, dear — This is a worthless little scrap except that I know you love to hear what is going on if anything — Jessie plays by night and

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

I think she is gradually getting better —

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

I read her the Sedgwick Lowell paper *

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

yesterday to her great joy — Your A.

[*Up the right margin of page 2*]

Love to Mary (who will ^I trust^ be ready to come —

Notes

22 August 1907: This date fits well with other letters from August 1907, especially those related to the wedding of Diana Ward Rockwell, reported in a letter from Fields to Jewett of 29 August 1907. A main connection among these letters is the report that Jessie Cochrane has been having serious problems with her eyes. In the 29 August letter, Fields also mentions Cochrane and Kane, giving the impression that she has just met Kane.

If these connections hold, then this letter was likely composed on a Thursday preceding Jewett traveling to Manchester by the Sea to celebrate her birthday with Fields on 3 September.

K. and L.P. L.: Katherine and Louisa P. Loring. Key to Correspondents.

Jessie: Jessie Cochrane, Key to Correspondents.

This text indicates Cochrane is having eye trouble that prevents her reading and entertaining her friends at the piano during daylight hours.

Mrs Tyson: Emily Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

*^M.D^*: This is one of several insertions in the letter that may be in another hand, most meant to identify the persons named. I have omitted the rest, though the identifications are reflected in these notes.

Eva: Baroness Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents.

J. L. Smith: Joseph Lindon Smith. Key to Correspondents.

A. Howe: Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Dear A. Howe: Above this name, someone has inserted "and E. Tyson also."

Sedgwick Lowell paper: William Thompson Sedgwick (1855-1921), an epidemiologist and bacteriologist was among the founders of the joint MIT-Harvard School of Public Health in 1913. His "On Epidemics of Typhoid Fever in the Cities of Lowell and Lawrence [MA]" appeared in the *Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts for 1892*. It seem likely that Fields refers to a more popular and widely available paper on this topic, but such a piece has not yet been located, though Sedgwick is known to have published in such magazines as *Century* and *Harper's*.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection MWWC0196_02_00_002_01.

Sarah Orne Jewett to George Edward Woodberry

22d August 1907

[*Begin letterhead*]

South Berwick.
Maine.

[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mr Woodberry

Your letter found me here . . I meant for you to keep the two little books. I am sure that you will care enough for them, for reason of Renouncement in one volume and My Lady Poverty* in the other if for nothing else! What a picture of Italy that last brief poem never fails to make before one's eyes! —

I wish

[*Page 2*]

that we could talk about them while they are still fresh in your mind.

— What a joyful time it is to be close to the end of a long piece of work — and sad too — like coming into harbour at the end of a voyage. The more one has cared to put one's very best into a thing, the surer he is to think that it falls far short of the 'sky' he 'meant.' But it is certain that everything

[*Page 3*]

is in such work that we have put in. The sense of failure that weighs the artist down is often~~er~~ nothing but a sense of fatigue. I always think that the trees look tired in autumn when their fruit has dropped, but I shall remember as long as I remember anything a small seedling apple tree that stood by a wall in a high wild pasture at the mountains — standing proudly over its first small crop of yellow apples all fallen into a little almost hollow of the soft turf below. I could

[*Page 4*]

almost look over its head, and it would have been a heart of stone that did not beat fast with sympathy. There was Success! — but up there against the sky the wistfulness of later crops was yet to come —

(I* shall be at Manchester again soon. I do hope that Mrs. Fields is going to have the pleasure of seeing you again, and I too. — She misses so many of the old companions and lovers of the things she loves best) —

I thank you for your letter and beg you to believe me

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

Notes

"My Lady Poverty": These poems are by Alice Meynell. Key to Correspondents.

"Renouncement" appeared in *Poems* (1893), "My Lady Poverty" in *Other Poems* (1896)

Renouncement

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight —
The thought of thee — and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
O just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

My Lady Poverty

The Lady Poverty was fair:
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah slattern! she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state
As once when her pure feet were bare.
Or — almost worse, if worse can be —
She scolds in parlours, dusts and trims,
Watches and counts. O is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?
Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

I: The parentheses were penciled in, probably by Fields, to mark the portion of the letter she wished to omit from *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 3 letters; 1891-1907., 1891-1907. George Edward Woodberry correspondence and compositions I. Letters to George Edward Woodberry Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 3 letters; 1891-1907., 1891-1907. Box: 4: MS Am 1587, (121). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 87. Part of this letter appears in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Annie Fields transcription

South Berwick, Maine, 23d August, 1907.

Dear Mr. Woodberry, — Your letter found me here. — I meant for you to keep the two little books. I am sure that you will care enough for them — for reason of "Renouncement" in one volume and "My Lady Poverty" in the other, if for nothing else! What a picture of Italy that last brief poem never fails to make before one's eyes! I wish that we could talk about them while they are still fresh in your mind.

What a joyful time it is to be close to the end of a long piece of work, and sad too — like coming into harbour at the end of a voyage. The more one has cared to put one's very best into a thing, the surer he is to think that it falls far short of the "sky he meant." But it is certain that everything is in such work that we have put in. The sense of failure that weighs the artist down is often nothing but a sense of fatigue. I always think that the trees look tired in autumn when their fruit has dropped, but I shall remember as long as I remember anything a small seedling apple tree that stood by a wall in a high wild pasture at the White Hills, — standing proudly over its first small crop of yellow apples all fallen into a little almost hollow of the soft turf below. I could look over its head, and it would have been a heart of stone that did not beat fast with sympathy. There was Success! — but up there against the sky the wistfulness of later crops was yet to come.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*24 August 1907*]*

Saturday

The noble box of "green growing thing^s^ came safely and were a cause of rejoicing in both

"departments" of the house, I am quite rested this morning, yesterday being a [dim *?*] day —

[*Page 2*]

The dentist came, the day before, immediately after our return from the Lorings and I was quite "used up" as to my small forces. Today is rather cold and cloudy but restorative! I send you Howells dear letter! How good it is — Did I say that Jessie* will stay

[*Page 3*]

until the 16th or 17th of September and then goes West and last of all to Washington. If she should let her apartment she will stay later with her people ---- Mrs Grew has sent me another letter to read from Georgie* with lovely glimpses of the English

[*Page 4*]

places and life --- but dearest I must not write — We have talked together! What a boon it is! The funny English lady, very lively and modest — appreciative and a rather fat [dumpy *?*] but excellent daughter kept Jessie & me

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

busy in the P, M ---

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Love to Mary and best "thanks." I am so glad you can both

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

be here for the 3d and Mr. H. = too{,} Your A,

Notes

24 August 1907: If Fields to Jewett of 22 August is correctly dated, then this letter fits well into the chronology.

On 22 August, Fields indicates a plan to visit the Loring sisters for lunch. In this letter, Fields reports visiting the Lorings two days previous and seeing the dentist after. See Katharine Peabody Loring. Key to Correspondents.

Jessie: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Grew ... Georgie: Georgie was Georgina Halliburton.

Mrs. Grew is Jane Norton Wigglesworth (1836-1920), wife of Boston businessman, Henry Sturgis Grew (1834-1910), summer neighbors in Manchester by the Sea. However, another Boston neighbor was Annie Crawford Clark (Mrs. Edward Sturgis) Grew. Edward and Henry Grew were brothers. See Henry Grew Papers.

One of Jane Grew's daughters was Elizabeth Sturgis Grew, who married Boylston Adams Beal, Annie Fields's nephew, son of her sister, Louisa Jane Adams Beal. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection MWWC0196_02_00_007_01.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Julia Ward Howe

Manchester by Sea
August 27th
[*1907*]*
[*Begin deleted letterhead*]
~~South Berwick.~~
~~Maine.~~

[*End letterhead*]

Dearest Mrs. Howe

I have had a piece of a letter lying on my desk here and at South Berwick for ever so long and almost every day I have been taken with a little fit because I could not finish it! — I have torn it up to begin again and the first thing I wish to say is that I have let you feel as if the late October visit to Berwick — the Club and everything — were

[*Page 2*]

quite off your mind all these weeks, but I have by no means felt as if I need throw away my hope of seeing you there, or of hearing the tale of your wedding journey* in Italy as was kindly promised. You had a right to be tired to pieces after a series of birthday celebrations and Club Federation* days in that strange hot weather — but perhaps you feel like me; a little cooler and less completely discouraged owing to a good old fashioned northeaster such as is now blowing. At any rate we can leave it a month

[*Page 3*]

or so longer and then see! I have the 'refusal' of Laura all safe to come if you can.

But while I say this I long to say too: Do dear, take the comfort, for it is a comfort of thinking there isn't anything you really must do! One ought to have time for the things one chooses, and strength enough, but I believe it is a great pity to waste time on some things that are expected{.} One has a pride about it I will allow but I have had so many hard times since my accident in trying to drag through plans that other people made for me.

[*Page 4*]

= it is better for dear friends and all [*deletion*] round to do the best about voluntary things — we ought to know best what we wish to do and can do! (These be solemn reflections)

= Mary and I are here, also Brother Robert Collyer who preached a wonderful sermon on Sunday last. Mrs. Fields is looking much better than in the spring and has had a good summer. I have never told you about our most dear and delightful visit to Laura in June, Mary's and mine — but when I see you I shall tell all sorts of things — — I thank you for your letter which I love and cherish. Please give my love to Maud* if she's truly there { — } I have no word for it but the newspapers! Dr Collyer and A.F. and Mary and

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

I all send our love and praise — and by and by I shall ask again unless you just want to say no right off or yes and be done with it! — on a post card.

Yours very affectionately
Sarah

Notes

1907: There is support for this date in other letters from 1907 indicating that Robert Collyer visited Fields at Manchester by the Sea in the summer of that year.

wedding journey: When Howe was married in April 1843, she and her husband traveled to Europe. Probably this is the story Jewett hoped to hear from her.

Club Federation: Howe was a founder of the General Federation of Women's Clubs as well as a number of individual clubs for women. Wikipedia.

Laura: Laura Richards. Key to Correspondents.

Maud: Maud Howe Elliot, daughter of Laura Richards. See Richards in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Box 4 (119).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*29 August 1907*]*

Dearest — although we could say so little after all, it was a real satisfaction to hear your dear voice which sounded much better than the day before.

As I had time enough I wrote to Frances* asking her to come either Monday or Tuesday night. Di Rockwell's* marriage went off very happily. She had rivers of

[*Page 2*]

flowers and all Alice's garden* and I sent as many oak boughs as she could have used for the house and John* helped to put them up! Florence Kane, Jessie's cousin will continue to stay over tonight — She is a fine young woman, spirited, clever and a lady — a niece of dear S. W. & Florence Lockwood.* What pleasure to remember that Monday you will be here{.} My love to Mary. I trust that Katy* will get back. By what train will you come{?}

[*Penciled in the left margin of page 2*]

Your A.

Notes

29 August 1907: While the exact day of composition is not certain, this guess is reasonable. The Tuesday following the Rockwell wedding would be Jewett's birthday, 3 September.

Fields wrote this note on the back of a wedding invitation, which reads:

Dr. and Mrs. John Arnold Rockwell
have the honour to announce
the marriage of their niece
Diana Ward Rockwell
to
Mr. Eliot Sumner
on Wednesday, August twenty-eighth
nineteen hundred and seven
Manchester by the Sea
Massachusetts

Diana Ward Rockwell (1873-1936) was the daughter of Alfred Perkins Rockwell (1834-1903) and Katharine Virginia Foote. Her husband was Eliot Sumner (1873-1941), who became an executive of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was the son of sociologist William Graham Sumner (1840-1910). Diana Rockwell's father was brother to Dr. John Arnold Rockwell (1840-1924). See also the Connecticut Historical Society, "Rockwell Family Papers."

Frances: This could have been several people. Perhaps most likely is Fields's sister-in-law, Frances Kidder Adams, widow of Dr. Zabdiel B. Adams, Jr. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Alice's garden: While Jewett and Fields had several friends named Alice, this is likely to be Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

John: Fields's employee.

Florence Kane ... Lockwood: S.W. was Sarah Wyman Whitman, and Jessie was Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Florence Bayard Lockwood (1864-1944) married American architect, Christopher Grant LaFarge (1862-1938) of Heins & LaFarge. See also Stedman Families Research Center. The details of the family connections between Florence Kane, the Lockwoods, the Whitmans and the Cochranes have not yet been discovered. The identity of Florence Kane also remains unknown, but it seems likely she is connected with Florence Lockwood's sister, Mabel Bayard Kane Bird (1838-1897), through her first marriage.

Katy: Katy Galvin. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, MWWC0196_02_00_001_01.

Two Letters by Mary Amelia St. Clair.

St. Clair wrote letters to Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields in response to their comments on her 1907 novel, *The Helpmate*, which she calls her "Majendie Tale." This was her first novel to be serialized in *Atlantic Monthly,* beginning in January 1907. In the novel, after Anne and Majendie marry, she learns that he is not the man she was led to believe and that marrying him was a mistake.

Jewett and Fields wrote St. Clair soon after its final installment in August 1907, which would have arrived in late July. To get a sense of what they may have written to her, see Jewett to Bliss Perry of 13 August 1907.

A puzzle arises on page 3 of her letter to Fields, in which she says, "Mrs Field … cannot find one good word to say for this book." That she underlines "Field" seems to emphasize that she is *not* speaking of Annie Fields, but of another person whose name is "Field." Otherwise, what she says of "Field" would lack tact and truthfulness.

To Jewett.

4 The Studios
Edwardes Square
Kensington. SW

Aug: 29. 1907

My dear Miss Jewett

I was indeed delighted when I found that Mrs Fields last letter enclosed one from you. I have been long in answering it — but I have been very busy getting into a new flat with all my old household [jobs *?*] — some

[*Page 2*]

new ones. It is a solemn & tremendous thing to do single-handed. Now I am all alone, in an enormous studio (in proportion to me) [wh ?] serves for everything except a bath-room & bedroom. (I've turned the tiny dining-room into a bath-room) — it is the funniest flat you ever saw, but it's nice & nobody but me can get into that bath. You don't know what that means, if you have not lived, as I have, for ten years in rooms

[*Page 3*]

— other people's rooms. And there is joy & pride & general up-liftedness in the possession of y. own front-door.

I am so glad my Majendie Tale interested you. I can't tell you how much your letter & Mrs Fields did for me. I have been in despair over its reception here, the reviews have been so bad — but, after all, they don't matter, & it's only been out a week.

I do agree with you in sympa-

[*Page 4*]

thizing with Anne. I think it was awful for her. So awful, that I felt that she cd n't help being like that. Very few of my critics, so far, have noticed that I have made her softer as the book goes on, that she is capable of great tendernesses [through *?*] her maternal nature, & that half the time, her conscience is fighting with her tenderness.

I wish indeed I cd see dear Mrs Fields in her country setting. I am glad the summer has been so good to both of you.

I feel that these are but [scrappy *?*] letters, but I want to catch

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

this mail. I will write again. With much love

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

always affectly ys May Sinclair

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 198. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

To Fields.

4 The Studios
Edward's Square
Kensington
London. W
Aug: 29. 1907*

My dear Mrs Fields

I have been a long time in answering yr dear letter wh came with Miss Jewett's enclosed. You cannot think what pleasure these letters gave me. I was very glad you thought the Helpmate

[*Page 2*]

bore up to the end. I am not now quite sure whether the last chapter is more than inwardly & essentially right, whether Anne and Majendie cd* say as much to each other as they do. They wd., I'm convinced, have felt or thought like that — but there wd. not, I'm afraid, have been quite so much conversation. I wish I cd ^do^ that part again.

All that you say is most generous. It is a [little *?*] odd,

[*Page 3*]

but my dear friend, Mrs Field* who cares immensely that I sd do nothing that is not first-rate, cannot find one good word to say for this book; whether she has quite understood it, or whether it has simply offended her taste, I do not know, but her letter [*unrecognized word* grieved *?*] me. She was [*unrecognized word*s puzzled and *?*] pleased that you had taken it differently.* I am very anxious about it in this country. My reviews

[*Page 4*]

have been as bad as bad cd be. However it has gone into a second edition in the first week in spite of them wh looks hopeful.

I wish I cd see you. I am looking forward to coming over perhaps early next autumn, but I cannot come before. I must work hard first & get some more short stories done.

I have taken a studio flat in a dear old fashioned square in Kensington. I think it is going to be very nice. But I miss my

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1*]

Hampstead friends & the beautiful Heath. I hope you are well after yr summer in the country.

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

With much love & many, many thanks for all that you are to me — always affectionately ys May Sinclair.

Notes

cd: This abbreviation for "could" has the "d" in underlined superscript; then the whole abbreviation is underlined twice.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), Letters of Sinclair, mss FL 1-5637.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*1 September 1907*]*

Have you seen Janet Ross's vegetable book?* I cannot find it here and I can't think what has become of it.

Also if you have one or two more of the Japanese balls for children* will you put them in your kit —

Saturday -----

Dearest. Jessie and Miss Kane* have just gone to town, Jessie to see Dr. Morgan*

[*Page 2*]

again who has served her wonderfully to all appearance at present about her eyes.

The Smiths* are coming this morning though they go out to luncheon today and tomorrow have dinner at the Lanes*

[*Page 3*]

with "Miss Jess". I shall stay at home until the P. M{.} when I go with them to A. Howe's.*

The rain yesterday was a benediction indeed and this morning is radiant. I have seldom seen it so dry in our little world as yesterday P. M. when the earth was like dust and the leaves hung down lifeless from vines and small trees everywhere —

[*Page 4*]

I liked Mifs Florence Kane. Some day you will see her and I will tell you about her when we meet on Monday —

Your own
A. F.

Notes

1 September 1907: This letter seems connected to several letters apparently from about the time of the wedding of Diana Ward Rockwell, reported in a letter from Fields to Jewett of 29 August 1907. A main connection among these letters is the report that Jessie Cochrane has been having serious problems with her eyes. In this letter, Fields mentions that Jessie Cochrane and Florence Kane have been visiting, and indicates that this visit is Fields's first acquaintance with Kane. In the 29 August letter, Fields also mentions Cochrane and Kane, giving the impression that she has just met Kane.

Janet Ross's vegetable book: *Leaves from our Tuscan Kitchen, or, How to Cook Vegetables* (1900) by British author, Janet Ross (1842-1927).

balls for children: These may be Temari, toys made from used embroidery.

Jessie… Kane: For Jessie Cochrane, Key to Correspondents. For Florence Kane see Fields to Jewett of 29 August 1907.

Dr. Morgan: Probably this is Dr. John Morgan (1845-1920), an oculist practicing in Boston for much of his medical career. See also *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Volume 183, p. 447.

Smiths: In this context, it is likely but not certain that Fields refers to Joseph Lindon Smith and spouse Corinna Haven Putnam. Key to Correspondents.

Lanes: These people have not been identified. A likely candidate is the family of Alfred Church Lane (1863-1948), a geologist at Tufts College.

A. Howe's: Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection MWWC0196_02_00_003_01.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright

Manchester by Sea
Thursday 5th
[*September 1907*]*

My dear Sarah

I have been thinking of you every day. I suppose that Mary* has gone on her Eastward voyage and I only hope that she has had better weather than if she had sailed westward. It has been foggy and sticky here, dog days of a sort, and no good wind, but I hope the Hesper* is out of reach of such conditions. Mary and I are

[*Page* 2]

always talking of our most delightful fortnight in June — it is a constant pleasure, I might say an always growing pleasure, and I wish to thank you every time I remember it. Mary and I came over here on Monday and celebrated my birthday on Tuesday, and yesterday she had to go home, but I am staying on a few days longer. Our friend Miss Cochrane* is here and her music is a true delight. I wish you were all three here just for an evening and when she didn't play

[*Page 3*]

Mary Wheelwright could sing and vice versa !! Mrs. Fields seems pretty well. I think she has gained strength this summer and I do hope that [we *corrected*] can make some plan so that she need not be shut up in the house so much this winter. I must not forget to give you her love.

Thank you ever so much for your dear last letter. I wish that I could see you and know ever so many things — but first of all, how you are . . Mrs. Fred Dexter* came

[*Page 4*]

to Mrs. Tyson's* the last of the week and we went down to luncheon, so I had a little news of the North East — 'Dear Miss ~~Sophy~~ ^Agnes^* asked me to come to them for this week but I was promised here, and there were some other people coming and my birthday which was attended with suitable exercises so that I couldn't make another plan. I was so sorry; and then there was the long journey to think of beside.

I could write a long time but this is the morning for Mrs. Fields's and Mrs. Higginson's* and Alice Howe's reading, and

[*Up the left margin and*
across the top margin of page 1]

a few others that come and must be on hand. Give my love to Mr. Wheelwright and little Mary when she gets back. I send my dear love to you

Yours ever
S. O. J.

Notes

1907: Jewett's 3 September birthday fell on a Tuesday 1907. Given Jewett's familiarity with the Wheelwrights' summer sailing plans and her reference to having been with them in the previous June, this letter almost certainly was composed in 1907.

Mary: This is Mary Cabot Wheelwright. When Jewett later wishes all three were present to hear Miss Cochrane, she means to include Mr. Wheelwright. Later references to "Mary" are to Jewett's sister. Key to Correspondents.

Hesper: The Wheelwrights' yacht, kept at their summer cottage, "Otherside", in North East Harbor, Maine.

Cochrane: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Dexter: F. S. Stoddart notes that this probably is Frederic Dexter (1841-1895), a Boston cotton merchant, was married to Susan Chapman Dexter (1843-1917). Both are buried at Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge. Mrs Dexter lived at Beverly Farms as well as in Boston's Back Bay area, and so might easily have been known to Fields and Jewett.

Tyson: Emily Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

Agnes: Probably Agnes Irwin. Key to Correspondents. Find a Grave shows that she had a sister, Sophia Dallas Irwin (1845-1915).

Higginson: Ida Agassiz Higginson. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is in the collection of the Miller Library of Colby College, Waterville, ME. A transcription appeared in Scott Frederick Stoddart's Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign: *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, copyright by Stoddart, 1988. New transcription and notes.

Margaret Thomson Janvier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Moorestown
Burlington County
New Jersey
September 12th,
1907

My dear Miss Jewett.

It seemed extraly provoking to have missed you by so little.

I was only in Beverly a week, & had to spend part of that time picking my self up after a hot & tiresome journey from Portland.

But I had a beautiful

[*Page 2*]

little voyage from Boston to Philadelphia.

I will not give you up as a Myth just yet — but the evidence begins to point that way, & I can't make you any realler by crying, so I will hope instead — & "watch out" for the story.

Yes, you have my brother Tom's* address right.

They are moving about, & it seemed safest.

[*Page 3*]

I am not anything much to look at, my own self, but if you could only "sense" the Literary Opportunities of this place, you could surely come in October, & gather a whole winterful of Short Stories! This climate is so much milder than that of Maine, that you might even consider Moorestown as a Winter Resort.

Believe me affectionately yours

Margaret Janvier

Notes

Tom's: Thomas Allibone Janvier (1849-1913) also was a writer of history and short stories.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Janvier, Margaret Thomson, 1844-1913. 2 letters; 1901 & [n.d.]. (113). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright

South Berwick
Tuesday 21st Sept[r]
[*1907*]*

My dear Sarah

I could not help thinking that you were wise not to break the journey to town, but I do so wish that I could have had you — all — for a first visit while this old garden was in bloom. I shall be glad to get you any time of year, but I like to have my dear Berwick make a good impression — Last week

(week before, I mean) Mary and I left the garden in full

[*Page 2*]

bloom — such splendid colours! and when we came back from Newport where we spent four or five days the touch of autumn was upon everything. It has grown very dry and even windy and everything looked as if it were tired out and had got through! Newport was at [its *corrected*] most beautiful moment — the grass and trees and Mrs. Charles Perkins's* scarlet lilies were all a wonder — I had not been there since I went with dear S.W.* last, the winter before I was hurt,

[*Page 3*]

almost five years ago — I thought often of her you may be sure and when I went to the Woolseys,* it was pretty hard work — (Miss Appleton with whom I was staying spoke of Miss Ellis* and said that she had told her of my coming and I should [*two deleted words*] have liked to [see *correction from* seen *?*] her, but there was some misunderstanding between them I think — Miss Ellis was not quite sure when I was coming, or something like that — It was very hot until the last day, and I

[*Page 4*]

did not get out except to Ellen Masons* to luncheon on Thursday, and on Friday I had a drive with her & saw Mrs. Perkins, and went to the Avenue on a trading voyage with Mary Appleton — Then I spent Sunday with Mrs. Fields, and my sister came home to find one guest already arrived and last week this old house was as full as it could be — Counter currents from the North east & the coast this side, and two friends from Newport, &c. We had two nights from Susan Bradley,* a real pleasure —

[*Up the left margin and across the top of page 1*]

I shall be looking forward for a chance to see you{.} I wish I could have you for a little visit while Mrs. Fields is here. I doubt if she stays in Manchester much after the tenth or twelfth --- but that depends upon weather{.}

[*Up the left margin and across the top of page 2*]

I shall like to think of you in Newport all the more because I have a fresh picture of it. I wish that I were at Northeast* with you this morning!

With ever so much love
S.O.J.

Dont get too tired dear!

Notes

1907: Dating this letter is complicated despite Jewett providing explicit information. She says she was "hurt" almost 5 years before the letter. She refers to her debilitating carriage accident on 2 September 1902. This should date this letter in 1907. But she seems fairly clearly to have written the date of Tuesday 21 September on page 1. 21 September did not fall on a Tuesday in any year during the rest of her life after 1902. Almost certainly, then, she is mistaken, probably in dating the letter, though perhaps she mistakes how long it has been since her accident. In 1907, 21 September fell on Saturday; the following Tuesday was 24 September. While Jewett's handwriting is ambiguous in her date, it does not look much like she intended to write 24 September.

I have decided to assume she was mistaken in writing 21 September and to place this letter in 1907, recognizing that it could be from 1906 or 1908.

Mrs. Charles Perkins's: Edith Forbes Perkins. Key to Correspondents.

S.W.: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

Woolseys: Sarah Chauncey Woolsey and her younger unmarried sister, Dora, who spent summers together in Newport. Key to Correspondents.

(Miss Appleton ... Miss Ellis: Mary Worthen Appleton (12 May 1886 - 15 April 1965), Newport, RI, supported local arts and philanthropy. For example, she and Helen Ellis (died c. 15 November 1940) served on the board of the Newport Hospital around 1910 and were members of the Newport Historical Society. According to *Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia and Register of Important Events* for 1899 (pp. 574-6), Appleton was the daughter of William Henry Appleton (1814-1899) who, with his father, founded the New York publishing firm, D. Appleton & Co. However, an Appleton genealogy web site lists Mary as the daughter of his son, William Worthen Appleton, which better fits her life dates."

The open parenthesis appears to be in another hand, and it is not closed.

Ellen Masons: Ellen Mason. Key to Correspondents.

Susan Bradley: This may be the American painter, Susan Hinkley Greenough Bradley (1851-1929).

Northeast: The Wheelwrights had a summer home at Northeast Harbor on Mt. Desert Island, ME.

This manuscript of this letter is held by the Princeton University Library, Princeton, NJ: Robert H. Taylor Collection of English and American Literature RTC01, Box 10, Folder 12.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Houghton Mifflin & Company

Manchester by Sea
Sept 27th — [*1907*]
[*Begin deleted letterhead*]
~~*South Berwick, Maine*~~.
[*End letterhead*]
Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co —

Gentlemen -

Mrs. Fields and I send these cheques for the Aldrich Memorial Fund* and our warm interest with them.

Your sincerely
S. O. Jewett

[*In another hand and different ink*]

9/27/07
Receipts sent by
Mr. Greenslet
H. M. & Co.
[*Unrecognized initials* A.L.B. *?*]

Notes

Aldrich Memorial Fund: T. B. Aldrich died on 19 March 1907. Key to Correspondents and *Publishers Weekly* (72, 5 October 1907) p. 1012.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday Eve[g]
[*September 1907 or 1908*]*

Dearest: it makes it so easy to write to you with a pencil by the evening light! It is more like a talk and no real effort in the matter!

Your note of Sunday was full of your happiness in Helen's* visit. You made me feel as if I were really there! And you knowing <u>the</u> old "Braddon"!* who drove them up and all!

Isn't it good that Alice ^W^ should be turning out so well after all! If dear Aunt Helen never does anything else she has helped to do this.

O what a lovely month this September has been. Whatever man may do, the Lord who reigns has made himself a glory this day, and man one would think must be the better for such a glorious

[*Page 2*]

framework [of his *?*] life and deeds —

Mr. Paine and his sister* came today {—} otherwise there has been neither sound nor shape upon the hilltop all day — I finished the great Dante* poem and have had a lovely day. By the way Mr. Paine goes to town tomorrow to meet the rest of the Committee about the placing of the Phillips Brooks Monument.* They hope it will be cast and put up now before many months. Mrs Saint-Gaudens had it finished by the students in his studio, it has been recommended for acceptance by Bela Pratt & Kenzar Cox and they hope the end of the work is near.

I look forward to Thursday. Hope you will not miss

Your own loving A.F.

[*Up the right margin of page 2*]

making your visit while the weather

[*Upside down in the top margin of page 2*]

is so good{.} I will try to find the address of Mifs C.

Notes

1907 or 1908: This letter was composed after the death of Augustus Saint-Gaudens and before Jewett's death, hence either in 1907 or 1908. I have arbitrarily placed it in 1907.

Helen's: There are several "Helens" to whom Fields and Jewett referred by first name. This particular one *could* be Helen Choate Bell, who was the aunt of Alice Ellerton Pratt Burr (1866-1945). Could this be the "Alice" later mentioned as "Alice W?" Clearly this speculation is less than satisfactory.

Braddon: This person has not yet been identified.

Mr. Paine and his sister: Probably this is American philanthropist Robert Treat Paine (1835-1910). Paine had at least four unmarried sisters: Frances Jackson Paine (1837-1901), Sarah Cushing Paine (1838-1924), Marianne Paine (1843-1916), Helen Paine (1851-1933).

Dante: Italian poet Dante Alighieri (c. 1265-1321), whose great poem was *The Divine Comedy*.

Phillips Brooks Monument: For Phillips Brooks (1835- 23 January 1893), Key to Correspondents. The monument at Trinity Church in Boston was dedicated in 1910; an image appears in the Brooks Wikipedia article. It was designed by American sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens (1848- 3 August 1907).

Bela Pratt & Kenyon Cox: American sculptor Bela Lyon Pratt (1867-1917), and American painter Kenyon Cox (1856-1919).

Mfs C: This person has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

David Douglas to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]

TELEPHONE No. 710 — TELEGRAMS: "HOTEL," CLOVENFORDS.

A. S. BRIDGEFORD
PROPRIETOR

Clovernfords Hotel,
Clovenfords, N.B.
[*End letterhead*]

Oct 10. 1907

Dear Miss Jewett

You will see by the heading of this note that we are away from home at a somewhat unusual time, but we have had a dull summer which hindered us from [taking *?*] our usual holiday in Fifeshire{.} My dear wifes only brother died after a painful illness and she herself was afterwards confined to her room for nearly the whole of August and September — the result of her loving attention to the poor sufferer — Our kind doctor thought that a change would do her good, — late in the season though it was — and so we came here on the 2^{d} October — and have enjoyed the place very much{.}

2

I daresay you remember that Wordsworth* and his sister visited this Inn during the autumn of 1803; his room is still [shown *?*] — The country is very beautiful and I am of the opinion of the woman at the village door who in reply to Dorothys remark that she lived in a pretty place, said "--- Aye! The water o' Tweed is a bonnie water" — [Tis *?*] a delightful neighborhood and we are never wearied of rambling by the riverside as far as Gairbridge* — about 3 miles — passing [. Fernalie *so it appears*] where the author of the Flowers of the Forest* was born and [marked *or* many *?*] spots immortalized by Scott* — Last night I shall not soon forget; darkness had overtaken my daughter and me before we got home but in the early gloaming, it was a most impressive sight to watch the full river flowing between its green banks drumly and dark on its way downwards —

This is a most cosy little house

3

kept by a newly married English couple who came here from Cumberland in May last and we have a comfortable sitting room where beside a good fire and lamplight we have always an hours reading. — One book my daughter has been reading to us which has amused me and which I think may interest Mrs Fields and you — It is called 'Conclusions of an Everyday Woman' —

I do not know if her criticisms apply to your society as closely as they do to ours — The book undoubtedly is clever and [good natured *so written*]. The writer is a young English woman who came to Edinburgh a short while ago, and to our astonishment without any previous warning in the way of newspaper or [journalistic writing *?*]: has suddenly come before the public — If you & Mrs Fields like the book, perhaps you may speak of it — She writes under her real name and is an

4

attractive & good wife and mother —

I hope you have had a good summer and are as well as when I had the pleasure of hearing from you —

I was sorry not to see Mrs Fields [friends *?*] but I heard of her from Mr [*unrecognized name*] — in August. I hope when any of your friends come to Scotland you will not hesitate to give them a note to us — —

My wife & daughter join me in [fondest *?*] regards to you & Mrs Fields — begging you to pardon this scribble — from yours very sincerely

David Douglas

Notes

Wordsworth: British poet, William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

His sister, Dorothy Wordsworth (1771-1855), recounts her encounter with the "woman at the

village door" in her *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland* (1874). Wikipedia.

Gairbridge: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems clear Douglas refers to Guardbridge in Fifeshire, Scotland. Wikipedia.

Flowers of the Forest: This song laments the defeat the Scots at the Battle of Flodden. There are various versions of the lyrics. Douglas later quotes the lyrics of Allison Cockburn (1712-1794), who wrote in her version of "The Flowers of the Forest,"

I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

She was born at Fairnilee House in the Scottish Borders. Wikipedia.

Scott: Scottish author, Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) wrote of the Battle of Flodden in his epic poem *Marmion: A Tale of Flodden Field* (1808).

Everyday Woman: The copyright date for Hildegard Gordon Brown's book is 1908. Brown (1870-1956) authored a number of other books after 1908. "Artist Biographies" says: "Painter about whom little is known. She was born Hildegarde Muspratt in Seaforth a suburb of Sefton near Liverpool."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, cancelled there on 21 October 1907 and in Clovenfords on 10 October 1907.

Katharine Prescott Wormeley to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thorn Hill
Oct 12. 1907

My dear S.O.J.

I have been thinking I should hear from you for some time — and, now another sense is provided for by sweets <u>from</u> the Sweet* — for I am confident that an anonymous box of Bailey's candies is from you. Thanks ever so much.

I leave here tomorrow morning, to be gone till November. I wanted to give my good maid a long holiday. This has

[*Page 2*]

been a trying summer — The weather — I dont know what — all sorts of trying things.

I have been very quiet — automobiles and weakness in the legs [has *so written*] kept me at home. The automobiles have become a vulgar craze. The hotels are finding out that they have injured their business. So many [middleclass *so written*] people who used to bring their families for several weeks now hire automobiles for a couple of weeks and live "on the road" —

The horrid things have rushed over Thorn Hill in flocks — so that I gave up driving and sold the horse that was afraid of them. I persuaded the [see-lecmen *so spelled*] to put up notices that automobiles

[*Page 2*]

were forbidden — but having no legal right to do so, the villains only laughed at them. Nobody but the British Embassy minded them.

It has been one of my summer worries that I was unable to go to see Mrs Bryce.* We exchanged one visit and that was all. She is <u>charming</u> — so sweet, and happy, and humorous and both she & Mr Bryce have been very happy here this summer.

W<u>m</u> James* came to see me this last week. Very well and cheerful. He seems to enjoy getting out of his professoring.

Adieu, give my love to your sister <u>and</u> believe me your affectionate friend

<u>KPW.</u>

Notes

Sweet: An allusion to William Shakespeare's tragedy, *Hamlet* Act 5, Scene 1, the funeral of Ophelia.

Mrs Bryce: Spouse of British ambassador to the U.S., then residing in North Conway, NH. See Jewett to Katharine Peabody Loring of 21 July 1907.

James: William James. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Correspondence, MS Am 1743, Item 245, Wormeley, Katherine Prescott, 1830-1908. 7 letters. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, The Burton Trafton Papers, Box 2, Folder 98.

Associated with this letter is an envelope directed to Jewett in South Berwick and redirected to Manchester by the Sea, MA. It was canceled in Jackson, NH, on14 October 1907.

Violet Paget / Vernon Lee to Sarah Orne Jewett

Oct 25. 1907

[*Begin letterhead*]

IL PALMERINO
S. CERVASIO*
FLORENCE

[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mifs Jewett —

I have been wanting for months to thank you — to tell you how enchanting I felt your letter to be; and I haven't. I have been busy, anxious, my poor brother has at last been ~~reborn~~ ^saved^ from the sword of Damocles* suspended over him but saved by a kindly

[*Page 2*]

~~un~~ & silent death. I have been very busy, a little out of sorts away. In short, I haven't written to you.

And instead of writing now, in any decent sense of the word, I am merely going to bore you with a very troublesome commifsion. I want to make an English Writer's Notebook on England,* but I want

[*Page 3*]

to be paid for it, & therefore to [publish *?*] through a serial. The Atlantic Monthly took the two installments I am sending herewith, but it has refused the [remainder *?*] which I had ~~laboriously~~ [had *repeated*] laboriously copied out. The only people wanting to read about England are Americans & America doubtless contains magazines besides the Atlantic. But

[*Page 4*]

my ms is [colossaly *so spelled*] big, on heavy paper, & moreover it is my only copy save the half [*unrecognized word*] scrawls in my pocketbooks. I don't want to send it about with the risk of loss. This printed sample shows exactly what I am offering. There are four numbers each about the size of the printed — i.e. Things of the Past, Things of the

[*Page 5*]

2/ Present, The Celtic West and "Some Cathedrals and Oxford" —

Will you offer the serial copyright (book copyrights all reserved) ~~to~~ of these to anyone you think likely to take them? ~~If I get a~~ If I get them accepted in principle (i.e. on the supposition of their being equal to

[*Page 6*]

the printed sample) I will send the rest to America. As to terms American payment is always handsome. The point is that [a decision *?*] can be perfectly come to on the printed specimen.

Dear Mifs Jewett, what a bother for you. But I have no one else to

[*Page 7*]

help me, or no one except you I really care to ask so great a favour.

And to you I can say that my brother's death has left me, for the next few months, rather out of pocket, & that I am therefore trying to sell whatever finished ms I have to pay off a loan I have had to make. A kind friend, toward

[*Page 8*]

whom [indebtedness *?*] about ~~an additional~~ a pleasure, is taking me with her for a month to Greece, where I never expected to go; & after than I am going for a fortnight to Cairo.

I shall not be back for two months from the moment when you receive this letter, so do not write to me yet. And don't be angry with me for bothering you.

I am sending you this Tauchnitz Hortus Vitae* with the letter to M^me^ Blanc.

Yours gratefully
V. Paget

[*Page 9*]

Mem:*

Vernon Lee wishes to sell the serial rights (no others) of 4 numbers of

"An English Writer's Notes on England"

of which the accompanying n^o^, published in the Atlantic Monthly, is a specimen xsxfor as regards subject & treatment. These n^os^ are entitled —

I Things of the Past. II Things of the Present, III The Celtic West," (Cornwall — Wales, Ireland) — IV Some Cathedrals & Oxford.

Notes

CERVASIO: There may be some confusion about two locations in Italy, San Cervasio and San Gervasio. S. Cervasio, according to her letterhead, was Paget's street address in Florence when she wrote this letter. She died in 1935 at San Gervasio Bresciano in Lombardy, about 275 kilometers northwest of Florence.

Damocles: The sword of Damocles in a Greek fable hangs over the throne of a king, held only by

a single horse-hair, likely to fall upon and slay the king at any moment. Wikipedia.

Paget's brother was Eugene James Lee-Hamilton (1845- 9 September 1907). Find a Grave.

Notebook on England: Richard Cary explains:

> "An English Writer's Notes on England" had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* LXXXIV (July 1899), 99-104, and LXXXVIII (October 1901), 511-519. Miss Jewett, now inoperative for over five years, was unable to place the others, but Miss Paget ultimately succeeded in disposing three of them to *Scribner's,* which presented them under the same title, with the following subheads: "Things of the Past," LIV (August 1913), 177-194; "Things of the Present," LIV (November 1913), 609-619; "The Celtic West," LIV (December 1913), 712-724. Neither the sixth essay, titled "Some Cathedrals and Oxford," nor the projected volume was ever published.

Tauchnitz Hortus Vitae: Vernon Lee's *Hortus Vitae* (1904). The book is dedicated "To Madame TH: Blanc-Bentzon," and opens with a letter addressed to Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (Key to Correspondents). The letter begins "The first copy of this little book was, of course, to have been for Gabrielle Delzant. I am fulfilling her wish, I think, in giving it instead to you, who were her oldest friend; as I, alas! had time to be only her latest." The rest of the letter eulogizes Delzant. Alidor (1848-1905) and Gabrielle Delzant (1854-1903) resided in Paris and at Parays (Lot-et-Garonne). He was a lawyer, a bibliophile, editor, and author and wrote, among other works, a biography of the brothers Goncourt.

Richard Cary notes that Gabrielle was cited by Violet Paget for the "admirableness of her brains" and her "extraordinary charm of high breeding." Madame Delzant, an aspiring author, compiled extensive memoranda and rough drafts of books on Port Royal and the Princesse de Liancourt but did not live to publish them. Her husband edited *Lettres de Gabrielle Delzant* (1906), for which Mme. Blanc wrote a preface.

See also "Paget in Parays" (1960) by Archille H. Biron.

Mem: This page appears to be in Paget's handwriting rather than Jewett's.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. An envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, Stati Uniti, America. It was cancelled in Florence, Italy, on 26 October and in South Berwick on 6, or perhaps 16, November 1907. Richard Cary's transcription, with an informative introduction and notes, appears in "Violet Paget to Sarah Orne Jewett" *Colby Library Quarterly* 9 (1970) 235-243. (1970): 235-243. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Julia Ward Howe

Monday morning
[*Late October 1907*]*

Dearest Mrs. Howe

I am so glad that you left this beautiful lecture — I have had such a beautiful time reading it without leave! I only wish that I could have heard it; but nothing is better than knowing that certain persons in your happy audience did —

With love always
Sarah

Notes

1907: This date is a guess. It clearly comes from the period after 1902, when Jewett typically signed only her first name on letters to Howe. Other letters believed to be from 1907 show Jewett encouraging Howe to attend and say a few words, at least, to the South Berwick women's club.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Box 4 (119).

Agnes Irwin to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*1 November 1907*]*

Cambridge

O dearly beloved Sarah! how can I say to you how sorry I am that I cant possibly go to you for Sunday next or even the Sunday after, when I am tied here with a great many knots — not the Gulliverian threads,* but good strong cords and straps! ? There is to be a week of the Collegiate Alumnae

[*Page 2*]

and we are preparing for them like anything; then on Sunday 10th I go to New York to a meeting of students, and on to a meeting at a country house, where I spent much of my youth, which is to be sold, and I go for a last visit of a day or so. (This is not so sad as it sounds; it is really because all those who are left have their own houses elsewhere and, like

[*Page 3*]

them a great deal better; but it is the closing of a long chapter)

I could talk with you about that and many things, and perhaps when I return on and after the 14th, there will be Sundays or weekdays, and perhaps Mrs. Fields will still be there.

Your handwriting looks so firm and

[*Page 4*]

fine that I think you must be well and I hope so, indeed. I am still regretting that you couldn't come to N.L.* But next summer we must have you, if you and I are both on this side of the Atlantic.

And this carries my love to you and dear Mrs. Fields and the Sister Mary.

Agnes Irwin
Nov. 1. 1907

Notes

1907: Irwin's handwriting makes this date somewhat uncertain. However, her placing Sunday on the 10th helps to confirm that she was writing in November 1907.

Gulliverian: Part 1 of *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) by Anglo-Irish author Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) tells of Lemuel Gulliver's voyage to Lilliput, where after a shipwreck, he found himself in a land of tiny people. While he slept after being washed ashore, the Lilliputians tied down this fearsome giant with many strong threads.

N.L.: This transcription is uncertain and the meaning of this abbreviation is not yet known.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Irwin, Agnes. 1 letter; 1907. (110). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Frances Parker Parkman

South Berwick
Monday afternoon
[*November 1907*]*

My dearest Frances

I now state (but with a strange pen found on Mary's desk) that Please send 2d Revise to — is the form of words — And after a bad night and day, made doubly trying by little problems about those dear proofs,* I begin to cheer up because you say that you will come on Thursday. I wish

[*Page 2*]

it could be by the 1 o'clock Eastern Division to South Berwick; after that is the 3.30 ^arriving — 6 o'clock^ and they are both slow trains, but we feel sadly provincial and rustic since the fast expresses that usually stop here or at Salmon Falls all winter, now have made a new schedule and go right by. There is a nice 1.15 train to Dover where I could meet you at 3.03 — either driving or by trolley. If you can stay ^long enough^ you can go to

[*Page 3*]

York by trolley = (this bait has been used before without being noticed by Frances . —) —

— I just opened an October Spectator that I hadn't seen and here, in a Review of the Queen's Letters* some wise person says:

"We realise of course that it is exceedingly difficult . . . to print Documents ^Letters^ entire owing to reasons of space. At the same time it cannot be [doubted *corrected*] that a letter is a living thing with an individuality of its own, and if the head and tail are cut off, and two or three pieces taken out of

[*Page 4*]

the body, that individuality is lost."

This is my own strong instinct — Miss Foster has chosen beautifully often and often, but the extracts often suffer from being taken out of their setting — I think she carefully avoids the funny letters, there is one I cannot bear to miss ^even all dashes^ about Coolidge & Cunliffe & Co — And there are too many scraps about the pressure of everyday work and claims. I have felt Her at my elbow so often in reading these proofs that it has been hard not to follow [our *corrected*] dislikes and preferences but I would not for anything [be *corrected*] prepotente* and trying

[*Page 5*]

to Miss Foster. I think we should think of the Author first however in every case. That's our plain duty; ~~especially~~ I must say that my only thought about the unsympathetic is that we must give them S.W.'s very best to judge from!!

But so few of us Know what a stern judge print is in itself; what a sifter and weigher of values, how astonishing its calm verdict when a book is done — none of these preliminary stages can forecast it — and I do so

[*Page 6*]

want this to be her best — what she would wish it. Miss Foster's choosing costs the letters dear, they sometimes do not read like letters at all in these unrelated statements — and I cannot ~~help~~ keep myself from thinking how beautiful she made them, often each was like one of her own sketches. She brought all her Art to letter writing when she was at her best and ^ many many ^ [such *corrected*] letters could have been printed with very little cut out; sometimes nothing at all — But she would say we must make them stand as well as we can: and not make her book as if we took brushes

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

and colours and Knives to cut the canvas smaller and altered all her Sketches — This is too severe but it is only said to you, by your loving

S. O. J.

Notes

1907: Penciled near top right of page 1: 1905. This also is the date given the letter by Annie Fields in her collection of Jewett's letters. However, it almost certainly comes from autumn 1907, when Jewett and Parkman were completing their work on *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907)

proofs: Jewett and Parkman are working on proofs for their volume of *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907).

October "Spectator": *The Letters of Queen Victoria: a Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence Between the Years 1837 and 1861* appeared in 3 volumes in October 1907. The review to which Jewett refers, "The Letters of Queen Victoria" appeared in *The Spectator* (London) of October 26, 1907, pp. 611-612.

Miss Foster: Elizabeth Foster. Key to Correspondents.

Coolidge & Cunliffe & Co: This Whitman letter has not yet been discovered, and these personages remain unidentified. Among Jewett's correspondents were: Katherine/Catherine Scollay Parkman Coolidge and Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, wrote under the name of Susan Coolidge. Key to Correspondents.

prepotente: Jewett uncharacteristically uses an Italian (and Spanish) word, which translates as arrogant or overbearing.

this is: Jewett has underlined this word with a flourish that amounts to 3 lines.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters to Frances Parkman; [190-]-1907. Parkman family, Edward Twisleton, and Sarah Wyman Whitman additional papers, 1763-1917 (inclusive) 1850-1907 (bulk). MS Am 1408 (214-230). Part of this letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911) p. 203.

Annie Fields's Transcription

South Berwick, Monday afternoon, 1905

My dearest Frances, — I now state (but with a strange pen found on Mary's desk) that "*Please send 2d Revise to*" is the form of words, and after a bad night and day made doubly trying by little problems about these dear proofs."# I begin to cheer up because you say that you will come on Thursday. We feel sadly provincial since the fast expresses have made a new schedule and go right by, but there is a *nice* 1.15 train to Dover where I could meet you, and if you can stay long enough, you can go to York by trolley (this bait has been used before without being noticed by Frances).

I just opened an October "Spectator" that I had not seen, and here in a Review of the Queen's Letters some wise person says: "We realize of course that it is exceedingly difficult to print Documents or Letters entire owing to reasons of space. *At the same time it cannot be doubted that a letter is a living thing with an individuality of its own, and if the head and tail are cut off, and two or three pieces taken out of the body, that individuality is lost*." This is my own strong instinct. I have felt Her at my elbow so often in reading these proofs that it has been hard not to follow *our* dislikes or preferences, but I would not for anything be *prepotente*. I think we should think of the author first however in every case. That's our plain duty.

But so few of us know what a stern judge *print* is in itself; what a sifter and weigher of values, how astonishing its calm verdict when a book is *done*. None of these preliminary stages can forecast it, and I do so want this to be Her best. What she would wish it. Too much choosing has cost the letters dear; they sometimes do not read like letters at all in these unrelated fragments. I cannot keep myself from thinking how beautiful she made them, each was like one of her own sketches. She brought all her Art to letter writing when she was at her best. She would say we must make them stand as well as we can. . . .

This is only said to *you* by your loving

S.O.J.

#Fields's note
Mrs. Whitman's Letters.

David Douglas to Annie Adams Fields

Confidential
[*Begin Letterhead*
Underlined portion filled in by hand.]
DAVID DOUGLAS
PUBLISHER

10 Castle Street
Edinburgh Nov 7. 1907
[*End Letterhead*]

My dear Mrs Fields

I send you by today's mail a book which, I am sure, will interest you containing, as it does, so many letters of the author of "Rab."* — I need not say that I have no responsibility regarding its publication or editorship{.} The latter seems to be very fairly done though I am doubtful of so many letters in such close print will be read by a 'general public' who had

[*Page 2*]

not the pleasure of knowing the writer. One letter regarding you & Mr Fields brings back some very pleasant memories of our first meeting.

This was more than 25 years since Dr Brown died and my relations with his son never cordial — have not improved in the interval — so that I was precluded from offering any letters of mine to an unknown editor, — who has however done his work as carefully and as well as a man could do,

3

who knows so little of Dr Brown. I daresay you will find something to interest you in the volume and perhaps Miss Jewett also —

I forgot whether I told you that after a somewhat closely confined summer and autumn in town, we managed to have a delightful ten days in Tweedside at Clovenfords — (by "we" I mean my dear wife 'The sine qua non'* as Dr Brown used to term her & my daughters) —

You, of course remember its association with [*unrecognized word*] & Wordsworth.* Our daily walk [on *?*] the riverside to [Gair *?*] bridge* will not be forgotten for a while.

I trust your friends who were unable

4

to cross the Tweed to our old city got home safely —

With kind regards ^to^ Miss Jewett if she is with you* ^from Drummond Place^

I am yours very faithfully
David Douglas

Notes

'Rab': "Rab and his Friends" (1859) is a story by Scottish author and physician, Dr. John Brown (1810-1882). *Letters of Dr. John Brown* edited by "by his son," John Brown, and D.W. Forrest, D.D. was published in 1907. Letters mentioning Fields are an 1869 letter on p. 196 and an 1876 letter on p. 354. Mr. Fields's death is reported in an 1882 letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes, p. 359.

Gair bridge: See Douglas to Jewett of 10 October 1907.

sine qua non: Latin: the indispensable person. Douglas appears to have written some sort of accent over the "a."

Wordsworth: English poet William Wordsworth (1770-1850) in *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* (1803), XI and XII writes of a walking tour along the River Tweed and arriving at Clovenford, as the name is spelled in the poem.

you: Douglas appears to have written a period here before writing his insertion over it.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda, Box 16: mss FI 5637.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

South Berwick, Maine, *November* 12, 1907.

My dearest Sally, — I have just tied up a little book for you. It may not 'like you' as much as the "Hortus Vitæ,"* but I find many charming things in it. I suppose that I am made like Vernon Lee;* it gave me a little thrill the other day when I came upon this in still another book called "Limbo": "As some persons are never unattended by a melody, so others — and among them your humble servant — have always for their thoughts and feelings an additional background besides the one which happens to be visible behind their head and shoulders."* — I must lend you "Limbo" some day, or find it for you. I always fancied that you may like, even better than I (because you are a closer friend), to have these brief sketches open their windows toward Italy.

I ought not to write on and on to a busy autumn Sally in this way, but the thing I really had most in mind when I began was the story of an Indian summer* afternoon last week, when I went on a little pilgrimage by trolley car down the Kittery shore, to a dear old house on the river just opposite Portsmouth, where my sister and I used to visit a delightful old grand-aunt — by courtesy and *of* courtesy — when we were children. You go down a deep lane from the main road and (I ought to tell this to Dr. James)* I was possessed by a sudden terror of a huge Newfoundland puppy who used to run and jump at me when I was six years old. I never have been so afraid of anything since. I was [not thinking of him *so transcribed*] after a comparative safety of above fifty years. There's a persistent sensation for you! The old house was standing empty and somebody let us in to stay as long as we liked. It is a huge old place, I can't quite remember all the rooms now! and the sun was shining in, and the dear ghosts: Aunt Anne and Cousin Marcia were both there.* It is far too long to write after all, but the sound of Portsmouth bells across the water woke many things in my heart. And in the old garden, as if Aunt Anne would even now not let us go empty-handed away, there was the last old St. Michael's pear-tree* that I know, with its harvest dropped for us on the grass. I wrote a story about this old house once, called "Lady Ferry,"* — it was when I was about twenty and still very young, and Mr. Howells would not print it. I can always show him the scar to his great amusement! I put it into my second small book, "Old Friends and New," and you might just look at it; I still think that he made a mistake (I can hear him laugh!), but it was my whole childish heart written in. I have only seen dear Mr. Howells two or three times all summer. They were just going away when Mrs. Fields was here, when he generally comes up for an afternoon or so. He looks very well, I think much better than a year ago or two. Was not his "Atlantic" paper full of kind and delightful things, and Mr. Norton's so exactly right! and Miss Francis's in the last "Contributors' Club" about Mr. Fields those were the days when I began!*

Dear Sally, forgive all this, but I have been playing that I really saw you and your dear father. The trouble is that you have not known it and told me instead the things that I would so much rather hear. I am sure that you were both glad to get back to Shady Hill, and I hope that you are both equal to many pleasures and to the things you wish to do.* You and Mr. Norton are two of my very dearest little company of friends; I can never help thinking of you both very often and always sending my true love.

Notes

"Hortus Vitæ": By Vernon Lee. Key to Correspondents. Jewett was sending Norton a copy of Lee's *The Enchanted Woods, and Other Essays on the Genius of Places* (1905), which contains a number of pieces on Italy. The quotation from *Limbo and Other Essays* (1897) appears in "The Lie of the Land," at the beginning of section VI, which opens, "This same power of sentiment and fancy, that is to say, of association, enables us to carry about, like a verse or a tune, whole mountain ranges, valleys, rivers and lakes, things in appearance the least easy to remove from their place. As some persons are never unattended by a melody; so others, and among them your humble servant, have always for their thoughts and feelings, an additional background besides the one which happens to be visible behind their head and shoulders. By this means I am usually in two places at a time, sometimes in several very distant ones within a few seconds" (here quoted from The Bodley Head, 1908 edition, 62).

Indian summer: In North America, a period of warmth following the first hard frost of the autumn.

Dr. James ... persistent sensation: Jewett refers to her correspondent, William James (1842-1910). In an examination of James's chapters in *Psychology* (1890) on Sensation and Memory, I did not find the term "persistent sensation." Still, James discusses the sensation of the presence of an amputated limb, to which the term "persistent sensation" has been applied. Or Jewett might easily have been thinking of James's presentation of the phenomena of memory.

Aunt Anne and Cousin Marcia: Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett* (1994) identifies Aunt Anne as Anne Rice (pp. 39-40). It is notable that Jewett calls her a grand-aunt, though Blanchard says that Jewett's "blood" relationship with Anne Rice was more distant. Cousin Marcia has not yet been identified.

St. Michael's pear-tree: U. P. Hedrick, in *The Pears of New York* (Albany: J. B. Lyon, 1921), says that the White Doyenné pear was called the St. Michael's pear in the Boston area in the 19th century, when this variety was considered one of the best for eating, though difficult to cultivate. As pears became increasingly a commercial product, this variety disappeared along with many others of the more than 120 that Hedrick describes as having grown in New York and the Northeastern United States.

"Lady Ferry": William Dean Howells was editor at *The Atlantic* when Jewett completed her story,

"Lady Ferry." The story appeared in *Old Friends and New* (1879).

"Atlantic" paper … Mr. Fields: Jewett refers to the November 1907 issue of *Atlantic Monthly*, which was the fiftieth anniversary number. Charles Eliot Norton contributed "The Launching of the Magazine." William Dean Howells' "paper" to which she refers, was "Recollections of an Atlantic Editorship"; Howells acted as editor from 1866 until 1881, thus including the beginning of Jewett's professional career. Miss Francis is almost certainly Susan Moore Francis (1839-1919), essayist and book reviewer for *Atlantic*. The unsigned piece on James T. Fields' editorship of *The Atlantic* that Jewett attributes to Francis was "The Atlantic's Pleasant Days in Tremont Street."

Shady Hill: The Cambridge, MA residences of Sara Norton and her father, Charles Eliot Norton. Key to Correspondents.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Frances Parker Parkman

Monday 3rd Dec
[*1907*]*

Dearest Frances

You gave me a kind of shock about the books!*

— If you knew what a joy it has been to think I could do anything like that — and something that had to do ~~for~~ ^with^ her: — At any rate I could not come in for Authors Copies ^ (as Mifs F. ought to do), or wouldn't now, if you will be so good a Frances: only I wish you would give [me *?*] a copy from you and our names in it all for loves sake — And if [*deleted word*] you would rather have it so, dear, just put this cheque

[*Page 2*]

down for general expenses — and I can let you have more the first of January or no doubt before that, if you want to square up all or part of it to H.M. & Co ----- —

It looks wintry here — there was a flurry of snow on Thanksgiving Day morning and it seems to stay on. I found it at night when I got home from Exeter where I had a long but very dear and pleasant day with my "Uncle Will"* and some dear old cousins of his and my mother's — You would

[*Page 3*]

love Cousin Fanny!!* Fanny & the boys ^as^ they are always spoken of in the family, the oldest of two bachelor brothers, (there used to be three) now being just past his 87th birthday.

Look out for a story called The Broken Road,* very interesting and a touch of greatness in it — East Indian & English. — Brothers in the Army would like it. I shall come back on Saturday ("with Jockey* to the fair!"){.} I almost got to the end of me last week, there were

[*Page 4*]

so many ways to run but I hope Mary will come for a day or two at least, this time — not sure until later but I must make a descent upon Hallison avenue* in her able company. Good by dear Frances

S. O. J.

Notes

1907: Added in another hand to the date on page 1: 1904. December 3 fell on a Monday in 1906, and this would seem the more likely date. But Jewett speaks of the new publication of Sarah Wyman Whitman's letters (1907) and the newly published *The Broken Road* (1907). As the Sarah Orne Jewett to Parkman letter of Autumn 1907 shows, Jewett and Parkman were completing their work on the Whitman letters at that time. Almost certainly, then, Jewett mistakenly dated her letter, as 3 December fell on Tuesday in 1907. She did sometimes mistake a date. And there is an envelope associated with this letter in the Houghton Library folder, showing a much blurred cancellation, with the reasonably clear year: 1907.

the books: Jewett refers to the 1907 publication of *Letters* by Sarah Wyman Whitman, their mutual friend. Jewett wrote an introductory note for this volume. Mifs F is Elizabeth Foster. Key to Correspondents.

The expenses to which Jewett contributed a check are likely to be printing expenses for the Whitman volume, as it probably was published with the idea that it would have limited sales.

Uncle Will: Uncle Will is Dr. William G. Perry (1823-1910), husband of Lucretia Fisk Perry. Fanny is their daughter. Key to Correspondents.

The Broken Road: British author and politician, Alfred Edward Woodley Mason (1865-1948) authored the novel, *The Broken Road* (1907). Goodreads says it is "one of two books by the author set in British India. It is an exciting adventure story involving the Indian Army, Rajas and secret agents."

Jockey: Sometimes spelled "Jocky," probably a Jewett dog.

Hallison avenue: See Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett, Tuesday morning after Christmas, December 1903. There being no Hallison Avenue in Boston, one may speculate that Jewett refers to a Chinese speaker's supposed mispronunciation of Harrison Avenue, the location of Boston's Chinatown. It is not yet known what drew Jewett to that area of Boston.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters to Frances Parkman; [190-]-1907. Parkman family, Edward Twisleton, and Sarah Wyman Whitman additional papers, 1763-1917 (inclusive) 1850-1907 (bulk). MS Am 1408 (214-230).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Ormsby Burgwin Holland

Dec'r — 4rth [*1907*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]

South Berwick.
Maine.

[*End Letterhead*]

Dear Sara

I meant to thank you at once for the photograph — it is so nice to have it, and I like to remember that pleasant day and to have your 'likeness' too — I think it does us both more credit than many such portraits do! It was so nice to see you and Arthur the other day, only I wish we could have met before your cousin Annie* got tired — just at that last minute. She

[*Page 2*]

soon rested however and I think it didn't do her a bit of harm only good rather — as we had taken it very quietly — We had laid a great plot to go by ourselves in tourist fashion — it is so pleasant to see the people as well as the museum itself — but Mrs. Gardner* had caught us with great amusement. How wonderful and interesting it all is! I had only seen it once by moonlight before I was ill when Mrs. Gardner wanted us to come and see it first,

[*Page 3*]

until last week, and then I went twice the day I saw you and with an English friend another day. I hope that I shall meet you there again — With love to both and thanks for the photograph yours ever affectionately

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1907: The envelope associated with this letter appears to have been cancelled in December of 1907. It is addressed to Mrs Arthur Holland, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts.

Annie: Annie Adams Fields.

Mrs. Gardner: Isabella Stewart Gardner. Key to Correspondents. It seems likely that Jewett speaks of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, then called Fenway Court, which opened in 1903.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett

201 West 55th St
New York
[*December 1907*]*

Dear Friends

The doctor forbids my using my eye yet so Bertha is helping me to tell you in some particulars what a good time I had over yonder from start to finish. The first thing I want to tell you is about the Turner pictures at Farnley Hall.* A gentleman in Otley who owns an automobile offered it for any time I wanted to go any where so I told him about Farnley, how I wanted to see the Turners & about sending that book to the new Squire. He said "I will write him at once" which he did & at once an answer came "Come to lunch, see the pictures & the Hall & everything". So we went on a forenoon, were met with a great welcome from the Squire who turned out to be very much like a body's self, frank & free & folksy. He is a man of 30 to 35 who has seen the

[*Page 2*]

world and been, among other places, far away into darkest Africa but is very modest about it all. The lunch was as good as I get at 148 Charles St or on Thunder Hill* & what can I say more? The Squire's two sisters were our hostesses & made us very welcome. The Turners were well worth the visit though we have seen otherwheres the best. Still one of the best I've ever seen was there & a great wealth of smaller studies, one with a curious cloud formation which is the squire's patent joke. As Turner was doing the picture a drop of black paint fell above the skyline, he smutted it with his finger &

it still remains. He says a great many people come asking to copy some of the smaller studies ^so^ he always gives them that for one & tells them to be sure and copy the cloud with their brushes & it's always a dead failure whereat he chuckles down his boots with delight.

[*Page 3*]

The old part of the Hall is early 17th century, has a magnificent staircase of carved oak & a wonderful mantel also carved oak, which one of the earlier squires had brought from a hall, since abolished by the family. Hanging high on the wall of the great hall is the hat Cromwell* wore at Marston Moor{.} The view from the house is magnificent but we didn't see it owing to the dense fog. It was however a delightful visit altogether. You remember Myddleton Lodge above Ilkley on the north side of the river? The house of the Myddletons for over 600 years. A gentleman of wealth has taken it on a 99 years lease & made a complete renovation of the whole interior. Found two great [old *corrected*] fireplaces that had been boarded up & lost{.} The [Myddleton's *so written*] didn't know they were there. Had all the old oak panelling & staircase scraped & restored (it was covered with a coat of paint), opened up old passages long disused & what should they find but the priest's hiding place{,} priest's hole as they called it. These are to be found in most of the old

[*Page 4*]

halls belonging to the Catholic families. It was when in times of persecution the priest would come to England at the risk of his life that they would hide him in these holes. My host & hostess Mr & Mrs [Kallett *?*]* poured hospitality on me without stint (also on me.* Bertha{,} Mrs K — is very much interested in Anne Clifford almshouses* that you will remember. She goes rather often to visit the old ladies & once a year brings them all to the Lodge for an afternoon. Now we must bring this long letter to a close, & when I get better I'll write some more or ask Bertha to give me another lift{.}

Always yours
Robert Collyer

We had dinner at the Dickensons* and Mrs John asked all about both of you and sent Mary kind messages.

[*Pencil notes on the back of page 4*]

[*top center*] Robert Collyer

[*down vertically in right bottom corner*]

Birthday 8th Decr 1907

Notes

1907: This date is suggested by the penciled notes on the back of page 4. Collyer recounts incidents of his recent 1907 trip to England.

Farnley Hall: Farnley Hall in North Yorkshire, UK. In the early 19th century, British painter Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851) resided there, with his friend, Ramsden Fawkes, then owner of the property. Fawkes became the owner of a large number of Turner's works, mostly in watercolor. While this is not certain, probably Collyer's host at Farnley Hall was Frederick Hawksworth Fawkes (1870-1936). Among his 7 siblings were four sisters.

Hill: Annie Fields's residences on Charles St. in Boston and on Thunderbolt Hill in Manchester by the Sea, MA.

Cromwell: Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) was an English general and statesman, commander of the army of the Parliament against King Charles I in the English Civil War. After victory in that war, Cromwell became head of state in England from 1653 until 1658. His heroic performance at the battle of Marston Moor contributed to the success of Parliament in the war.

Kallett: This transcription is uncertain, and Collyer's hosts have not yet been identified.

Anne Clifford almshouses: Lady Anne Clifford (1590-1676) was a patron of the arts and a philanthropist. She founded St. Anne's Hospital at Appleby-in-Westmorland in 1653 as a home for widows and spinsters. If Collyer was staying in Ikley, he was about 75 miles by road from Appleby.

me: I opine that in this confusing half parenthesis, Bertha Roberts means that the hosts had been very kind to her, the scribe of the letter, as well as to Collyer, its author.

Dickensons: John Dickinson (1844-1912) kept diaries that were edited to become *Timble Man: Diaries of a Dalesman* (1988). They provide a history of the village, mainly 1878-1912. His wife was Fanny Holmes (1859-1927). While most other sources spell his name "Dickinson," Collyer prefers "Dickenson."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

[*12 December 1907*]*

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

I must wish you and dear S.O.J. the Merriest Christmas in my imagination; and that gives me a chance to do what I never have done yet: thank you for sending to me Mr. Karl Young.* A charming fellow, and a genuine scholar, sure of distinction. (Hasn't he the worst vox humana, though?) I was sorry that he wandered off to Germany: they all do! but I think he liked Oxford immensely. We were always running into each other at the Bodleian.* Just before he came, Mr. Witter Bynner* had sent me his first book, "An Ode to Harvard' &c., and as I mightily approved of that honest young art which hits exactly what it aims at, I went about saying so to divers and sundry, Mr. Young among the rest. He was amused, being, as it turns

[*Page 2*]

out, the bosom friend of the bard, whom I never saw, but whose uncle Mr. Lasseter Bynner, I used to know and to like greatly, long ago. There has been a great outburst of praise and regret over poor Francis Thompson.* You will have seen Mrs. Meynell's beautifully written article in The Athenaeum.*

I came down here to be quite alone, for hackwork, and shall stay several weeks yet. It is wonderfully mild, the Cornish winter; the sea and coast are exquisite, though there is no beauty inland like Devonshire's. My little study is on a rock in the sea, with surf running in straight from Labrador, (only warmer and perfumed on the way), on the calmest day. Also, — an item which pleases me almost unduly, there is an array of gulls outside, surely the wildest of wild crea-

[*Page 3*]

tures elsewhere? who bang my window-sill, and bully me out of half my hermit's fare. I am doing several articles for the new Catholic Encyclopedia* (Chaucer, Crashaw, &c.) Imagine me setting up for a wiseacre! And just now, in addition, a book about Edmund Campion.* All my own work has long been hung up by the gills: scared, possibly, by the lone goggle-eyed 25c which represents my total income from all my books for 1907 !!! But the muse is a hoyden bound by no circumstance, and lit upon my fist lately after a prodigiously long absence: whereof you may see some trace anon in McClure's and the ever-beloved Atlantic.*

My poor Marmee* is puzzled to know what to do with our vacant house at Auburndale and has even harbored a plan to

[*Page 4*]

recall me, and move back into it, a not very practicable thing, now ^that^ we haven't a shred left of our furniture, and all the books are in Oxford with me. So I was not sorry to get a nice little letter from her yesterday, cancelling that for the present. But I wish we were together. A fifty-year-old cousin of mine is with her now.

Well, Well! Dr. Clarence Blake* is a bridegroom, and my dear Mary Blake is nearly a year in Paradise. One cannot be long away ^from home^ without inheriting a certain fear of changes there. Do you two ladies of my heart, at least, keep well, forget me not, and live for ever!

Yours always,
Louise I. Guiney.

Dec. 12.
C/O Mrs. Grenfell, Warrent, St. Ives,
Cornwall

[*Upside down in the top margin of page 1*]

I mustn't omit to tell you my housemate Harriet Anderson and I enjoyed Miss Marlowe* and her delicate adorer, who might have come out of Jane Austen.*

Notes

1907: This date is supported by Guiney's mention of the recent death of Francis Thompson and by her report on her 1907 royalties; see notes below.

Mr. Karl Young: American theater historian Karl Young (1879-1943) was particularly interested in liturgical drama. Vox humana is a reed stop on a pipe organ, named for its resemblance to the human voice.

Bodleian: The Bodleian Library is the main research library of Oxford University.

Mr. Witter Bynner: America poet and translator, Harold Witter Bynner (1881-1968). His *An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems* was published in 1907.

His uncle was American author and Jewett correspondent Edwin Lassetter Bynner (1842-1893). WorldCat lists a number of his books. An account of his funeral appears in the *Boston Daily Globe* of 9 August 1893, p. 9.

Francis Thompson: English poet and Catholic mystic, Francis Thompson (1859 - 13 November 1907).

Mrs. Meynell's: Alice Meynell. Key to Correspondents.

While I have not found an article on Francis Thompson with Alice Meynell's by-line in *The Athenaeum* (London) in 1907, I did find an article by her husband, Wilfred Meynell (1852-1948, see Wikipedia): 23 November 1897, pp. 654-6.

Catholic Encyclopedia ... Edmund Campion: The Catholic Encyclopedia was first published 1907-1912. Guiney's contributions on Chaucer and Crashaw should be in volumes 3 and 4, published in 1908.

The 2007 Catholic Answers on-line publication includes Guiney's article on Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1340-1400), but nothing by her on Richard Crashaw (1613-1649), both British poets. Also in the online version is her entry on her father, Patrick Robert Guiney (1835-1887).

Guiney's *Blessed Edmund Campion* appeared in 1908.

McClure's ... Atlantic: Two of Guiney's poems appeared in *McClure's Magazine* in 1907-8, "To a Served Ideal" (28: 534) and "His Angel to His Mother" (30: 338). Her "Beati Mortui" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in January 1908 (101: 105-6).

'Marmee': Guiney often calls her mother Marmee in her letters. Presumably she alludes to *Little Women* by American author Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888), where the mother of the little women is called Marmee.

Dr. Clarence Blake ... Mary Blake: Dr. Clarence Blake (1843- 29 January 1919). His second wife was Mary Alice Houghton Blake (1863-1919). According to Back Bay Houses, they married in September 1907, his first wife, Frances, having died in 1902.

Almost certainly the Mary Blake Guiney refers to is Irish-American poet Mary Elizabeth McGrath Blake (1840-1907).

Harriet Anderson ... Miss Marlowe: Miss Marlowe was the Shakespearean actor, Sarah Francis Frost (1865-1960), whose stage name was Julia Marlowe. She traveled in the company of her fellow actor, Edward Hugh Sothern (1859-1933).

Harriet Anderson of New York, appears in Guiney's letters, as her housemate in Oxford beginning in November 1904 through January 1909, where she is described as joining with Guiney in efforts to support Catholicism in Oxford. Probably, she was the author of "Woman," an essay in *Atlantic Monthly* 90, August 1912, 177-183.

Jane Austen: British novelist, Jane Austen (1775-1817).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1576 .

Katharine Prescott Wormeley to Sarah Orne Jewett

Jackson, NH.
Dec 22nd
1907*

My dear S.O.J.

The sweeties & card came last night. Thank you, dear, for remembering me, while I, up here, can remember no one except mentally, or I should say heartily{.}

It looks like a beautiful Christmas. My nephew, Ralph Latuner,* is coming on. He came last winter when I was ill, and was so amazed & enchanted with the beauty and comfort of everything and the delightful [air *?*] that he [vowed *?*] he would

[*Page 2*]

never go through a winter without coming to the White Mountains. Two or three weeks ago the head lawyers on both sides of a will case wanting my deposition, came up here from Newport and Providence and were so delighted that they have written for rooms to come back on a lark.

Well, it is enchanting, and nobody knows it till they live in a northern country in winter.

I suppose you have the same winter delights in South Berwick.

Give my affectionate regards to your sister — and believe me, with love, your friend

KPW

Notes

1907: This year appears to have been added in another hand. An envelope associated with this letter was addressed to Jewett in South Berwick and then forwarded to 148 Charles St., Boston, MA. It was cancelled on 23 December 1907.

Latuner: This transcription is uncertain. Wormeley is known to have a nephew, Ralph, son of her sister, Ariana, and Daniel Curtis. He was a painter based in Italy. This appears to be another nephew, but that is uncertain. Nothing is yet known about this person.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Correspondence, MS Am 1743, Item 245, Wormeley, Katherine Prescott, 1830-1908. 7 letters. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, The Burton Trafton Papers, Box 2, Folder 98.

Sophie B. Douglas* to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
22 DRUMMOND PLACE
EDINBURGH
[*End letterhead*]

Christmas Time
1907

Dear Miss Jewett

We often speak of you in this household and hope you are keeping stronger, and that Mrs. Fields is well. I am making a little opportunity to send a few lines to you, this Christmas, enclosing a rough tiny drawing — a remembrance to us, of one week this autumn by Tweedside, at Clovenfords.* The time

[*Page 2*]

was a great pleasure to us and the district so full of romantic associations was new though at so short a distance from Edinburgh. The inn we stayed at, was very comfortable and I am only sorry my poor attempt does not represent it fully to give it a more imposing appearance for the sake of its Landlord! but I

[*Page 3*]

wanted the cross roads and only the window included of the house Sir Walter Scott* occupied before Ashestide, so the x over his, the one disappearing end the old part. My dear father enjoyed so many walks by the ever beautiful Tweed, and we saw the river in all aspects rolling 'drumly and dark'* and at

[*Page 4*]

times silvery and lovely. I am glad to tell you he is well and cheerful and interested in so much.

Our days are becoming darker each week now, but we have cosy fireside afternoons either with reading aloud if no friend comes in, or pleasant talk if they do. Our kind remembrances accompany this. from

yours sincerely
Sophie B. Douglas

Notes

Douglas: Daughter of David Douglas. Key to Correspondents.

Associated with this letter is a card, apparently in Sophie Douglas's hand.

"

And when we came to Clovenfords,
Then said my winsome Marrow
'What-e'er betide we'll turn aside'
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'
Pages 25-1 - 25-2

Dorothy Wordsworth's
Tour in Scotland

English author Dorothy Mae Ann Wordsworth (1771-1855) was the sister of the poet William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

Also associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick.

Clovenfords: The Clovenfords Hotel (1750) is remembered in part because Scottish author Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) often stayed there. See David Douglas to Sarah Orne Jewett of 10 October 1907.

'drumly and dark': Scottish poet Alison Cockburn (1712-1794) wrote in "The Flowers of the Forest,"

I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Douglas, Sophie B. 1 letter; 1907, bMS Am 1743 (49). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Roger Bigelow Merriman* to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
175 Brattle Street,
Cambridge.
[*End letterhead*]

Xmas Day 1907.

Dearest Aunt Sarah: —

It was dear of you to send us that delightful little book. Ive* heard much of it, through my dear friend, Chester Noyes Greenough,* who taught at Harvard till last year

[*Page 2*]

^when, alas!^ he was called to Urbana: the book is dedicated to him. But I had never seen it before — and it is lovely that I am to make my first acquaintance with it through you.

We do so want you to come out and see the new (built in

[*Page 3*]

1747) house. We do hope youll like it. I just had the lovely ink stand you gave me on my 21st birthday cleaned and polished, and it is installed on my new desk now.

Ive got to go to Wisconsin to read a paper tomorrow — but

[*Page 4*]

shall be back at New Years. Do come out and see us when next you come to town.

With lots of love to Aunt Mary and yourself from us both and a most merry Xmas and Happy New Year{.}

Your affectionate
Roger.

Notes

Merriman: See Helen Bigelow Merriman in Key to Correspondents.

Ive: Merriman avoids using apostrophes in this letter.

Chester Noyes Greenough: Greenough (1874-1938) served as professor of English and Dean at Harvard University. He was head of the Department of English at the University of Illinois (Urbana) 1907-1910. Wikipedia, Find a Grave.

It is not yet known what book Jewett gave to Merriman.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 152 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

South Berwick
Thursday
[*26 December 1907*]*

[*Letterhead consisting of initials SOJ intertwined inside a circle in green ink.*]

Dear Lilian

I was so sorry not to come to the Christmas tree — you must make [my *corrected*] excuses and deep regrets to Mr. Bailey!* — but I was coming down to have Christmas with Mary by the early train 8 ---- iv — I shall be back

[*2*]

soon and hear all I can about it — Thank you thank you dear, for the beautiful bag you sent me and your unforgetting Christmas remembrance

Sarah

Notes

1907: The envelope associated with this letter was cancelled on 26 December 1907.

Mr. Bailey: As Lilian's husband, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, had died in March of 1907, this Mr. Bailey must be a relative of his mother. No further information has yet been discovered.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Charles Eliot Norton* to Sarah Orne Jewett

Shady Hill, 26 Dec. 1907.

My dear Miss Jewett: —

You have given me at one time or another beautiful things from Japan which are a daily delight to my eyes. Today I offer to you not a beautiful thing but an interesting one from that strange land. It is a

[*Page 2*]

copy of a translation of Emerson's "Letters to a Friend."* How incredible at the time they ^were^ written would such a translation have appeared! and the Friend is still alive to whom they were written! He sent to me a letter last week quite worthy of those which were addressed

[*Page 3*]

to him sixty years ago.

You will read enough of the little book to understand that it carries to you my affectionate good wishes for Christmas & the New Year.

Always most truly Yours
C. E. Norton.

Notes

Norton: See Sara Norton in Key to Correspondents.

Emerson's "Letters to a Friend": Norton published *Letters from Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Friend, 1838-1853* by American writer Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) in 1899. In 1901, a Japanese translation appeared by Tōkyō Kokumin Shinbunsha. The Hathi Trust has made Norton's copy of the translation available on the Internet.

The "friend" goes unnamed in the book, and I have not been able to identify him. In his introduction, Norton says that the friend was 9 years younger than Emerson, and so born in about 1812. For the recipient to be living in 1907, he would have to be 95 years old. Probably Emerson scholarship has identified this friend.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 166. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Wilson King to Sarah Orne Jewett

4922 Wallingford St.
Pittsburgh
Dec^{r} 31st 07

Dear Miss Jewett

Lady Moncrieff* gave me the accompanying little book, to give you when I came away. I then expected to go to Boston with my old friend Mahaffy* who was to lecture there. Unfortunately he was prevented from leaving home by the serious, and I fear mortal, illness of his wife, and I shall consequently not go to Boston at all during this visit to America. I am now visiting my brother and I shall probably go from here to Old

[*Page 2*]

Point Comfort to visit my sister, and I expect to sail from New York on January 21.

I am terribly disappointed at missing my visit to Boston but it would be such an anti-climax for me to go alone after having expected to go with so brilliant a companion.

Kindly give my best wishes for the new year to Mrs Fields and believe me to be

Yours most truly
Wilson King*

[*Page 3*]

I met M^{r} & Mrs Arthur Holland,* now of Concord, at dinner last week. They are among my oldest friends, but I only now learn that they are also old friends of yours and that he is a relation.

Notes

Lady Moncrieff: This person has not yet been identified. Possibly she was Lucy Vida Moncrieff, wife of James Arthur Fitzherbert Moncrieff, 4th Baron Moncrieff (1872-1942). Nor is it known what book Lady Moncrieff has sent.

Mahaffy: John Pentland Mahaffy (1839-1919) was an Irish polymath and classicist.

King: The following obituary of Wilson King appeared in *The American Foreign Service Journal* 7 (March 1930, p. 89):

> Mr. Wilson King, who was American Consul at Birmingham from 1879 to 1885, died in that city on January 21, 1930, in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. King was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., on May 26, 1846, and was the son of Josiah King, one of the proprietors of the Pittsburgh Gazette. After education at the Western University of Pennsylvania, and in Germany he joined the staff of his father's newspaper and later become a sub-editor. On March 25, 1872, he was appointed Consul at Dublin by President Grant; on February 25, 1876, he was transferred to Bremen, and on June 3. 1879, he went as Consul to Birmingham. England, where he served until 1885. He then engaged in business at Pittsburgh. but in 1890 he returned to England and resided at Birmingham until his death. He acted as British correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Gazette* for many years, lie traveled extensively, and in his eightieth year made his seventieth crossing of the Atlantic. He is described as having had rich literary and artistic attainments, which, with his great charm of manner, brought him large circles of distinguished friends. His wife (formerly Miss A. R. Albright, of [[Birminghame *so it appears*]) died a year ago; he is survived, however, by a married daughter, Mrs. Estelle King Giles, and two grand children.

He was the author of *Chronicles of Three Free Cities: Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck* (1914), introduced by Mahaffy, with illustrations by Mrs. Wilson.

In the folder with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in Boston, but canceled in 1899; it cannot be the envelope in which this letter was delivered.

Also in this folder is a note that reads:

inc. [*unrecognized mark*] & begin .
[to SOJ ?]
Yes "Miss Pinny"

The author of this note is not known.

Arthur Holland: See Sarah Ormsby Burgwin Holland in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 125 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Letters of 1908

Sarah Orne Jewett to Violet Paget / Vernon Lee

148 Charles Street
Boston 3d Jany
[1908]*

Dear Mifs Paget

I have been waiting too long before sending my acknowledgment of your letter* which brought me true pleasure — perhaps the best thing of all is that you are letting me try to do something for you! I cannot send word yet of any decision about the papers — The Atlantic is just now printing some French sketches (rather

[Page *2*]

more like useful tanks than hillside springs!!) by Mrs. Wharton,* and I am waiting to hear from one New York editor, and failing him I shall wait until I can see another myself.*

Mr. Perry,* of the Atlantic, spoke with the most true appreciation of your work — you have had few better or more affectionate readers — but he has had some difficulties in following his personal

[*Page 3*]

choice — how little young, beginning writers are aware of this! — and I suppose too that the late difficulty in financial affairs makes the magazines careful about new ventures —

But I am full of hope about these English sketches,* only do not be impatient if it seems to take longer than is reasonable.

I am just ready to thank you for The Sentimental Traveller* volume — it

[*Page 4*]

is delightful — The Bead-Threader and La Ferté first in my heart. You do not know your group of readers here as I do — They are at any rate the ones you would choose and wish to have.

Mrs. Fields would send you a message of most friendly remembrance — we are looking for Miss Cochrane* presently on her way back to Rome — This note must be but an eager forerunner of a later letter but I must say before I end

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

it that I am following you in Greece ~~which~~ with sheer joy! I bless the friend who won you to go just now — only I hope next time that you will go in March as I did and see the Greek flowers.*

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,
Sarah Orne Jewett

Notes

1908: See Paget to Jewett of 25 October 1907, the letter to which this is a reply.

Wharton: Edith Wharton (1862-1937). Wikipedia.
Cary notes that her four-part series, "A Second Motor-Flight through France," began in *Atlantic Monthly* in January 1908.

myself: Though Jewett has merely slightly lowered "Mr." at the end of a line. I have accepted Richard Cary's belief that she *did* intend to begin a new paragraph here.
Carl Weber, in "Three More Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," *Colby Quarterly* 3 (1952), note p. 3, speculates that Jewett probably had contacted William H. Ward of *The Independent*. Key to Correspondents.

Perry: Bliss Perry. Key to Correspondents.

English sketches: Cary explains:
"An English Writer's Notes on England" had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* LXXXIV (July 1899), 99-104, and LXXXVIII (October 1901), 511-519. Miss Jewett, now inoperative for over five years, was unable to place the others, but Miss Paget ultimately succeeded in disposing three of them to *Scribner's,* which presented them under the same title, with the following subheads: "Things of the Past," LIV (August 1913), 177-194; "Things of the Present," LIV (November 1913), 609-619; "The Celtic West," LIV (December 1913), 712-724. Neither the sixth essay, titled "Some Cathedrals and Oxford," nor the projected volume was ever published.

Sentimental Traveller: Lee's *The Sentimental Traveller* (1908) included "The Bead-Threader's

Funeral and the Church of the Greeks" and "La Ferté-sous-Jouarre," the latter recalling the country home of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, who had died about a year earlier, on 5 February 1907. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Cochrane: Key to Correspondents:

flowers: Jewett had traveled to Greece in March of 1900.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes

---

Isabella Stewart Gardner to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday [*6 January 1908*]*
[*Begin Letterhead*]
Fenway Court*
[*End Letterhead*]

Dear,

Novelli has decided that he must give a play in my music room, Wednesday (this very next.) at 8 p.m. Will you come — & thereby give me much

[*Page 2*]

pleasure. And Mrs. Fields? if it would amuse her —

Affy
Isabella.

Notes

6 January 1908: According to a letter of 9 January 1908 (Gardner to Bernard Berenson), Italian actor and playwright, Ermete Novelli (1851-1919) performed in her music room on Wednesday, 8 January 1908. She wrote, "It ended in his giving 2 plays, short delightful ones with his whole troupe.... It really was perfection. Everything went together so well." She reported that her room was filled with distinguished guests. See *The Letters of Bernard Berenson and Isabella Stewart Gardner (Part II)* p. 419.

Fenway Court: Gardner's Venetian style palazzo in Boston's Back Bay, now the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, opened on 1 January 1903, according to Wikipedia, but other sources have her occupying the building as early as 1901 (see ClarendonSquare.com).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, bMS Am 1743 (73).

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
201 West 55th Street
New York
[*End letterhead*]
January 9th 1908

Dear Friend

I am wondering how you are and what you are doing so the wonder has got into my pen. Also I want to say that I am better in myself and the doctor lets me use the lame eye some for which I am glad. He will not let me read by lamp (gas) light so the evenings from dinner to bed time were so full of well I may say misery that I must needs have a reader who comes from half past seven to half past nine{,} a nice young fellow who is as much interested in what he reads as I am.

We have gone through the big autobiography of Senator Hoar{,}* the very interesting volume of the Ros^s^ettis and are now well into the second volume of Conways auto. So I am not unhappy and am hopeful for all but this eye which the doctor says will never be as good as the other — left one — but I shall get along fairly well with care. This brings all the

[*Page 2*]

good wishes for the new year.

Your ever loving friend
Robert Collyer

I think you will like to read the note I enclose from Mr Carnegie.*

Notes

pen: Collyer often omits periods in this letter. I have supplied them where they seem necessary.

Hoar ... Rossettis ... Conways: American politician George Frisbie Hoar (1826-1904) of Massachusetts served in the United States Senate from 1877 to 1904. His *Autobiography of Seventy Years* was published in 1903.

Collyer refers to the British poets Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882) and his sister, Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894), and perhaps as well to their author siblings, William and Maria. While several books about the pair of poets were available in 1908, I failed to find in WorldCat a single volume on both of them or about their family.

American clergyman, author and noted abolitionist, Moncure Daniel Conway (1832-1907) published his *Autobiography: Memories and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway* in two volumes in 1903-4.

Carnegie: Scottish-American industrialist and philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie (1835-1919), who funded a library, in part honoring Collyer, in Ilkley, Yorkshire, UK.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

George Savary Wasson* to Sarah Orne Jewett

Kittery Point, Jan. 11. 1908

My dear Miss Jewett,

Some time ago a friend advised me to ask Congressman Amos L. Allen* to send me a copy of the "Paul Jones Commemoration — " I did so, and it came last night, — a most interesting collection too, with photographs galore.

It strikes me that the author of "The Tory Lover"* should know of the book.

[*Page 2*]

(if she doesn't already) for it is well worth owning — but I hear that the supply is limited, and so lose no time in telling you of the chance.

We have a neighbor who brags that his wife once bought a seven pound book for a dollar, but this Paul Jones book for the asking seems even a greater "snap" than that!

Yours sincerely,
Geo. S. Wasson

[*Page 3*]

Hon. Amos L. Allen
Washington
D.C.
is the address.

Notes

Wasson: George Savary Wasson (1855-1932) was an American novelist and painter. He wrote and illustrated novels set in New England.

Allen: American lawyer and U.S. congressman from Maine, Amos Lawrence Allen (1837-1911). Wikipedia.

John Paul Jones, Commemoration at Annapolis, April 24th, 1906; "being addresses, papers, letters, reports, chronology on the life and service of John Paul Jones in the war of Independence," was compiled by Charles West Stewart for the US. Congress Joint Committee on Printing in 1907, and published by the Government Printing Office. WorldCat.

"The Tory Lover": Jewett's final novel was published in 1901.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Box: 193 Identifier: Autograph File, W.

Sister Saint Andrew* to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Letterhead, a shield containing from top down,*
IHS with a cross behind it;
a Crown;
a decoration with a drawing of a tree,
and a hand reaching out of a cloud holding a flaming heart;
a banner reading:
Qui coronat te in misericordia
Latin: Who crowns you in mercy.]

Hôtel-Dieu du Précieux Sang
Québec, 18 janvier, 1908.
Mifs Sarah-Orne Jewett.
South Berwick.
Maine.

My very dear Friend,

I would never be able to recall in mind how many times I have thought of you and of writing you since your two last and beloved letters have reached me. I can say that since a month and more, not one day has elapsed without making me

[*Page 2*]

sorry for being prevented of giving my heart this so just satisfaction and pleasure, on account of my extraordinary occupations. The last year has been indeed for me a year of work, of unceasing work, on account of our undertakings, of our communications with the Dominion Authorities in order to recover a tract of land exacted from our Institution in the last age for military views — on account of our Correspondence* with the hospital of Montreal and other places, either to prepare the way before our Mother

[*Page 3*]

Superioress and two of our Sisters, who wanted to leave the cloister, according to the Bishop's desire and also to the Medical Staff's desire, in order to go and see from their own eyes all the modern ameliorations established in the other cities

hospitals and introduce them after into our Hôtel-Dieu, either to thank for their gracious reception{.}

They made that trip in October last, and then has followed a numerous correspondence with all those establishments where our Mother and Sisters have been so splendidly received and instructed. ---- Thanks be to God, my health is better and has allowed me all that writing without too much fatigue though I often take on my sleep for that work.

[*Page 4*]

I have found a great advantage since long in leaving aside all kinds of meat and in taking but two meals per day -----

I am so happy to hear that you are getting stronger! And to think that I shall have once more the pleasure of seeing you in this world, as you let me hope in your dear letter. How often I have longed for that precious time where we shall speak freely and fluently on the great and so interesting point of our belief! My whole life is concentrated in that desire of seeing you and me or ^rather^ you with me in the right path, in the path marked on earth by the Lord Himself for the souls who want to go to heaven! — And

[*Page 5 letterhead*]

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what can be said in such a grand affair on bits of paper!! — — If we were talking quietly, you would tell me your objections and I would answer them; and they would vanish before my answers, which would be the holy doctrine of Christ Himself, who, in establishing his Church said to the Chief whom he named for his representative on earth: ----- "Simon, thou art Peter, (stone) And over that stone I shall build my Church. And the doors of hell (the devil, or falsehood) will never prevail against it. ----- My Spirit shall be with it until the end of ages."* ----- After such words

[*Page 6*]

spoken by Truth itself, how can one doubt any longer in his choice of the true Church? You can go up directly from Pius the Xth,* actually Vicar of Jesus Christ in the Roman Catholic Church, and the [file *?*] of the popes leads you to Saint Peter and by him to our divine Saviour. How can we prefer to the Roman Catholic and apostolic Church which has produced our great Doctors in Faith, which has been established by Christ Himself, which has kept firmly to the same dogmas from the beginning through all ages until today ----- how can we prefer

[*Page 7*]

to such a divine Church one of those churches which are divided in their belief in nearly as many [times *?*] as there are individuals in them? ----- Let us go up to the origin of those different churches ---- If I except the Jewish, the disciples of Mahomet, ^the [*perhaps 2 unrecognized words*]^ and the pagans, the oldest of the protestant religions — if I am not mistaken — does not count more than four ages of existence. And how were those religions builded? Let us take Luther* as an example. That unhappy monk belonged to the Augustinian Order. He had entered into the religious life with sentiments

[*Page 8*]

of pride which always lived in him, so much that he would never submit himself to the different priests who were his confessors. As to the rest he lived regularly in appearance; but he wanted to be out of the obligatory celibat imposed on the monks. It would have been hard for his pride to return in the world for such a vulgar motive. Let us wait. He shall find the way. Alone amidst thousands and thousands of learned men who had [illustrated *corrected*] the catholic Church, he — choosing an occasion in which the Pope had charged another order than his own of a pious mission — raised his voice to condemn the belief of our holy Church, and with her all the Doctors who had taught and were teaching it. Having so raised the standard of rebellion, and

[*Page 9 letterhead*]

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being no more engaged in his Order, he was not long without taking a wife as he had wished to do. ---- When I think of those events and of the hundreds and thousands who have followed the steps of that ignorant monk, of that poor and despicable fool, I often ask to myself how this can have been done? ---- Luther himself knew that he was wrong in his teaching. One splendid evening, as he was admiring the skies in his wife's company, she remarked: How splendid is heaven! ----- What a pity, said Luther, that it be not for us. She continued frightened: Well, let us leave our way and return on our steps, ----- It is too late, said Luther sadly. The carriage is too deep in the mud!"* No, the carriage was not too deep in the mud. God would

[*Page 10*]

have forgiven ----- but Luther was too proud to leave before his adepts the reputation of a deceiver.

Henry the [Eight *so spelled*], King of England, felt a great indignation against Luther and wrote a book to fight against his pretended reform of the Roman Catholic Church. That book brought him the title of Defensor of Faith, of which his [dependants *so spelled*] honor themselves again; but the poor King could not fight against his passion, when, wanting to have his marriage broken by the Church with his legitimate wife, Catherine of Aragon, in order to marry after that the woman he loved, Ann of Boleyn; and receiving from the Pope a firm answer that he was obliged to Keep his legitimate wife, he followed the errors against which he had written, and declared himself Chief of Religion of English authorizing himself by that means to satisfy his passion. ----- When we consider the origin of the different churches detached from the immovable and majestic Roman Catholic Church,

[*Page 11*]

always and every where the same in her belief — though her foes have tried to find her in fault, but in vain — we can but wonder in seeing the crowds who remain far from her bosom, and thank God for having opened the eyes of so many protestants who return more numerous than ever to the faith of their fathers in the Roman Catholic Church. ----- If there is no possible salvation for a soul who has left the Catholic Church for a protestant one, as well as for a protestant who, being convinced that the Catholic Church is the only good one, refuses to enter in its bosom, I know that some protestants belong to the soul of our holy Church and shall be saved, through God's mercy, who never [ripes *for* reaps] where he did not sow — but if they have the least doubt, they must study, in order to be sure of what they have to do. You are in that case my dear Friend, and so you must study, in order to see on what side is for you the holy will of God; and when you will be sure of it, nothing can prevent you from following

[*Page 12*]

the true religion; for one must be in the bark of Christ in touching the harbour of eternity. That is the unique affair in a Christian life. -----

Oh! how much I wish that, as you so gently say, "you shall never let anything that belongs to the profession* of belief come between us", and how much I pray and ask prayers at that precious end! ----- Do you say again that little prayer I told you once: "Jesus, be with me, enlighten my mind, touch my heart, and [strenghten *so spelled*] my will?" Our divine Saviour cannot resist it and if you are faithful to ask Him that grace, I am sure that soon or late you shall be convinced that "the only thing is not to follow the path wherein our feet are set," but to be sure that such path is the one traced by our divine Saviour, who came on earth purposely for that after the purpose of saving us from hell ----- That such path will lead us to the gate of heaven. =* I have been so long writing on that matter that I should cease now; but my love for your dear and so noble soul is so great, so intense, that I shall send you a little book, very old, but very instructive in the same time, where

[*Page 13 letterhead*]

13

you shall see the reasons which motived the return of some great Doctors of Oxford's University to the Catholic Belief — the Faith of their Fathers; and if it pleases you, I shall have it followed with an other. ----- I have charged an old Sister, an old saint, to ask your return to the true Church and every day she consecrates one hour at that intention, praying so during her work. All the masses and prayers I get through your charity for our dear departed friend Mrs. Blanc* are also at the intention of obtaining from her gratitude the

[*Page 14*]

prayers which shall obtain you the light, persuasion and thought which you want from God, in order to see your way to love it, and to follow it, against all persons and events. ----- I must tell you before leaving this matter, a story of a good ignorant, who wanted to be in the right way of salvation. ----- God likes the humble and simple; and often he reveals to them wonderful ways, which remain unknown from the doctors. That man, who was a heretic through his parents, asked to his minister if all religions were good. "Yes, said the Minister, if one observes his own religion faithfully." ----- Our man goes next to a catholic priest and makes the same question. "No, said the priest;

[*Page 15*]

there is but one true religion ^the catholic only^, established by Christ himself. All the others are false and established by men. ----- Well! said my man, I want to be a catholic ---- a Roman Catholic, and he entered our Church. His minister, having remarked his absence from the meetings, told him one day that he wondered at them. Oh! I am a Catholic! said John. I have [choosen *so spelled*] the surest way to Heaven. You told me that I can be saved in my ^catholic^ religion, since all religions are good as you said; and the catholic priest told me that it is the only good one. So you

two agree on that point, and he differs from you for the protestant religions. Then, I have choosen the surest way.

I cannot close without telling you the use ^I made^ of your first bill of five dollars. Through it, I have assured to our dear friend Mrs. Blanc two masses each week for the rest of her saintly soul, as I had done before for your dear self, for your beloved and lamented parents, for your sister and nephew. With the four other dollars I have associated with Mr. Blanc, in order to please her, the son and the father — it must be her ardent desire to see those two souls with her in heaven, and they must have a strong help from God to get there ----- She

[*Page 16*]

associated Mr Theodore Eastman's parents in that occasion. ----- This time, I have associated Mrs. Blanc and yourself at the Work of Montligeon,* where you will partake for ever in more than five hundred masses, said daily for the poor forsaken souls in purgatory. ----- I have also taken for you two an association at the Sanctuary of Saint Anne de Beaupré* where, for ever, one mass shall be said every day. ----- With the rest, I have had masses said directly for Mrs Blanc's rest, to whom I have joined her [nobble *so spelled*] friend Mr Brunetiére, who departed this world in the bark of Christ, the Roman Catholic Church. ----- In the other life, charity is perfect; and if Mrs. Blanc did so much for the conversion of Mr Brunetiére, how grateful must she be to you, dear Friend, who go and relieve his soul amidst the sufferings of Purgatory! God is rich! infinitely rich! and he can help two souls as well as one, even preferably to one. ----- Are you pleased with my administration of your alms, my good Miss Jewett.

[*Page 17 letterhead*]

Another sheet! Do not be vexed, it will be the last one, surely. Had I not many reasons to tell you that small bits of paper are not sufficient to me when I talk with you. But I hope you shall come to see us next summer — and then! — — — Prepare all your objections, your difficulties, your reluctances, [etc. *?*] ----- All that will melt like snow under the eyes of God, at the heat of grace, at the light of truth, and under the [strenght *so spelled*] of my love for your dear soul.

[*Page 18*]

Mrs. Blanc has much responsibility toward you. I charge her to obtain from God all what you want now and ^[for *?*]^ later ^days^. You are perhaps the only one who thinks of ordering prayers and sacrifices for her dear soul. She must be grateful! And she is — we Know! so grateful, so loving and good!

I send you to day my photograph, dressed in white. The one you received from my sister has been taken from a group of us three, which was made nearly ten years ago, with the permission of the Bishop; and I had my choir dressing.

I have deceived you unwillingly,

[*Page 19 letterhead*]

- 19 -

when I told you that I could not give you my photograph. I had heard that it was forbidden to give them to the persons of the world, but no. ----- I shall tell you how it was said. One sister being in a group, had heard that her photo was distributed out of the cloister and, as she complained of that to our Mother Superioress, our Mother ordered that this group where she was would never be given outside. It was but later that I Knew the history as I Know it now. ----- Since that time, one of my Sisters who has a [Codack *for* Kodak], has offered me to take my photo. She has even asked me that as a favor. I have agreed, always thinking of you, of your desire to see me dressed in white; and I send it to you as it is, very common, but very much like me after a night spent without sleep.

Our Mother Superioress and Sister Saint Patrick join

[*Page 20*]

me to thank you for your Kind remembrances of us and to wish you and your dear sister and nephew, à la Française or à la Canadienne, "une bonne, sainte et heureuse année, suivie de plusieurs autres semblables, et d'une belle place au paradis à la fin de nos jours."* I send the same wishes to my friends of South Berwick, who love you so much, and whose visit left in my soul the most agreeable souvenir.*

Take care of yourself and let your first work be "My reception into the Roman Catholic Church." I taste it from here --- --- particularly your pages on holy Communion!!! Oh! the day where our sweet Lord and your dear soul will make but one! How you will regret to have enjoyed so late such a divine happiness!! But grace is at your door. That day will soon shine! Then I will sing

[*Up the left margin of page 20*]

my nunc dimittis,* as the old man Simeon.* Farewell, farewell, and pray for me as I do for you. A thousand thanks for your thousand acts of Kindness — Yours truly S^r. S^t. Andrew.

Notes

Sister St. Andrew: Probably because of my limited knowledge of French, I have not been able to learn much about Sister St. Andrew. She apparently was one of les Soeurs Adoratrices du Précieux-Sang, who established a convent in Montreal, Canada, in 1885, and who served at the Hôtel de Dieu hospital. In 1888, there appear to have been four nuns at the convent: Sister Julie-Émélie Lamarre of Saint-Gabriel, Superior; Sister Marie des Anges, assistant, and Sister St-Elzéar, Sister St Léandre and Sister St. André (Andrew). Whether this Sister St. André is the same one who corresponded with Jewett in 1908 is not certain.

Correspondence: St. Andrew may have written "Correspondance." Presumably it is clear that Sister St. Andrew's English style is influenced by French being her primary language. Also, it appears that Sister St. Andrew used 19th-century French conventions for capitalization, perhaps inconsistently. She regularly used very long dashes. Some of these may indicate paragraph divisions. Occasionally, she used irregular spellings and vocabulary derived from French. I have attempted to present her text as she wrote it, noting only a few of these oddities.

Pius the X^th: Pope Pius X (1835-1914) served as pope 1903-1914.

four ages: Presumably Sister St. Andrew means four centuries.

Luther: Martin Luther (1483-1546) was a German priest and Augustinian friar who broke from the Roman Catholic Church in 1516-17, becoming a leader in the Protestant Reformation in Western Christianity.

mud: There seems to be no opening quotation mark.

This story appears in *Histoire de la Vie, des Ouvrages et des Doctrines de Luther*, Volume 3 (1856) by Audin (M., Jean Marie Vincent), p. 111.

Henry the Eight: The English King Henry VIII (1491-1547) reigned 1509-1547. He published two works critical of Martin Luther: *The Defence of the Seven Sacraments* (1519-1521) and an open letter to Luther, *The answere of the most mighty and noble prince kyng Henry the viii. kyng of Englande and of Fraunce, defensor of the fayth and order of Ireland unto the letters of Martyn Luther* (1526). Wikipedia.

profession: Sister St. Andrew alters her script in the quotations of this page, so these sentences stand out from the rest.

=: Sister St. Andrew has written three parallel lines here.

Blanc: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc. Key to Correspondents.

Montligeon: Presumably she refers to Notre-Dame Basilica in La Chapelle-Montligeon, Department of Orne, France. Wikipedia.

Saint Anne de Beaupré: The Basilica of Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré is near Quebec City, Canada.

M^r. Brunetiére: French author and critic, Ferdinand Vincent-de-Paul Marie Brunetière (1849 - 9 December 1906).

jours: The French translates: "a good, holy and happy new year, followed by many more like it, and a beautiful place in heaven at the end of our days."

souvenir: French: a memory.

nunc dimittis: Latin: Wikipedia says this is the "Song of Simeon," a canticle taken from the Bible, Luke 2: 29-32, which in the King James version begins: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word...." Simeon, in the Gospel of Luke, was a just and devout "man of Jerusalem" to whom it was revealed that "he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 191. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Katharine Loring

[*January 1908*]*

[*SOJ decorative letterhead in upper left corner*]

[*Top left, and perhaps not in Jewett's hand, though in similar ink.*]

1909
Sent letter.

Thursday

148 Charles
Street

Oh yes, Dear Katherine, with great pleasure! I do hope that nothing will prevent my having such a pleasure.

And you will let me know which night. I have

[*Page 2*]

got something to show you. The first volume of Mr. H. J.'s new edition! — but it now occurs to my mind that you may have it to show me.

With much love to you and Louisa{.} (Thank her for a dear letter —)

S. O. J.

[*In another hand bottom center of page 2*: Sarah Orne Jewett **]**

Notes

1908: Volume 1 of the New York Edition of *Novels and Tales of Henry James* was *Roderick Hudson*, which appeared in December 1907. If this is what Jewett refers to, then the date of this letter seems likely to have been late 1907 or early 1908. The note at the top of the letter may then be in error. See David Bruce McWhirter, *Henry James's New York Edition: The Construction of Authorship* (1998), p. 278.

The manuscript of this card is held by the Beverly MA Historical Society in the Loring Family Papers (1833-1943), MSS: #002, Series I: Letters to Katharine Peabody Loring (1849-1943)**,** Box 1, Folder 3, Letters 1897-1910.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday noon.

[*Winter 1908*]*

I have finished "Ivanhoe"* and also a story of Ouida's which is called "A Village Commune"* — a most powerful, harrowing story of the wrongs put by greedy officials on the Italian peasants. There is not a trace of her vulgarity in this; it is as powerful a story, and strikes as straight at wrong-doing as Tolstoi's best — with all the knowledge of human nature and a lovely descriptive gift thrown in. Ouida is a great writer — when she is at her best, there is no getting over that fact. If she didn't lose her head, and — perhaps — were she not a woman, we should hear much more of Ouida! particularly of her "Village Commune."

Katie just brought up the "Herald,"* which comes earlier than the Post-office things, and I see that Owen Wister* has been Telling the Truth! Hurrah! for they see what the matter is, when all sorts of facts are being expensively crammed into boys' and girls' minds without making those minds grow, or enlarging the thoughts of the individual. I think the processes of exams are at the bottom. There is something out of gear about graded schools and all that. Memory is developed at the expense of what in general we are pleased to call thought and character.*

Notes

1908: This is a composite letter, which appears in Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), p. 209.

The date of the first paragraph is not yet known, and its manuscript has not yet been located.

The second paragraph from 1908, as indicated by the reference to the Owen Wister address, is a transcription of a letter fragment held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

A second partial transcription appears in transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Folder 72, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection. For more information about the individual transcription, contact the Maine Women Writers Collection.

This second transcription is different in several details from the one by Fields. One main difference is that it includes at the beginning, a list of three people, the significance of which is unknown. The references would appear to be to Frances Morse, Alice Longfellow, and Josie Dexter.

Josephine Anna Moore (1846-1937) was the second wife of Chicago lawyer Wirt Dexter (1832-1890). She returned to her Boston home after her husband's death, where she died, though she was buried with him in Chicago.

For Morse and Longfellow, Key to Correspondents.

"Ivanhoe": Sir Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe* (1819).

Ouida ... "A Village Commune": The English author Ouida was Marie Louise de la Ramée; she published her novel *A Village Commune* in 1881.

Katie ... Herald: Katie Galvin. Key to Correspondents. Jewett subscribed to the Boston *Herald* newspaper.

Owen Wister: Key to Correspondents. Jewett almost certainly refers to Owen Wister's December 1907 address at Sanders Theater, Harvard University, "American Inferiority in Scholarship." An

account of the address appears in *Outlook* 88 (January 11, 1908): 67-69. This *Outlook* summary says that Wister addressed the question of why the United States has so few world-class scholars in 1907 and attributes this to a general failure to treasure and support scholarship.

Memory ...character: See Jewett's essay, "Every-day Work," which appeared in *The Congregationalist* (September 13, 1883).

Partial Transcription from the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England

Thursday morning

Mrs. Morse
Alice L
J. Dexter
Dearest Annie

. . . . Katie just brought up the Herald which comes earlier than the Post Office things and I see that Owen Wister has been Telling the Truth. Hurrah! for they must see what the matter is when all sorts of facts and truths are being expensively crammed into boys and girls minds without making those minds grow or enlarging the thoughts of the individual. I think the processes of Exams are at the bottom. There is something out of gear about graded schools and all that. Memory is development at the expense of what in general we are pleased to call thought and character. . . .

Transcription of manuscript fragments in the Houghton Library Collection that may be associated.

Mrs Morse
Alice L —
J. Dexter —

Thursday morning

Dearest Annie

(Please forgive this much worn piece of paper. It seems to have made a journey in my bag or had some strange experience — but it will do for

[*The rest of the page is torn away*]

[*Page 2*]

morning as I did last year. Mary is getting on in great spirits, and had a nice drive yesterday —) Katie just brought up the Herald which comes earlier than the Post Office things, and I see that Owen Wister has been Telling the Truth! Hurrah! — for they must see what the matter is when all sorts of facts and truths are being expensively crammed into boys and girls minds without making those minds grow, or enlarging the thoughts of the individual. I think the processes of Exams are at the bottom. There is something out of gear about graded schools and all that. Memory is developed

[*Page 3*]

at the expense of what in general we are pleased to call thought and character. (I long to get a word from you today and perhaps we can have a word tonight, tomorrow night for certain — Oh, here is your most dear letter. I love it more than I can say. I am so glad you have [*unrecognized letters*])

[*The rest of the page is torn away*]

Notes for this transcription

In the Houghton folder, the pages are separated and out of order, pages 1 and 3 appearing together earlier than page 2. Here they are re-ordered, accepting that the list of names on the first page, as shown in the MWWC transcription, identifies this page as part of the same letter.

Fields has penciled a green line though the list of names at the upper left of page 1. All of the parenthesis marks were added by Fields

The first and third half-pages seem likely to belong together because Fields has added the parenthesis marks on both pages in blue ink.

On the second page, Fields has drawn a vertical line through the first three lines, preceding "Katie just brought."

Sarah Orne Jewett to Robert Underwood Johnson

148 Charles Street
Febr 17th 1908

Dear Mr Johnson

Mrs. Fields gives me your letter: the date of Madame Blanc's* death was February 5th 1907. We have been thinking of her very often in these last days, especially as we happened to have a friend staying with us who was also her friend and had seen her much within a year or two of her death.

Yesterday I happened to come upon this biography-in-brief, and

[*Page 2*]

I put ^it^ into my envelope, as you may like to make sure of some other points, though it is not exactly infallible! I should like to have it back again.

I miss dear Madame Blanc's constant letters; it was delightful to know about France ^or Paris^

through her, and in every way I miss her more and more. I hear once in a while from her good nephew Comte Louis de Solms, and last year I used to get letters from Miss King,* but I have never seen her and of course

[*Page 3*]

our only reason for writing was not to last always... I believe that she is still in France.

Mrs. Fields sends all her affectionate messages with mine to you and to Mrs. Johnson. We are going on in usual winter ways — that is, winter ways of these late years! [*deletion*] We are so much interested about your son's play.* I had heard already about The Comet and I wish it and its author all good fortune.

Yours most sincerely
S. O. Jewett

Notes

Blanc's: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc. Key to Correspondents.

Richard Cary notes:
Johnson appended the following footnote to Th. Bentzon's "Literary Rolls of Honor in France," *Century*, LXXVI (May 1908), 3-17: "Madame Thérèse Blanc, author of this article, died in February, 1907. She was one of the few women admitted to the Legion d'Honneur. Aside from her writings, chiefly novels, some of which had the distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, she appealed to Americans by her interest in our literature, the knowledge of which in France she greatly promoted, and by her sympathetic regard for American ideals. She followed especially the progress of women in this country, and wrote a volume on the subject. In *The Century* for May, 1903, will be found an appreciative article regarding her by Mrs. James T. Fields. — The Editor."

and: Jewett sometimes writes an "a" with a tail for "and." I have rendered all of these as

Miss King: Grace Elizabeth King. Key to Correspondents. Richard Cary says King "recreates her warm association with Madame Blanc in *Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters* (New York, 1932)."

play: American writer Owen M. Johnson (1878-1952), remembered especially for his Lawrenceville School stories. Richard Cary says *The Comet*, "starring exotic Alla Nazimova, opened at the Bijou Theatre in New York City on December 30, 1907, and had a run of fifty-six performances, which ended two days before this letter was written." See also Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Katharine Prescott Wormeley to Sarah Orne Jewett Fragment

Thorn Hill
Jackson NH.
Feb 29. 1908

My dear S.O.J.

Forgive me for not having written before — I had a lot of writing that had to be done — and my eyes cant keep as steadily to it as they once did. The photograph of H.J.* reached me last week. It is, as you say, very characteristic of him, and the best I have ever seen. Thank you for sending it to me.

You speak of longing to go abroad, and fear the trouble of [it.!! *so punctuated*] There is absolutely no trouble if you sail from, & return to, Boston. You drive to the ship and go straight on board as easily as making a morning call. — and on returning, the Custom House arrangements are perfect.

[*Page 2*]

I have made 4 voyages on the "Romanic"* the steadiest of ships. Choose the right location on the ship, and that is not what is called the best.

I knew of Mrs Beaumont's* death, and felt so sorry for poor [Janny *?*] — I wrote to her but I dare say she was too overcome to write. If you see her, tell her that I have heard a good deal lately about our dear friend F. Sheldon* and his wife. I hear that she actually died of loneliness. She seemed lost, without her usual routine of caring for him. The night before she died she ordered them to wake her an hour earlier than usual as she was going to a funeral; when they went to wake her she said she was ill & they must send for the doctor, but before they could do so she died. The doctor said it was paralysis of the brain extending to the shoulder.

You [surprized *so spelled*] me about the [Praslin *?*] papers.* I did not know they were taken — I have had no proof of them. I did not know any Editor ^except J Gilder^* had had them. I lent them to Mr. Cortissoz* — but I dont think he would have shown them to an editor without telling me. It is best they should

[*Letter ends; no signature*]

[*Note in blue ink in the lower left margin of page 1, probably in Jewett's handwriting*]

!!! I dare say that I would we were all there with Jessie* for a few weeks.

Notes

H.J.: Henry James. Key to Correspondents.

Romanic: The *S.S. New England* was a new ship in 1898, when part of the Jewett-Fields party sailed to Europe. Its name later was changed to the *Romanic*.

Beaumont ... Janny: These persons have not yet been identified.

F. Sheldon: New York author, Frederick Sheldon (1827-1907) died on 22 November. His wife, Amey Richmond Fearing (1834-1908), died on 29 January. Find a Grave and Litchfield Historical Society.

Praslin papers: Wormeley refers to letters she hoped to publish of Henriette Desportes Field (1813-1875), who immigrated to the U.S. from France and married clergyman and editor, Henry Martyn Field (1822-1907). She became a successful artist and literary hostess. Wikipedia. However, before leaving France she was caught up in a notorious murder case in the Praslin family in Paris that contributed to the 1848 Revolution. See Jewett to Royal Cortissoz of 24 August 1908.

J. Gilder: Jeannette Leonard Gilder. Key to Correspondents.

Cortissoz: Royal Cortissoz. Key to Correspondents.

Jessie: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Correspondence, MS Am 1743, Item 245, Wormeley, Katherine Prescott, 1830-1908. 7 letters.

Sara Norton to Sarah Orne Jewett

Shady Hill.
March 17.
[*1908*]*

Dearest Miss Jewett

Could I persuade you to come to lunch here, on Thursday March 26th at half past one o'clock to meet Mrs. Schofield?* It would be a great pleasure for me, if you would come, & I want to introduce Mrs. Schofield to the

[*Page 2*]

most agreeable persons I know, it would be rather especially nice for her too! if you could come.

It is a hundred years since I saw ^you^ & dear Mrs. Fields but Lily's* illness — & now my father's condition (he is far from strong) have kept me so busy & so tied at home that I have given up much I wanted to do. Tell me how you both are?

[*Page 3*]

Lily is now away at Lakewood trying to pick up — & my days are not less busy for being the only able bodied Norton at home!

Did you know dear Mrs. Ward, Dorothy & Mr. Ward* arrive tomorrow in New York? I am longing to see D. as you may imagine.

Ever your affectionate
S.N.

Notes

1908: This was the year of Mary Augusta Ward's only visit to the United States, when she arrived in March, with her husband and her daughter, Dorothy Ward. It appears, therefore, that Norton has mistaken the date of her invitation, for in 1908, March 26 fell on a Tuesday, not a Thursday. For Ward, Key to Correspondents.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett at 148 Charles Street. Penciled on the front, in another hand: Miss Norton. Without stamp or cancellation, this note probably was delivered by hand.

Mrs. Schofield: Mary Ward Lyon Schofield (1868-1943) of Peterborough, New Hampshire. Her husband was Professor William Henry Schofield (1870-1920), Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature at Harvard. They married in 1907. Wikipedia and Find a Grave.

Lily's: Norton's younger sister, Elizabeth. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 168. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields

March 26. 08

[*Begin letterhead*]
16 EAST ELEVENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mrs Fields

It is very dear & kind of you to have asked us to come to stay with you when we come to Boston. I need not say that we should love to be with you — but are you quite sure that we should not be a trouble to you? my husband, alack, will not be with us, as

[*Page 2*]

he has to sail for England just then, to get back for his summer art-work. Dorothy* & I & one maid hope to get to Boston late on Monday evening April 20th — Dorothy that is, will be, she hopes, with the Nortons* for the few days previously, while I am at Newport, but she will come

[*Page 3*]

in to join us. — We have pledged ourselves to two kind "functions" on the 21st & 22d the Twentieth Century Club & the Authors' Club)* and I think it will be best if for that reason we go quietly to an hotel from the Monday to Thursday, as anyhow we should have to go out & leave you those two evenings. Would it really suit you if we came to you on

[*Page 4*]

Thursday 23d for [some *?*] days? I am sure that it would be inconvenient to you to put up my maid too, but I would take a room for her at a near hotel, & you would not mind her coming round to help me during the day, as I am a little dependent on her. But that would do perfectly.

How delightful it will be to have some talk with you and Mifs Jewett again! —

I am keenly looking forward to my visit to Boston, & everyone is being so kind! — The skies included! I am delighted with what you say about Diana{.}

Yours affectionately
Mary A. Ward

Notes

Dorothy: Dorothy Ward. See Mrs. Humphry Ward in Key to Correspondents.

Nortons: See Sara Norton in Key to Correspondents.

Twentieth Century Club ... Authors' Club: Boston's Twentieth Century Club, founded in 1894, promoted "civic and social usefulness."

The Boston Authors Club was founded in 1899, with Julia Ward Howe as a founding member.

Diana: Ward's 1908 novel, *Diana Mallory* in the U.S., *The Testing of Diana Mallory* in the U.K.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[3 April 1908]*

[*This clipping is attached at the top center of page 1; the main headline begins with "Authoress," but the rest is obscured.*]

Maine S. P. C. A. at Annual Meeting
Elects Sarah Orne Jewett.

PORTLAND. April 2 — Sarah Orne Jewett, the authoress, was today elected trustee of the Maine S. P. C. A., to succeed the late Mrs. L. D. Sweat of Portland. The annual meeting of the society was held. There were no other changes in the personnel of the officers.

Miss Jewett's Maine home is at South Berwick.

[*End of clipping*]

For fear this interesting item may be confined to the Maine Herald I now forward it to you !! I only hope you also succeed Mrs. Sweat* at Mt. Vernon as well.

How poor Grace's* letter sounded. She must be in a very poor state physically that they do not let her move about. Surely she looks so. It does indeed look like a dark time before her in more ways than one, for Mr. Waldens presence complicates the situation, since

[*Page 2*]

nobody would quite want him who might be glad to do so much for her. Katy's* recovery is slow indeed, but it does seem as if she gained a little and the summer will do much for her no doubt. I wish she could be here where we could look out for her more easily, but I do not see exactly how we could manage it, do you? The rough wind kept me near home yesterday added to the muddy roads, but I had a good brisk walk instead of driving. This mornings sun rose on snow again, there having evidently been a squall in the night. Did you see the

lovely new moon last evening. I sent many good wishes

[*Page 3*]

by it to you both.

Lizzie Walker* came for a long evening call, and then I read the English papers &c before going to bed. Mrs. Nason* of Augusta is very bustling about her book now, expecting it to be out soon after Easter, and promising a copy. It is to have reproductions of some of these rooms, but I do not know which she has chosen yet. Townsend lent the [block *?*] of the exterior which was taken you know from the photograph we sent which got broken.

Do carry my love to the reading tomorrow. Didn't Emily* say that the next one after this would be the last?

[*Page 4*]

No word has come from Laura* yet but there is hardly time since my letter went, especially if she happened to be away at the moment. When does Mrs. Leonowens* come? Are the Wards coming to stay in the house, or only to stay in town? Do take some champagne every day now — and Mrs. Fields. Don't you know how it gave you both a great step upward last year?

Your affectionate

MRJ says

this!

Notes

1908: This date is supported by the date of the attached clipping, but the exact day is uncertain.

Sweat: Probably this was American author and reformer Margaret Jane Mussey Sweat (1823-1908), of Portland, ME. Wikipedia notes that Sweat "served as vice-regent for Maine of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association." Find a Grave.

Grace's: Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden. Key to Correspondents.

Katy's: This may be Catherine Drinan. Key to Correspondents.

Lizzie Walker: Lizzie / Mary Elizabeth Hobbs (1848-1934) was married to John Francis Walker (1844-1890), who headed the South Berwick Savings Bank.

Mrs. Nason: American author Emma Huntington Nason (1845-1921) published *Old Colonial Houses in Maine Built Prior to 1776* (1908).

Townsend may have been Edward Townsend (1865-1947), publisher of the South Berwick newspaper, *The Independent.* Old Berwick Historical Society.

Emily: Emily Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

Laura: Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Leonowens: Anna Harriette Leonowens. Key to Correspondents.

Wards: Susan Hayes Ward and William Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

201 West 55th Street
New York April 13th 1908

Dear Friend

Mr Grew* ^who^ was at the church yesterday morning came up to speak to me after the benediction and told me you had been quite unwell but believed you were amending.* I trust this is true that you <u>are</u> amending but may I hear by just a line from not your hand but Sarah's or any other that this is true{?} After all these years of your loving care for me any word that you are not well goes to my heart.

You will be glad to know to hear that I am almost rudely well and the bad — not evil — eye gives me no trouble. I can read with ease and pleasure and

As ever and ever yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

Grew: Mr. Grew has not yet been identified.

amending: Collyer omits several periods in this letter. I have supplied them where they seem necessary.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Ellen Tucker Emerson to Annie Adams Fields

Concord, April 14th, 1908

Dear Mrs Fields,

I thank you for the kind remembrance of your invitation, and I should like to see Mr. Arnold's sister,* but today I am going to Virginia for a month so I shall not be able. I found when I came home and looked for the pho-

[*Page 2*]

tograph I had of that daguerreotype of me that it was gone. I must have given it away. I am sorry. It was taken so long ago that I have not even the negative. I shall send you today the life of the other Catholic priest who turned Protestant that I told you of.

Affectionately
Ellen T. Emerson.

Notes

Mr. Arnold's sister: It seems likely that Emerson is mistaken about the identity of this person. Probably Fields has invited Emerson to meet British novelist, Mary Augusta Ward, who was Matthew Arnold's niece. See Ward in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda, Box 16: mss FI 5637.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

Wednesday evening
[*1908*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Lilian

I was on the point of telling you something and forgot it as we were speaking about the house in Portsmouth.* When we were lying in harbour at Portland we went ashore one morning and went to see the old Longfellow house* which I have never been able to do before though I was much interested when they were putting it in order.

= I think the plan they followed of giving special interest to

[*Page 2*]

each room is excellent. You would find it easy to follow in most of those classic chapters of The Bad Boy* in a delightful way. Someday do go to Portland and look at the old place there.

= You would have your own plans and ideas, but I think you could come to your decisions more easily for seeing that successful result. It is doing such a beautiful thing for an old town to give it a shrine of its own and a place

[*Page 3*]

of pilgrimage.

You* cant think how pleasant it was to see you and dear Tal.* Do come as often as you can — Here is my sister Mary just coming — I shall have to call her to account!

Yours affectionately
"Sadie"

Notes

1908: While it is possible this letter was composed in 1907, a year longer after T. B. Aldrich's 1907 death would seem more likely.

Portsmouth: The Bailey House in Portsmouth, NH was the home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's maternal grandparents. After Aldrich's death in March 1907, Lilian Aldrich oversaw turning the house and garden into a memorial for her husband. Today, it is a part of the Strawbery Banke museum complex.

Longfellow house: The Wadsworth-Longfellow House was the childhood home of American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882). It became a museum open to the public in 1902.

The Bad Boy: Aldrich's memoir, *The Story of a Bad Boy* (1897).

You: This paragraph is enclosed in parentheses, in pencil, apparently added later.

Tal: Talbot Aldrich was the survivor of the Aldriches' twin sons.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Willa Cather to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
Hotel & Pension Palumbo
Ravello
Golfo di Salerno
[*End letterhead*]

May 10, 1908

Dear Miss Jewett;

Do you, I wonder, remember what an extravagantly beautiful place this is? The camelias are all in blossom in the Rufolo gardens and our hotel is over run by yellow roses. I have one of the rooms on the terrace which hangs above Minori and the sea. You probably remember what a magical aspect the sea presents from that terrace — very much like hot green porcelain whose flow has been ^[checked *?*]^ by those jagged cliffs along which runs the Salerno road. From here it is certainly the sea of legend — nothing else, and it glimmers centuries away from you, like the opaque blue water that Puvis de Chavannes* painted. When I was little I knew a funny old lady in Nebraska who had some water from the Mediterranean corked up in a bottle, and when you looked at the bottle for a long time and suddenly shut your eyes you saw the sea itself for a moment, and this was the way it looked — a color and a remoteness that exist in legends and nowhere else. But the color one does find elsewhere, after all. I have seen this turquoise kind of green in Japanese porcelain, haven't you?

Seven hundred years ago yesterday a [gally *so spelled*] from the Holy Land first brought St. Andrew's skull* to Amalfi in Amalfi's time of sea-sovereignty. Every hundred years the arrival of the skull is celebrated. On Wednesday the skull was taken up from the crypt and sent down to Sorrento. It was

[*Page 2*]

brought back to Amalfi yesterday by a fleet of forty-seven vessels, and the cardinal from Rome was down at the marina to receive it. The bells in Ravello rang all day long and the whole countryside trooped down to Amalfi. I fell in with a priest and a lot of old people who were hurrying down the footpath that outruns the carriage road. We were all feeling gay and tramping hard, and all wore our best things — except the priest who wore his old cassock and carried his best one in a handkerchief. But just as we were hurrying over the one place where the wood path winds out a hundred feet above the carriage road, yes, just at that identical instant, some people from Nebraska, whom I had not seen for years & years, swung into the carriage road, and by some diabolical presbyopy* recognized me and shouted and gesticulated and haled me from that glad company. I shall probably not see those good people for a dozen years to come, but I had to go back to Ravello with them and lose the festa and my pleased companions. I have felt as if I were being put through the world by some awfully complicated kind of clock-work ever since.

The volume of Mrs. Meynell's essays* you gave me has been an inexhaustible delight. Do you remember the one which she calls "The Lesson of Landscape"? It seems to me about the only truthful writing I have ever read about Italy — in English. I cannot, alas, feel that Vernon Lee* is altogether, or even measurably, truthful. Surely

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^she^ is capricious and self-conscious and she takes liberties with things and places to get her effects. But Miss Meynell tells the truth — How beautifully truthful she is about all this pale-colored lovely earth, and how [*deleted word*] her words ^show^ [*deleted letters or a blot*] the frugality and temperance that it ought to teach one. What a coarse and stupid conception of Italy we have all been reared upon! A tufted Monte Carlo palm garden sort of country.

But Mrs. Meynell has a fellow in the truth. Housman* — A. E. — did a little poem which rings in my ears all day when I tramp about the gray terraced mountain sides and go in and out among the fields, so little and precious and dear-bought. It is not in "The Shropshire Lad",* but he gave me a copy of it, and I must quote it to you here, at the risk of misquoting it. My copy is in Pittsburgh, and I have never seen it ^(the verse)^ anywhere else. I never cared about it much until I left Naples three weeks ago, and then it rose out of the limbo of forgotten things and smote me full in the face.

<u>The Olive</u>

The olive in its orchard,
    If man could plant it sure,
The olive in its orchard
    Should flourish and endure.

So deep among the trenches
    Its dressers digged and died,
The olive in its orchard
    Should prosper and abide.

Thick should the fruit be clustered
    And light the leaf should wave,
So deep the roots are planted
    In the corrupting grave.

[*Page 4*]

That's the Italy I have found — just about all of it. And how miraculously true the truth is! This morning when the cardinal visited the church here and all the children for miles about came up ~~befo~~ the hill before his carriage carrying big live branches, what incredible lightness and spring it had, that hard, dry, sharp, little leaf that is so tempered ~~and important~~ to dust and wind and [*deleted word*] sun and damp and drought.

Betsey Lane has gone sprinting on to Rome in my other trunk, but the "White Heron" and the Dulham Ladies abide with me always.* Ah they are like the olive leaf — "si triste, si gai."

Faithfully
Willa Cather

Notes

Puvis de Chavannes: Wikipedia says: "Pierre Puvis de Chavannes (14 December 1824 - 24 October 1898) was a French painter, who became the co-founder and president of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts...." Cather may be thinking of his "Young Girls by the Seaside" (1887).

St. Andrew's skull: Wikipedia says: "In 1208, following the sack of Constantinople, those relics of St. Andrew and St. Peter which remained in the imperial city were taken to Amalfi, Italy, by Cardinal Peter of Capua, a native of Amalfi. A cathedral (Duomo), was built, dedicated to St. Andrew (as is the town itself), to house a tomb in its crypt where it is maintained that most of the relics of the apostle, including an occipital bone, remain." It is not certain that Cather is correct about the procession she describes happening once each century, as opposed to annually, or as currently, twice annually in June and November. But it is the case that 1908 was the 700th anniversary of arrival of the relics of St. Andrew at Amalfi, and one would expect there would have been a special observance. The walk from Ravello to Amalfi is about four miles.

presbyopy: Presbyopia according to Wikipedia "is a condition associated with aging in which the eye exhibits a progressively diminished ability to focus on near objects."

Mrs. Meynell's essays: "The Lesson of Landscape" appears in *The Rhythm of Life and Other Essays* (1905) by Alice Meynell (pp. 83-8); Key to Correspondents for more and for Vernon Lee, pen name of Violet Paget.

Monte Carlo palm garden: Cather compares Lee's view of Italy to Monte Carlo, Monaco, located on the French Riviera.

Housman ... The Olive: The British poet A. E. Housman's (1859-1936), whose best-known collection of poems is *A Shropshire Lad* (1896).

"The Olive" was collected in 1939 in the "Additional Poems" (XXIII) section of *The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman"* (p. 240). Notes for a Housman letter to Witter Bynner (14 December 1903) say that the poem first appeared in *Outlook* (7 June 1902), p. 227 (*The Letters of A. E. Housman*, 2007, p. 158).

Cather's quotation from memory is close, but still quite different:

XXIII — THE OLIVE

The olive in its orchard
Should now be rooted sure,
To cast abroad its branches
And flourish and endure.

Aloft amid the trenches
Its dressers dug and died

The olive in its orchard
Should prosper and abide.

Close should the fruit be clustered
And light the leaf should wave,
So deep the root is planted
In the corrupting grave.

Betsey Lane ... the White Heron ... the Dulham Ladies: To keep "A White Heron" and "The Dulham Ladies" with her, Cather would have to carry either *A White Heron and Other Stories* (1886) or *Tales of New England* (1890). "The Flight of Betsey Lane" was collected in *A Native of Winby* (1893).

The phrase "abide with me always," though it sounds biblical, is not; however it appears frequently in devotional literature at least since the 19th century, and so suggests Cather's spiritual connection with these stories. See, for example, "Abide with Me" (1847) a popular Christian hymn by Henry Francis Lyte.

"si triste, si gai": French. "so sad, so gay."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930, MS Am 1743.1, (15) Cather, Willa, 1873-1947. 3 letters; 1908 & [n.d.]. A transcription appears in *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather* (2013) by Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout, pp. 111-3. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Miss Palfrey*

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]
May 19th 1908

My dear Mifs Palfrey

I read the story before I left town but I have not had the right moment in which to write you until today. I saw at once what you meant about it being too long for a young peoples' magazine number, and yet not long enough for a book — but I also saw many delightful qualities, the bright sayings and quick turns of face among the

[*Page 2*]

young people — a real spring story! ---- and even the young heroine's death does not seem exactly sad, but more like a spring flower's going out of bloom. You must have had a great deal of deal of pleasure in writing it — and I think it would be even better were it longer, — the characters follow each other so rapidly; this of course it so show the effect of little 'mortar's' influence, but it makes a good many new acquaintances

[*Page 3*]

to carry in ones mind! I really wished to see more of the nice old aunt who comes in on the very first afternoon!

I am sure that the lilacs are in full bloom this morning in Cambridge; they are coming out very fast here. It was very pleasant to see you twice last week. And Mrs. Fields was very glad to hear about you and the lilacs when I returned — she is looking forward now to going to Manchester on the 1st of June —

Yours always affectionately
Sarah O Jewett

Notes

Palfrey: Jewett and Fields were acquainted with Sarah Hammond Palfrey (1823-1914), a novelist and poet, the daughter of Massachusetts clergyman and politician, John Gorham Palfrey (1796-1881). She often published under the name of E. Foxton.

However, it seems odd that such an experienced author would consult Jewett about a story for young readers, except that perhaps Jewett had more experience in this field.

The text Jewett has read remains unidentified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of Wisconsin-Madison Libraries, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections; Cairns Collection of American Women Writers, Comprehensive collection of works by Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Tuesday night
[*19-20 May 1908*]*

Dearest Annie

Will you please send me Mrs. Ward's letter if, or when, Mrs. Bell sends it back? I send you Dorothy's* — full of dear things that bring us still nearer them — I wish we knew more about the play — I think they must have all the "press notices" but perhaps not from the weekly papers — I know they will like the Athenaeum,* and wasn't it nice that I hadn't brought it away so that you could send it right off? — We have been gathering up some things today to send in the Grenfell schooner.* I mended up my old grey cloak

[*Page 2*]

and wondered much who would keep warm with it — Not much news today. I am still reading Fanny Kemble,* by fits and starts between other things.

This is Wednesday morning — and I have just been reading over your two dear letters both so full of interest. The Sunday one about Rose & Eva & the Tullivars coming and Francis Burnett. I think you saw him justly — you give me a clear picture of him — but I am sure that he got out of tune with his engagement and worried

[*Page 3*]

over it — I cant hear anything that makes me feel as if he had lost the great hope of happiness — If he had been very fond of her Dr. Putnam* would have just put it off, wouldn't he?* and said dont think of marrying this year or something like that, instead of what seems like a kindly helping him out of it — But poor Francis may have inherited some weakness of brain instead of body ----- I daresay with Esther and his New York work he will build himself again. He and Esther are more alike.

— Dear little heart I think of you and love you dearly

[*Page 4*]

and I keep thinking of getting back and getting all my hidy holes clear and out of your way — I have been taking some quinine too and already I feel better — I wish I had done it before, but one knows so much better what to do for others! It

certainly has suited you — Today is nice and cool { — } the grass being cut in the yard and I think that rain will fall upon it — Did you see the fine notice of your cousin by Dr. Emerson in the Transcript last night? How Aunt Harriet would have loved it! The last sentence quite noble. I shall write to Arthur* whom I know best —

with dear love
Pin

Notes

19-20 May 1908: This date is confirmed by Jewett's mentioning the recent death of Rev. Frederick May Holland, which took place on 17 May 1908. See notes below.

Mrs. Ward's ... Mrs. Bell ... Dorothy's: Mary August Mrs. Humphry Ward, Helen Choate Bell, and Dorothy Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Athenaeum: *The Athenaeum* was British literary magazine, founded in 1828 and publishing until 1921.

Jewett refers to a dramatization of Mrs. Ward's novel, *The Marriage of William Ashe* (1905), which was reasonably successful in the United States, but afterwards did poorly at Terry's Theater in London. See *The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward* (1923) by Janet Penrose Trevelyan (1879-1956), p. 179.

The positive *Athenaeum* review of the London production of *The Marriage of William Ashe* appeared in No. 4201 (1908) pp. 550-1.

Grenfell schooner: Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell (1865-1940) was a British medical missionary to Newfoundland and Labrador. The Grenfell Mission, which began in 1892, provided medical care for poor coastal communities, serving them mainly by sea.

Fanny Kemble: Fanny (Frances Anne) Kemble (1809-1893) a British actress and playwright, a member of the acting Kemble family, who published a volume of poems in 1844 and an autobiography in 1882. She also is remembered for her short marriage to an American slave-owner before the Civil War.

Rose & Eva & the Tullivars: Rose Lamb and Baroness Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents. The transcription of "Tullivars" is uncertain, and these persons have not yet been identified.

Francis Burnett ... Dr. Putnam: Probably Jewett refers to Dr. Francis Lowell Burnett (1878-1965), son of Mabel Lowell and Edward Burnett. Key to Correspondents. Dr. Burnett married Helen Read (1888-1985) in 1913.

It appears that prior to his marriage, he was engaged to Dr. Helen Cordelia Putnam (1857-1951), who completed her medical training in 1889 at the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, followed by an internship at the New England Hospital for Women in Boston. See *The Biographical Dictionary of Women in Science: L-Z* pp.1059-60.

The identity of Esther has not yet been discovered.

wouldn't he?: This passage seems confusing. Probably Jewett meant to write "wouldn't she?" That would, at least, provide one way of clarifying the passage.

Dr. Emerson ... Aunt Harriet ... Arthur: Aunt Harriet is Harriet Newcomb Holland (1809- 19 January 1897), spouse of Annie Adams Fields's maternal uncle, Rev. Frederick West Holland (1811-1895).

Their sons, living at the time of Aunt Harriet's death were: Rev. Frederick May Holland (1836 - 17 May 1908), like his father a prominent Unitarian minister, Henry Ware Holland (1844-1909), and Arthur Holland (1850-1926), a successful businessman. Arthur married Jewett correspondent, Sarah Ormsby Burgwin Holland (1859-1940). Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson (1844-1930), youngest son of American poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, authored an extended obituary of Frederick Holland that appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript* on 19 May 1908 (p. 13). For the full text see the notes for Sarah Orne Jewett to Arthur Holland, 20 May 1908; the final sentence reads: "It is pleasant to think that he lived to see the world come round to many of the reforms which, in their dark days, he championed."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields papers: mss FL 5565. This manuscript has been damaged by water, making parts of the transcription less than normally certain.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Arthur Holland*

20th May 1908
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End Letterhead*]

My dear Arthur

I must send a word of sincere sympathy* to you and yours. If I had been near I should have seen

you all today. I am so glad that you and Sara were not far away — it will be so much to the others to have you there. I have read Dr. Emerson's beautiful letter about your brother in the Transcript* — I could not

[*Page 2*]

help thinking of your mother and how she would have loved it — the last sentence is beautifully true [and *?*] nobly said. Please give a message of remembrance from me to Mrs. Holland and your sister.

Yours very affectionately
Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Arthur Holland: See Sara Ormsby Burgwin Holland in Key to Correspondents.

sympathy: Rev. Frederic May Holland (1836-1908), Arthur Holland's brother, died on 17 May in Concord, MA. Note that the spelling of Rev. Holland's name varies in different sources. It is spelled without the final "K" on his tombstone.

Transcript: Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson (1844-1930), youngest son of American poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, authored an extended obituary of Frederick Holland that appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript* on 19 May 1908 (p. 13):

> Died in Concord, May 17, Frederic May Holland, aged 72 years.
>
> A quiet, but brave life ended on Sunday afternoon, a release from long suffering, patiently borne. Mr. Holland was the son of the late Rev. Frederic West Holland, well remembered as an active, zealous clergyman, much employed in missionary work by the Unitarian Association, and at one time its secretary. The son was a Boston boy, and graduated at Harvard in 1850, and from the Divinity School in 1862.
>
> He was a youth of high ideals, from his childhood interested in all ethical reforms. Cruelty, injustice, bigotry called on him personally to work for their redress. Like his friend, the late Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot, he chafed against all bonds of dogma and creeds. The courage and humanity of Theodore Parker stirred him, and he was his outspoken follower when most Unitarians shrank from his fellowship.
>
> Mr. Holland's first ministry was at Rockford, IL., where he married Miss Anna M. Bicknell, who survives him; then he preached for a year at Marietta. Ill health forced him to leave his work for farming, for a time. His strength restored, he took charge of a society of liberal New England settlers in Baraboo, Wis., where he remained as pastor for six years. His delicate constitution, however, could not stand the strain, and in 1877 he came to the East, and chose Concord as a quiet and congenial home. Here he found good friends, and, as a layman, continued his work for social and intellectual elevation.
>
> Mr. Holland's first book, "The Reign of the Stoics," was published in 1870. His "Stories from Robert Browning" attracted notice in England and were collected and published there. Then followed his "Rise of Intellectual Liberty, from Thales to Copernicus," and his "Life of Frederick Douglass."
>
> Mr. Holland was most kindly and courteous. Delicate and sensitive and with no love for controversy, his entire courage, when conscience called, in declaring his opinion and standing always for what he thought right, however unpopular that might be, was notable. It is pleasant to think that he lived to see the world come round to many of the reforms which, in their dark days, he championed.
>
> E. W. E.
>
> Concord, Mass., May 18.

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday.
[*May / June 1908*]*

Did you feel the heat and general good for nothingness of the thunder storm which was gathering all the P.M — yesterday? I really had to go to bed an hour earlier — In the night the lightening was [fine *?*]. Mr. Hellman* came in the P.M. but went away without seeing or bringing anything. He says Mrs John Hay* has got the original of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech which no money will buy. He has just bought Lowell's* [ms. *corrected*] on a "Certain Condescension in Foreigners{.}" Osgood* sold it to someone in Cambridge who yesterday sold it to him — Mrs Wheeler Keith* came later, brought by Georgie who is most kind to her. She comes to the Children's Hospital once a month with a young daughter who developed a lateral curvature of the spine — She

brought a huge pot of blue forgetmenots all in bloom, but your yellow Florentine tulips are the most lovely things imaginable. Mary should have a little corner devoted to them —

Loulie is bigger and more disastrous than ever! She is happier and kinder than ever, too{.} She is truly much loved by Carmela who

[*Page 2*]

has found in her [a *?*] kind of protecting goddess. Everhard Meynell* has just written a book on Corot which is said to be good — also he is a painter.

But goodbye for today, dear!

Your own A

Notes

1908: This date is supported by Fields's mentioning E. Meynell's 1908 book. British author and artist, Everard Meynell (1882-1926) was the son of poet and Jewett correspondent, Alice Meynell. *Corot and his Friends* appeared in 1908. Key to Correspondents. Camille Corot (1796-1875) was a French landscape and portrait painter.

Mr. Hellman: George Sidney Hellman (1878-1958) was an American author and editor in New York City. He was a collector of rare books, manuscripts, and art. The New York Public Library's George Sidney Hellman papers overview notes "He amassed collections of his own and helped secure major acquisitions for the Pierpont Morgan Library."

Gettysburg speech: John Milton Hay (1838-1905) was an American author, statesman and government official, serving in various cabinet and diplomatic positions under presidents Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley. He married Clara Stone (1849-1914) "daughter of Cleveland multimillionaire railroad and banking mogul Amasa Stone."

Beginning his law career in Illinois in the late 1850s, he became a friend and advisor to President Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865). Lincoln gave his famous "Gettysburg Address" on 19 November 1863, commemorating the dead in the American Civil War's most deadly battle. See Wikipedia and Find a Grave.

Lowell's: James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents. His essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in January 1869.

Osgood: James Ripley Osgood. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs Wheeler Keith ... Georgie: Georgie Halliburton. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Keith probably is American artist Dora Wheeler Keith (1856-1940). Her daughter was Lois, who married Clyde V. Simpson. Wikipedia.

Loulie ... Carmela: Louisa Dresel. Damian Atkinson (2013) in his "Chronology of Alice Meynell," says that the sisters, Carmela and Grazia Maria L. Carbone were Italian-American singers. Grazia Carbone married Alice Meynell's son, Everard in 1908. The sisters performed together at Queen's Hall in London in 1907. See *Catholic Who's Who* (1936-1952), p. 61.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Elizabeth Jervis and Mary G. Gilman

Manchester
Sunday
[*7 June 1908*]*

[*Letterhead, upper left corner, in red ink, of the initials SOJ intertwined, inside a circle*]

Dear Lizzie and Mary

Mrs. Fields was so pleased with the poppies and wondered as I did at their being in bloom so early. She only got her poppy seeds in this week ! ! The last of the flowers

[Page 2]

are in the window of her little sitting room up-stairs — the buds all coming out this morning in the sun, though I gave some to Margie Burseley* ^to her delight^ for fear they would fade and fall before they all got here! (I told Mrs. Fields!) We enjoyed our short visits and glimpses of our friends very much, they are lovely to look back to — With Mrs. [Field's *so written*] thanks and mine (she had a nice birthday yesterday) yours always, Sarah

Notes

1908: The letter was composed the day after the birthday of Annie Adams Fields (Key to Correspondents), which was 6 June. 7 June fell on Sunday in 1908.

The year is only a guess, based mainly on Jewett not mentioning the Gilmans' mother, Alice Dunlap Gilman, who died in 1905. Before 1905, Jewett would nearly always mention her in letters to her daughters.

Margie Burseley: Margaret Deering Gilman Bursley (1852-1924). See Jewett to Lilian Aldrich of 18 June 1908.

The manuscript of this card is held by the George J. Mitchell Department of Special Collections & Archives, Hawthorne-Longfellow Library, Brunswick, ME, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers, Series 1 (M238.1): Correspondence, 1877-1905, n.d.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Augusta and Dorothy Ward

Manchester by Sea, Massachusetts, *June* 8, 1908.

Dearest Mary and Dorothy, — This just one word of love and thanks because you gave me the great pleasure of coming over,* — of seeing you both again! — and I feel quite selfish about it, as if no one else could care about seeing you and being with you again quite so much! (This may be unjust to some dozens of people, but never mind! You must just take my love and blessing and believe how happy you made our dear A. F. and me.) She is much better now than when you saw her, the air here is always just the right thing, and I love to see her in her little pale grey dress sitting on the piazza looking seaward over the green tree-tops. She *is* tired, with getting away from Town more than from getting here, but she will soon be rested.

I thought that you would have more days in Quebec; I wish you could spend a week there, — the old French country is delightful, but you have been seeing "Country" enough. Your dear heads will be in a whirl, between snow mountains and the early summer heat — I doubt if you even get time to read your letters until you begin the slow first days on ship-board. Good-bye, good bye! Don't you remember that Kingsley* finished his book: "We cannot *not* have been in the West Indies," and so we cannot *not* have had you both here! and *not* have had fast hold of each other's hands again. You cannot know what joy and delight your visit has given. I do hope that neither of you are the worse for it.

Yours with true affection.

Notes

coming over: In *Annie Adams Fields* (2002), Rita Gollin says that Mrs. Humphry Ward and her daughter visited the United States and stayed with Fields in Boston in June 1908 (pp. 298-9).

Kingsley: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), Christian socialist and writer. *At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies* (1871) ends with this sentence: "We could not not have been in the tropics."

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*About 9 June 1908*]*

Dear Sarah:

It was so pleasant to come home to your dear letter tonight since I could not have you to tell about the pleasant day at Aunt Gilman's.* It was not a successful start for the train broke down just beyond Great Falls and I was more than an hour late, but telephoned May [who *corrected*] went for a drive from the station instead of waiting there. She and Margie* were in great spirits. And both seemed very well indeed. They have changed the furniture etc. in some of the rooms to great advantage and I never saw the house look pleasanter. It was a howling

[*Page 2*]

N. W. gale so no sea breeze was to be had, and the sea looked gray with cold except for the white caps. It was fortunate that I went today since Margie goes home tomorrow. There seemed to be no special news except the engagement of Zippy's Anna to Edward Noyes* Margie's cousin who must be twice her age I should think, but there is vast satisfaction on all sides. It seems that Miss Anne Williams* left the house to Margie which is the reason of her being there, and the furniture was to be divided but as Laura* said most of the heirs have left it there while Zip lives. Margie said that most of it was not interesting, being of the

[*Page 3*]

"black walnut" period. Of course we talked over many things, and most affectionate messages were sent to you. I shall think of particulars when we meet. The Perrys* are on their way back from California and little Mary is looking forward to a visit from them very soon. She feels very content with the two new women. One of whom Mrs. Evans* sent her, a nice Scotch woman again — the cook being German. You must have been amused by the finality of my remarks this morning about your not being able to go to Worcester, but I some~~what~~ how got it into my head that there were special doings about [Mrs. *?*] Ward* that day to prevent. I am so glad you can give Helen* the pleasure

[*Page 4*]

as well as have it yourself. You and Mrs. Fields are so good to ~~think~~ wish I could go to see Mrs. Ward, which of course it would be very pleasant to do, if it could be easily managed, but with all the friends who are looking with longing eyes to you for a chance, and the few days you will have her with you, you must not think of me for a minute. Emily* must have spoken before this but I remember her saying that she couldn't hear from some of her notes until today. Now that I think of it, Wed. morn. How perfectly delightful about Mrs. Wards and Dorothys call. It sounds so very affectionate and dear, but "what if you had been away on that day" as the custodian said to Thérèse* about the Empress' visit to Fontainebleau?

For the first time in many days we have waked to a really comfortable morning, and the front door is wide open

[*Page 5*]

and no wind to fluster one. It really seems spring like now. The orange lily has opened the first flower of its really noble cluster under the sunshine's influence, and the rose is full of sweetness, which makes me quite sure it is one of the lovely Dawson [kind *corrected*] that being fragrant? Do give my love to Dorothy when she comes again, nice child that she is. And you must not forget to tell them how much we liked the Garibaldi book.* And say everything for me about Diana Mallory* of course. Much love dears, and now I must go on my way along shore on the morning round.

Affectionately your
M. R. J.

Morrogo Wins-dy*

Notes

1908: This date is supported by the references to the visit to Boston of Mary Augusta Ward, which took place in June 1908. If Mary Jewett means in her cryptic final note to indicate that she wrote the letter the day before Wednesday, then it is likely this letter was composed on the Tuesday following Jewett's Monday 8 June "thank you" note to Mrs. Ward.

At the top center of page 1, Jewett has drawn an image.

Aunt Gilman's: This Aunt Gilman has not yet been identified. The usual assumption in the Jewett letters is that Aunt Gilman is Mrs. Helen Williams Gilman. However, this Aunt Gilman died in 1904 and cannot be the person mentioned here. Another possibility, Alice Dunlap Gilman, died in 1905. Key to Correspondents.

May ... Margie: These people have not yet been identified. As other notes indicate, Mary Jewett refers to relatives apparently connected to the Jewetts through the Gilman family. This is a very complex family to research, not only because it is so extensive, but because so many names are reused.

Zippy's Anna ... Edward Noyes ... Anne Williams: Zippy is Zilpha Ingraham Cutler Smith (1851-1927).

Her daughter, Anna Williams Cutler Smith (1884-1921), married Edward Deering Noyes (1858-1941) on 23 September 1908.

Ann Matilda Williams (1825- 23 June 1907) is buried in the Williams Cemetery in Augusta, ME, in a family tomb with Helen Williams Gilman's father, Reuel Williams, and Zilpha Ingraham Cutler, mother of "Zippy." Presumably, she is "Anne Williams."

Laura: This person has not been identified.

The Perrys: The Jewett sisters' mother was Caroline Perry. Which of the Perry relatives had traveled to California in 1908 is not yet known. "Little Mary" and Mrs. Evans also are not yet identified.

Mrs. Ward: Mary Augusta Ward, who wrote as Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her daughter was Dorothy Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Helen: Which this may be of the several Helens the Jewetts knew is not yet known. At this time in their lives, likely possibilities are Helen Merriman and Helen Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents.

Emily: Emily Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

Thérèse: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc. Key to Correspondents.

Garibaldi book: Probably Mrs. Ward recommended *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic* (1907) by her son-in-law, British historian George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876-1962).

Diana Mallory: Ward's novel serial, *The Testing of Diana Mallory* ran for a year in *Harper's Monthly*, beginning in November 1907 and concluding in October 1908. The novel was published as *Diana Mallory* in 1908.

Morrogo Wins-dy: The transcription is uncertain, and the meaning not yet known. Perhaps Jewett is reproducing an Irish dialect representation of "More

ago Wednesday?" Perhaps she means to convey that this is her second Wednesday letter to Sarah Jewett, or that she intends to write more again on Wednesday?

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection MWWC0196_02_00_013_01.

Clara Sidney Potter Davidge Taylor to Sarah Orne Jewett

June 11th
[*1908*]*

Dear & beautiful Lady Sarah, here I am once more 'ringing* out among the Ages'. I am going to write you two letters, it is so important to track you down. So if duplicates reach you, swiftly obliterate the one already read — If you can keep track of my little niece Frances,* as when you wrote her a wonderful letter, you must have a wide open consciousness for the needs of all writing people and you will be interested to learn that

[*Page 2*]

Mr Moody the poet, — William Vaughn Moody* — is just now in sore need of finding a lonely farm house very specially situated to which he can go off to work in. Of course he means to buy it: we want him to try a place or two first, but the quality of the place is the most important thing. The Maine coast with a highland or bluff, or high point, a good bunch of trees or woods and the sea, — in a lonely lonely place — those are roughly the desired elements. And that

[*Page 3*]

is only why I wrote to you — Because you must know, if not the places to looked over, just the right people to be informed about [them *?*]. All of Maine cannot yet be taken up for summer resorts & residences — There must be a few lonely villages & points along the sea. But Mr Moody is just coming out from typhoid fever which leaves him weak of course — He is in no state to go & prospect, and has to be humoured by at least

[*Page 4*]

hearing of possibilities{.} Pretty soon he could go to look at places, [or *?*] his sister & some friends have some idea of taking a motor & prospecting for him in advance. A good [leak*y ?*] old house, capable of being put in good order and a great grand view ^from high ground^ — surely when we still have them all over New Hampshire, & some on Long Island they can be found along the bolder coast — . And you wont mind giving us a lift in a suggestion

[*Page 5*]

or by directing us to someone who knows out of the way places — No summer resorts need apply — for of course Mr Moody is a recluse-hermit — solitary, when working. I cant pile it up too high. Your own New England poet E. A. Robinson, Mr Moody, & Ridgely Torrence* are all dear friends, together ^[& live *?*]^ near my house in Washington Square & I know them all very well indeed. I do hope

[*Page 6*]

you are better than when you wrote to me so sweetly about Frances several summers ago — and I may see you before the world stops turning round!

Yours with love and advance thankfulness

Clara Sidney Davidge

Cos Cob Connecticut for a week.
Steady address
62 South Washington Sqre
---------- New York

[*Page 7*]*

There is a place called Hancock Fen Mills from Dublin N.H. — where the Sargent Perry's have a [vacant*?*] house. The Sullivans [house *?*] is pleasant. The William [*unrecognized word*] can be asked about it{.}

Notes

1908: Davidge Taylor writes that American poet William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910) was, at the time of this writing, recovering from typhoid fever. Martin Halpern in *William Vaughn Moody* (1954) says that Moody suffered an attack of typhoid in March 1908, and that by June he had recuperated in New York. The following summer he spent on Mackinac Island, Michigan.

Davidge Taylor's writing of "11th" seems eccentric. I do not see the letters "th" but an unrecognized text in underlined superscript.

ringing: This transcription is uncertain. She may have written "singing." In either case, she appears to refer to a hymn by W. E. Bayles, "Ringing through the Ages," of which the opening line is "Sweetly singing through the ages."

Frances: Frances Davidge, Davidge Taylor's author niece. See Davidge Taylor in Key to Correspondents.

E. A. Robinson ... Ridgely Torrence: American poet and playwright, Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935), and American poet Ridgely Torrence (1874-1950). Wikipedia.

Page 7: Penciled in another hand, this page may have been written by Jewett.

Perry: This may be Thomas Sargent Perry, husband of Jewett correspondent Lilla Cabot Perry. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 23, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*about 16 June 1908*]*

Dear Sarah; These letters will interest you I am sure! It is nice that they are coming, for it has been talked of so long. And now we will hope for good [time *?*] and weather. I told Emily* that we wished to take them there and she assured a welcome. Theodore & I were bidden to supper last night and had a very dear and easy time with them both, and the drive home ^under the moonlight^ was a thing to remember. The tide was high, and nothing

[*Page 2*]

remained to be wished for, except there were [mosquitos *so it appears*] out of doors we found. Emily meant to go to the funeral today if the heat lessened,* and Elise was also going to town for the day. It was cooler early and now is 10^{o} degrees more comfortable than for two days past, but hot enough still. I hope you had a successful day, and didn't get too tired — The poor Wheelwrights{.}* Mary's word about 'the far country' tells so much. I wonder if they will try to get him to Manchester? It is cruel to take anything from the Polly's fair fame, but she was a trifle small for a privateer one might think! Emily says that Mrs. Dalton (Mary{)} told her just before she came here that for the first time Mrs. Pierson* spoke to her about Col. Piersons condition, and said that at last she had come to the place where she felt she couldn't hold him up to his place before people any longer, and now she

[*Page 3*]

has laid it down forever, brave soul that she has been nobody knows how long. The plants all came home yesterday, but it is entirely too hot to do anything to them and too dry today.

We are all very well and cheerful though I now reflect that I have been speaking rather in the minor key in my letter, all without feeling so!

Much love, and we shall be so glad to get you back.

Your loving

MR. J.

Notes

1908: This date is the day after the death of Andrew C. Wheelwright, a main topic of this letter.

Emily: Emily Tyson and her daughter, Elise. Key to Correspondents.

lessened: Jewett appears to have written "lestened."

Wheelwrights: The family of Sarah Perkins Cabot Wheelwright. Mary Cabot Wheelwright was her daughter. Husband and father, Andrew Cunningham Wheelwright died on 15 June 1908. Key to Correspondents.

The reference to "the Polly" is obscure; it appears that this may have been a yacht, but the Wheelwrights' yacht was *The Hesper*.

It appears that Mary C. Wheelwright describes death as a "far country," in response to her father's death. This metaphor appears fairly often in English literature, and in this case may be a echo of Shakespeare's Hamlet, who describes death as an "undiscovered country" (*Hamlet* Act 3, Scene 1).

Dalton: Mary Dalton has not yet been identified.

Mrs Pierson ... Col. Pierson: It seems likely that Jewett refers to Emily Russell Peirson (1843-1908), who died on 7 June. Her husband was Civil War Union General Charles Lawrence Peirson (1834-1920). The spelling discrepancy is not serious, for their name often appears in both spellings. However, the discrepancy in his rank is problematic.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

Thursday [*18 June 1908*]*

Dear Lilian

Will you be kind enough if there are any left, to send an invitation for the 30th* to Henry Deering Esqre Portland Maine (member of the Historical Soc. ^etc^ & greatly interested.) and to Mrs. Bursley 374 Spring Street Portland?* The latter is my cousin and Mr. Deerings niece — he is very anxious to have the pleasure of coming, and I promised to ask: he did much about the Longfellow affairs,* the

[*Page 2*]

New Hist. Society building there etc — I hoped to get down this week to see you but I am not sure I shall.

I send you another letter about the house. Mrs Davidge is an old friend of mine, the daughter of Bishop Potter.* She has your address. I told her when I wrote but I have just sent it again and told her about Mr. Fuller* but I dont remember his initials. I wondered if some of the things out of

[*Page 3*]

Mr Richardson's house* could be put in, but at any rate they could easily get bed & mattresses &c from Rockland. If Mr. Moody* were well I can imagine that he would soon stir about!

With much love

S. O. J.

[*Page 4*]

I will file the Moody letter for you in the case here unless you wish to have it in S.B —

Your own
Annie —

Notes

1908: The envelope associated with this letter was cancelled on 18 June 1908.

30th: Though Jewett does not mention this directly, the main topic of this letter is a celebration of the opening of the Bailey House in Portsmouth, NH, as a museum to honor Thomas Bailey Aldrich. This house eventually became a part of the Strawbery Banke Museum complex in Portsmouth.

See Horatio S. Krans, "T. B. Aldrich and the Portsmouth Celebration Held on June 30, 1908" in Book News Monthly (27: September 1908) pp. 171-9.

Deering ... Bursley: Henry Deering (1842-1917) was a longtime member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, serving on the standing committee. See *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (April 1918), pp. 83-6.

Mrs. Bursley is Margaret Deering Gilman Bursley (1852-1924).

Longfellow affairs: This concerns the Wadsworth-Longfellow House in Portland, ME, the childhood home of American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882). It became a museum open to the public in 1902.

Davidge ... Bishop Potter: Clara Sidney Potter Davidge Taylor, daughter of Bishop Henry Codman Potter. Key to Correspondents. She wrote to Jewett on 11 June 1908 (the Moody letter) about poet William Vaughan Moody (1869-1910) wishing to purchase a house on the Maine coast as a writing retreat.

Mr. Fuller: Possibly this is Henry Brown Fuller (1867-1934), an American painter. Jewett was acquainted with his wife, Lucia Fairchild (1872-1924), also a painter.

Richardson's house: According to George Carey's "The Rise and Fall of Elmore," The William Richardsons at Seawoods and the Aldriches at the Crags were neighbors during summers at Tenants Harbor, ME. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday.
[*25 June 1908*]*

Dearest: Your card from Portland and our talk from S.B. have just [transpired *?*]{.} No, it never was so long before (four days) since I had heard and I had to talk with you a good deal while I was dressing this morning.

How absorbingly interesting the news is and the reports today, but I cannot talk it over on paper just now darling, because Rose is waiting.

[*Page 2*]

For one [while *?*], I thought I needed you more than I ever did for I fancied the [young *?*] woman would not answer, but I think now she is likely to do

well. How I wish you could see the magnificent bundle of roses which has been sent in — Do not let Mary try to send hers while the weather is so warm{.}

But I must go. Rose's birthday is tomorrow.

Your own A.F.

[*Page 3*]

My love to Edith and Edith Webster.*

Notes

1908: Detective work with dates has narrowed the composition date of this letter to two possible years. Fields says she is writing on the day before correspondent Rose Lamb's birthday, which was 26 June. The relevant years in which 25 June fell on a Thursday were: 1885, 1891, 1896, 1903, and 1908. Of these 1896 and 1908 are possible, when Jewett was in South Berwick on this date and well enough to write and telephone.

1908 is the more probable, for there is evidence that Jewett had recently been in Portland, ME, in her letter to Lilian Aldrich of 18 June 1908. In 1896, she was very busy, with multiple projects that probably kept her at work in South Berwick (S.B.) and made it unlikely that she traveled to Portland. See Fields to Jewett of 26 June 1908.

Webster: These people have not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 16 letters; 1894-1901 & [n.d.], 1894-1901 bMS Am 1743 (64). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 88.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday June 26th
[*1908*]*

How interesting Moody's* letter and the other, dear! I suppose your sea-trip is ended. I was sorry to get such a tired letter. Pray keep hold of yourself as well as possible.

It is Rose's* birthday and she has had a pretty fête remembered by many friends{.} Our visit from Mr. [Eid *?*]* was very successful. He is interesting and I wish you might have seen him.

[*Page 2*]

If you can come here for a bit of a visit before Rose goes, next week Friday, it would be pleasant, but it is of course <u>not necessary</u> until after the visit of Mrs Forbes{.}* Then perhaps we could have some restful days together. If you are obliged to go to town I shall be glad of a few things, especially for my precious box of

[*Page 3*]

pens which I seem to have left behind in the bay-window room, I suppose — I shall like Mary & you to have the [thermos-bottle *corrected*] for expeditions —

How lovely the roses are!

Your own
A.

Notes

1908: See Fields to Jewett of 25 June 1908.

Moody's: Jewett and Fields were involved indirectly with American poet and dramatist, William Vaughan Moody (1869-1910) in the late spring of 1908. See Clara Sidney Potter Davidge Taylor to Jewett of 11 June and Jewett to Lilian Aldrich of 18 June 1908.

Rose's: Rose Lamb's birthday was 26 June. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Eid: This transcription is uncertain and this person remains unidentified.

Mrs. Forbes: Edith Emerson Forbes. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 16 letters; 1894-1901 & [n.d.], 1894-1901 bMS Am 1743 (64).

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 88.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday 6 P.M.
[*28 June 1908*]*

Dearest: Rose has gone with Mr. Grew* down to see the church and the two new memorial stones and I [seize *corrected*] a moment to pass with you.

(By the way, I believe you ran away with my black silk blouse — you villain!)

What a heavenly day this is. South East wind, rain?

[*Page 2*]

Yesterday P.M. came poor Mr Bartlett.* He is really very much like a soldier now who has seen reverses in ^his^ [*deletion*] army — He spoke of Mr. Motley* as very ill indeed. He asked for you & Jess* — and said he passed the previous day in Portsmouth with Lilian who had done wonders{.}

[*Page 3*]

[*Unrecognized title*] Black & Pitman* came while he was here and later came Whittemore* who was very agreeable going away at nine o'clock. He and Rose talked of [*deletion*] France together and quite fired me with new enthusiasm [to *corrected*] hear them —

Good night
darling
from your
A.

Notes

1908: Exact as it is, this identification of a date is very tentative, based mainly upon this letter being with several letters from about this time in the Houghton Library collection, those from 1908 mentioning an extended visit to Fields by Jewett correspondent Rose Lamb. See for example, Fields to Jewett of 26 June 1908, which this letter may follow by 2 days.

Grew: Possibly Boston businessman, Henry Sturgis Grew (1834-1910), summer neighbor of Fields in Manchester by the Sea, or his brother, Edward. See Henry Grew Papers.

One of Henry Grew's daughters was Elizabeth Sturgis Grew, who married Boylston Adams Beal, Annie Fields's nephew, son of her sister, Louisa Jane Adams Beal. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

The occasion of the new memorial stones and the identity of the church have not yet been determined.

Bartlett: Edward Jarvis Bartlett. Key to Correspondents.

Motley: This transcription is uncertain and the person remains unidentified.

Jess: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

Black & Pitman: Fields may refer to George Nixon Black, Jr. (1842-1928), a prominent philanthropist and the builder of Kragsyde (1883–85, demolished 1929), "a Shingle Style mansion designed by the Boston architectural firm of Peabody & Stearns and built at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts, with landscaping by the Olmsted firm.

Miss Pitman may be American painter and teacher, Sophia Lord Pitman (1855-1943).

Whittemore: American scholar and archaeologist, Thomas Whittemore (1871-1950). Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 16 letters; 1894-1901 & [n.d.], 1894-1901 bMS Am 1743 (64). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 88.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Monday evening
[*29 June 1908*]*

Dearest Annie

Oh what a good talk this morning! and what a dear letter later with the most sensible extract about [bad dreams *?*] ! Indeed I shall try to mind it! These last hot days have pulled us all down — it has been very hot and close here but Mary and I boldly started off and had a good drive and brought home lap-lilies* and other lilies after supper, and wished we had done it before though it has seemed too hot for either [*unreadable line*]*

[*Page 2*]

It began to be so hot on Mrs. Ward Howe's birthday and that was the 27th of May, and we have had few let-ups! I dont scold it, it is a beautiful bright summer to look at, but I cant make me do things! I have quite given out lately and felt ill again — and I dont dare to keep pushing me up and going in trains until I get a little energy laid up. Mary urges the Shoals* for a few days, but I shall see . . . .

How really delightful about the Nortons and Miss Sedgwick!* I wish that I hadn't missed

[*Page 3*]

them. I have been thinking of the Nortons so much and wishing I could get to Cambridge some how or other. Have they heard from the Wards* since they got back? I keep Mary's letter in my desk — the sight of it is most lovely company.

Please tell Mrs. Forbes* that I have been meaning to send her a note (full of thanks) and waited first to find out from Mrs. Tyson* the name of a day lily that grew by the gate of the garden. Mrs. Tyson does not remember after all only it is a Funkia* as Mrs.

[*Page 4*]

Forbes said, and she would look for it in catalogues — she thought she should recognize it at once but the "Christian name" had quite slipped away. I send much love and please forgive a hot letter — the candle seems like a bonfire and I must blow it out and go to bed. I am sorry to be disappointing about ~~going~~ ^coming^ just yet, but we can have a word now and then —

Your Pinny

Notes

July 1908: A note on the upper right of page 1, beneath Jewett's "Monday evening" reads: July 1908 — in a very hot time". This date is supported by Jewett's reference to the summer heat of that year, which she mentions in other letters.

lap lilies: While the term "lap lily" does not appear in major dictionaries, it does show up in plant nursery advertisements, e.g. *The National Nurseryman* v. 18-19 (1910), pp. 204, 242, 316..

unreadable line: This page appears to have been written in pencil, though this is not certain from examining the digital image from which this transcription has been made. The final line of this page has been rubbed and smeared.

Mrs. Ward Howe's birthday: Julia Ward Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Shoals: The Isles of the Shoals resort off the coast near Portsmouth, NH.

Nortons and Miss Sedgwick: See Sara Norton in Key to Correspondents. Probably Jewett refers to British-American author Anne Douglas Sedgwick (1873-1936).

the Wards: Mary Augusta Ward and her daughter, Dorothy. Key to Correspondents. The letter from Mary that Jewett treasures almost certainly is from Mrs. Ward, who had visited Fields and Jewett in the spring.

Mrs. Forbes: Edith Emerson Forbes. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Tyson: Emily Davis Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

Funkia: Funkia is the genus name for plants commonly known as hostas or plantain lilies.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields papers: mss FL 5551. This manuscript has been damaged by water, making parts of the transcription less than normally certain.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Tuesday

[*30 June 1908*]*

Dearest — your note was most welcome yesterday — but when I read how it was written in the heat — with a candle which seemed like a whole bonfire I wished to tell you at once (which I do now a trifle later) not to write again until you come. It surely is a season of greater heat than we have had for a long time and [musquitoes *so spelled*] — how wonderful it is that you do not have them at home! (I [rap *?*] under the table)

You can't think what comfort I had Saturday, the first of these last hot days in stealing a pair of plain white stockings out of your

[*Page 2*]

steamer box (I had taken the [cover off *?*] when it first came thinking there might be something you would like to have at home)*{.}

Mr. Grew* [*deletion* in a fit of restlessness *?*] came up to see me last evening and told me about the play ^Alice in Wonderland^* in Mrs Putnam's oak grove yesterday. He said it was very pretty and 150 people children & all. Lorraine Washburn* did it all — The Cheshire Cat was in the tree when they arrived!* (It was lucky I did not try to go.) Betty was full of delight over it. How good to hear of beloved H.B.* and all you say of her and that you are going to send her "The Neighbour{.}"*

It is cooler — though it be wet & sticky today. I am thinking of going to Beverly Farms to take a few things to "The Class"* { — } also considering asking Alice & K.N.* here, for they feel pretty solitary often —

your Annie

[*Down the right margin of page 1*]

Katie is but a poor companion for Alice, but

[*Down the left margin of page 1*]

if she [were *corrected*] interesting where would be the virtue and as it is they are very good pals which is a mercy.

[*Up the right margin of page 2*]

Thursday [to your A. *?*]

Notes

1908: This letter responds to Jewett's also probably of 29 July 1908, This date gains a little more support from the sketchy information gathered about the performance of *Alice in Wonderland* described below.

home: These parentheses may have been added later.

Grew: Henry Sturgis Grew (1834-1910). A successful Boston businessman, Mr. Grew had homes in Boston, Hyde Park, and Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Alice in Wonderland: Dramatizations of *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) by British author Charles Dodgson / Lewis Carroll (1832-1898) were popular at the turn of the 20th century. Jewett and Fields are known to have attended one in February 1897 (letter to Mary Rice Jewett before 20 February 1897).

Information about the show Mr. Grew mentions has proven difficult to obtain. In a letter of 31 August 1909, Frances Cabot Putnam (1897-1913) of Cotuit, MA, describes a theatrical very much like the one Fields describes here. See *Memoir of Frances Cabot Putnam* (1916) by Marion Cabot Putnam (1857-1932) pp. 111-2. Of course, Jewett had died the previous June, but the names resonate with the account in this letter.

Dr. James Jackson Putnam (1846-1918) and his family were Fields's neighbors in Boston, and established a summer home in Cotuit on Cape Cod in 1897. Dr. Putnam's brother, Charles Pickering Putnam, married Lucy Washburn. Wikipedia, Find a Grave, Back Bay Houses.

One may speculate, then, that Mr. Grew attended another performance that took place in 1908 at the James Putnam home in Cotuit.

Unfortunately, Lorraine Washburn remains unidentified.

Betty may be Elizabeth Sturgis Grew Beal (1871-1959), Henry Grew's daughter, who married Boylston Adams Beal (1865-1944), Fields's nephew.

arrived: Between lines, Fields has inserted "afeard of strange cats." She has not indicated a clear insertion point. Perhaps she is claiming to be afraid of strange cats, or perhaps the Cheshire Cat was supposed to have this phobia.

"The Neighbour": Jewett published several pieces with "Neighbor" in the title, but it is not certain that Fields refers to one of these: "Miss Debby's Neighbors" (1883), "New Neighbors (October 1888), "A Word from a Neighbor" (January 1893) and "A Neighbor's Landmark" (December 1894).

H.B.: Probably Helen Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents.

Beverly Farms ..."The Class": Sarah Wyman Whitman's summer residence was in Beverly Farms. Before her death in 1904, she conducted a Sunday class there for many years.

Alice & K.N.: In the Jewett-Fields correspondence, Alice usually is Alice Greenwood Howe. "K.N." has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Mary Elizabeth Garrett* to Sarah Orne Jewett

Bay Head N.J.
[July *?*] 1908

My dear Sarah,

Thank you for the dear little note — I am so very sorry that you have been suffering so much. I hope each day of summer on your Maine coast will give

[*Page 2*]

you strength.

I am writing to say that when I send you the manuscript of my friend I will send an avant-courrière card so that you need not be anxious at any non appearance. I hear that the author

[*Page 3*]

is ill & it may not come. It was good of you to wish the work was something of mine. To show you what a fraud & a lazy one I am I have never opened the package of what I was at work upon here last summer when I suddenly confessed to you. Life seems always so swift

[*Page 4*]

& engrossing that there is not half time to catch up. Just now I am trying to get back a little lost French & am reading "La Terre qui Meurt"* — but it is very sad — Can it be that Alice Warren* would try a N. England winter? I think she is there now but I had not heard of her spending next winter there — Dear Sarah I hope I did not ask too much of your strength!

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Affectionately yours — MM G

Notes

Garrett: I really do not know who wrote this letter, but I think Mary Garrett is a good guess. Signing the letter with initials that look like MMG would seem to exclude her, so I cannot be sure. But Garrett was close enough to Jewett to address her as "My dear Sarah," and for Garrett to dare to impose upon the unwell Jewett a request to read a manuscript. They had spent time together in France in 1898 and in Italy in 1892.

La Terre qui Meurt: French author René Bazin (1853-1932) was the author of *La Terre qui Meurt* (1899), published in English as *Autumn Glory: The Toilers of the Field*. Bazin's novel was serialized in translation in *The Living Age* as *The Perishing Land* (1899-1900). Wikipedia.

Alice Warren: Probably, this is Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912) who moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett Correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe*, 1870-1871 (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. G., M.M. 1 letter; [1908]. (72). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Katharine Prescott Wormeley to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday
12. [*July 1908*]*

My dear friend

I have been a good deal agitated this week. — what with sending and receiving cables and the arrival of Osborne Curtis, and my own.* sense of the loss of a true brother, or I would have answered your. tender letter sooner.

My brother & sister reached London from Venice July 1. Their son Ralph met them at station — his father seemed exhausted from having eaten something indigestible — A doctor was sent for next morning — at 1 p.m. he seemed much better — but at 3 suddenly collapsed and dead [quietly *or* quickly] in 10 minutes{.}

[*Page 2*]

I dont quite know what will come next — I hold myself ready to go to her if she looks for me.

Just now I am rather the worse for wear — Heat and so forth.*

Adieu, and true thanks for letter — that is card.

Your aff friend
KPW

Notes

1908: Wormeley's sister Ariana Randolph Wormeley married American lawyer and banker, Daniel Sargent Curtis (1825-1908) and they resided in Venice. Their older son was the artist Ralph Wormeley Curtis (1854-1922). For father and son, see Wikipedia.

own.: Wormeley seems to have placed a clear period here and also at "your. tender."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Correspondence, MS Am 1743, Item 245, Wormeley, Katherine Prescott, 1830-1908. 7 letters. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, The Burton Trafton Papers, Box 2, Folder 98.

William Dean Howells to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
W. D. Howells
Kittery Point, Maine
[*End letterhead*]
July 13, 1908.

Dear Miss Jewett the Younger:*

I am sorry indeed that with my dilapidated family I cannot arrange any day or hour for coming to see you. But sometime, if the varied maladies will permit, I will "call you up," and John* and I will wisk over in spite of your [weird *?*] moans for mercy, and demand a cup of tea. [With *?*] love to Miss Jewett the Elder.

Yours sincerely
W. D. Howells.

Notes

Younger: Sarah Orne Jewett was the younger sister, Mary Rice Jewett the elder.

John: Probably Howells's son, the architect, John Mead Howells (1868-1959).

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Howells, William Dean, 1837-1920. 16 letters to Sarah Orne Jewett; 1875-1908. Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (105).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

[*Begin letterhead*]
MANCHESTER BY-THE-SEA,
MASSACHUSETTS.
[*End letterhead*]

July 15th [*1908*]*

My dear Lilian

I am so sorry that I could not get to see you on my way here, but I have been with Mary, "down east" on a friend's boat, and came into Portland and right on here this morning because I had not heard from Annie for several days, and I was half afraid that the heat might make her ill. Luckily she is all right, only a little pulled down — She sends

[*Page 2*]

her love to you with mine and all sorts of wishes for a good rest and vacation after your long pull of care and busy-ness. Please give our best wishes to Mrs. Fuller* too —

I shall pay a second visit to the Nutter house* as soon as I can — there was so little time on the Day.* Do tell Talbot and Elinor* how glad we should be to see them at Berwick if they

[*Page 3*]

are coming that way — or any of your house and friends. If anybody cries Laven - der under your London window you might buy t'rippence worth for me and send it (or bring it soon) in a newspaper.

----- I shall be so glad when you are back again and there is a little quiet time. Thank you so much for sending the tickets to Mr. Deering* at Portland —

Good by with most affectionate wishes & love from

Sarah

[*Page 4*]

Mr. Bartlett* has just [been *corrected*] here, and was ~~full of~~ better we thought — He talked much of the Portsmouth house and of you and brought a delightful letter from Mrs. Dexter* to read to A.F. about the day at Portsmouth.

Notes

1908: The envelope associated with this letter was cancelled on 15 July 1908.

Mrs. Fuller: Possibly Lucia Fairchild Fuller (1872-1924), an American painter.

Nutter house: The Bailey House, also known as the Nutter House, in Portsmouth, NH, became a museum to honor Thomas Bailey Aldrich, thanks largely to the efforts of Lilian Aldrich.

the Day: The dedication of the Bailey House took place on 30 June 1908. See Horatio S. Krans, "T. B. Aldrich and the Portsmouth Celebration Held on June 30, 1908" in *Book News Monthly* (27: September1908) pp. 171-9.

Talbot and Elinor: The Aldriches' surviving twin son, Talbot, married Eleanor Little (b. 1886) in June 1906.

Mr. Deering: Henry Deering (1842-1917) was a longtime member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, serving on the standing committee. See *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (April 1918), pp. 83-6. In an earlier letter, Jewett had asked Lillian Aldrich to send him and his niece tickets for the June 30 celebration.

Mr. Bartlett: Probably this is Edward (Ned) Jarvis Bartlett. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Dexter: Probably Josephine Anna Moore (1846-1937), who was the second wife of Chicago lawyer Wirt Dexter (1832-1890).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Clara Sidney Potter Davidge Taylor to Sarah Orne Jewett

Cooperstown New York
July 19
[*1908*]*

Dear Sarah — Your note of a Wednesday in June followed me to California & back, & I only received it here today. Doubtless you heard long ago from Mr [Fuller *?*]* that the poets went to Rockland about the third or fourth week in June — Torrence wrote me the Aldrich*

[*Page 2*]

place would not answer for many reasons — they tried other points, but never thought they would arrive at anything definite or practical. Such results would have to come by accident, not by design.

I have been out of the world for weeks now, living the fixed routine that illness creates. I was 9 days on railroads back & forth between the

[*Page 3*]

oceans — I feel Papa's life was not restored in any real sense, only that the going was arrested. We live from day to day, that is all really, & have no plans.

Except that I am going to see you. After stirring [y *so it appears*] up to labor over those thankless (only in appearance) poets, I have been too stirred myself

[*Page 4*]

with the desire to kneel at your shrine not to realize it. I have two altars in New England to worship at, & before long ^the^ [incense *corrected*] & I will find our way to where we belong —

yours with love
Clara Sidney Davidge

Dont answer this, I am bowed with shame over the [notes *?*] [y *so it appears*] have had to pen already.

Notes

1908: See Davidge Taylor to Jewett of 11 June 1908, where she asks Jewett's help in finding a place to stay for American poet William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910), who had recently recovered from typhoid fever. Another American poet, Ridgely Torrence (1874-1950) was helping with that search. Wikipedia.

Fuller: Possibly this is Henry Brown Fuller (1867-1934), an American painter. Jewett was acquainted with his wife, Lucia Fairchild (1872-1924), also a painter.

Aldrich: This may refer to the Thomas and Lilian Aldrich summer home in Tenants Harbor, ME.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 23, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Lilian Woodman Aldrich to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
National Telephone 0188.
Shakespeare Hotel,
Stratford-on-Avon.
[*End letterhead*]

[*August 1908*]*

My dear Sadie

Anne Hathaway* sends you from her Cottage garden these sprigs of Lavender — And she hopes you will like them.

We are having a beautiful tour through this lovely English Country — I find a motor car the pleasantest of all for a journey — -------

A note from Mrs Read today, gives me this pleasant item for Portsmouth, & the Nutter House* ---- "Sunday there were 17 at the Memorial; Monday 65, Thursday 54, & in the three days, 22 "Bad

[*Page 2*]

Boy" books sold — this has made me very happy —

Much much love goes with this to you & Mary — and always dear Annie ----- -----

Fondly yours,
Lilian.

Can I do, or see anyone for you in London, or Paris? ------

Notes

An envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, canceled in Stratford on Avon, possibly in 1908. In the upper right corner of page one is penciled 1903, but 1908 is almost certainly correct. Aldrich reports attendance at her husband's memorial house, the Nutter House, in Portsmouth, N.H. and responds to Jewett's letter of 15 July 1908. T. B. Aldrich's *The Story of a Bad Boy* appeared in 1870.

Ann Hathaway: British playwright, William Shakespeare (1564-1616) married Anne Hathaway. Wikipedia.

Mrs Read ... Nutter House: Mrs. Read has not yet been identified. The Bailey House, also known as the Nutter House, in Portsmouth, NH, became a museum to honor Thomas Bailey Aldrich, thanks largely to the efforts of Lilian Aldrich.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 1, 5. Letters to

Sarah Orne Jewett.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday

[*August 1908*]*

How did it [happen *?*] that A. Howe* had such a [mass *?*] of [sketches *?*] June and July.* Shall I not now send them on to you? They came back today with some flowers* & the enclosed card & a Littell — with an interesting paper worth reading on [Campbell=Bannerman]*

[*Page 2*]

O it is quite worth-while for you to be at home; entirely the thing to do just now. I am really very little alone; and when there is ~~other~~ company there are often steps to be taken and talk to be carried on at greater length than I can always manage alone and I am grateful then for assistance{.}

It is a wonderful morning here{,} very cool and clear at first{,} now with clouds that look like a storm but we know not!

[*Page 3*]

I feel rather tired and this goes with love

[*unsigned*]

Notes

August 1908: The year is confirmed by the recent death of and *The Living Age* reprinting of the article on Campbell-Bannerman. The month seems likely given the report that Alice Howe has sent them sketches from her work in June and July.

A. Howe: Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

July: Fields seems to have written "a" with a tail for "and." She punctuates this sentence with a period.

Campbell=Bannerman: British politician, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (1836- 22 April 1908). Wikipedia.

Littell's The Living Age 330 (2 May 1908: 314-17) reprinted from the *Spectator* an appreciation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, written for the occasion of his retirement. Fields sometimes doubles her hyphens.

This manuscript is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University — Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, MS Am 1743, Box 2: 64.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

10 A.M.

[*about 6 August 1908*]*

Dearest: I am sure you are right not to think of going to poor K's funeral — you have done what you could and must now be very glad of that!

[Mrs Warner *?*]* has just gone{.} I am sure Helen M.* is very good to her. She is a most touching figure, very deaf now and has lost by sudden death her brother and her husband within 4 months of each other — She has great spirit and sweetness.

[*Page 2*]

I had a nice long visit from Sally* yesterday{.} She and her father mean to return to Cambridge today. She hopes to get away on Friday to Mrs Wharton* for a few days. Mrs Coffin* came up for a moment yesterday{.} The rain has again shut Alice* in. Mrs. Coffin is looking a little tired. All is going on well here{.}

How good to hear you yesterday dearest { — }

Goodbye your
Annie

My love to Helen M. Tell Mifs W.* how

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

we appreciate her paper{.} I am chiefly busy

Notes

1908: This date is a guess. It seems likely that the funeral Jewett was not able to attend was Katherine Prescott Wormeley's, who died on 4 August 1908. Among Jewett's and Fields's correspondents, this seems to be the only person to whom they might refer as "K" who died between 1882 and 1909. Another possibility is Katherine Coolidge who died in February 1900, though there is as yet no evidence that they ever used "K." to refer to Coolidge. Usually, she was "Coolidge."

Warner: This transcription is uncertain. Susan Lee Warner's spouse, Charles Dudley Warner, died 20 October 1900. Key to Correspondents.

Helen M.: Helen Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

Sally: Sarah Norton. Key to Correspondents. Her father, Charles Eliot Norton, died in October 1908.

Wharton: American author, Edith Wharton (1862-1937) and the Norton family were well acquainted. See *Edith Wharton and Cosmopolitanism* (2016) by William Blazek.

Mrs. Coffin: This person has not yet been identified. A possibility is Grace Parkman Coffin (1851-1928). She was the sister of correspondent Katherine Coolidge, and John Greenleaf Whittier was a friend of her husband's family. Key to Correspondents.

Fields also was acquainted with Sallie Russell Farmer Coffin (1826-1910), spouse of American journalist Charles Carleton Coffin (1823-1896). Wikipedia and Find a Grave.

Alice: Probably Alice Greenwood Howe, or possibly Alice Longfellow.

Mifs W: This person has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Intervale, Sunday

[*9 August 1908*]

Helen* and I drove over to Miss Wormeley's yesterday afternoon,# — a wonderfully beautiful afternoon, with such high, bright clouds and such a sunset, and the view from the house of most matchless beauty. *She* was there {—} all her atmosphere — her books on the table, her flowers all in bloom: it was a most sad and lovely and unforgettable visit. Only on Tuesday she was there — *all day Tuesday*! it seems so wonderful, that living creature, that *friend*! I kept saying to myself those lines of Fitzgerald's in the "Agamemnon": —

"And some light ashes in a little urn."*

#Fields's note: After Miss Wormeley's death.*

Notes

Helen: Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

urn: Edward Fitzgerald translated *Agamemnon: a Tragedy, taken from the Greek of Aeschylus*. This line appears in a chorus just before Agamemnon's first entrance. The Chorus describes the sorrow of the royal house at its losses in the just completed Trojan War. Speaking of the God of war, it says:

And for the blooming Hero gone a-field
Homeward remits a beggarly return
Of empty helmet, fallen sword and shield,
And some light ashes in a little urn.

Wormeley's death: Katherine Prescott Wormeley (January 14, 1830 - August 4, 1908), a British-born American nurse, worked with the United States Sanitary Commission and, in 1879, organized the Newport Charity Organization. She also was a translator of Balzac and other French writers. See also letter of October 20, [1908]. Source: Cary, "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Quarterly* 11 (March 1975) 13-49. In 1908, August 4 fell on a Tuesday.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Royal Cortissoz to Sarah Orne Jewett

New York
August 13th 19 [*08*]*

[*Begin Letterhead*]
THIRTY-ONE WEST TENTH STREET
[*End Letterhead*]

My dear Miss Jewett;

Perhaps as one of Miss Wormeley's* friends my name is known to you, and so you will permit me to tell you of my grief over her death and of my sympathy for you. You were often in her letters, and knowing of your friendship, I can realize how heavy the blow is to you. To me and my wife it was good to love her; we valued her more than I can tell. There was never a women like her. I send you the best words I printed her in memory the other day. They leave so much of my feeling for her unsaid but

[*Page 2*]

one cannot put everything into words. I was so glad to hear from Ralph Curtis* that he had been with her.

Sincerely yours,
Royal Cortissoz

Notes

1908: With this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick and canceled in New York on 13 August 1908. Also with the letter is the press clipping Cortissoz enclosed.

Wormeley: Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Key to Correspondents. She died on 4 August 1908. See Jewett's reply of 24 August 1908.

Ralph Curtis: Ralph Wormeley Curtis (1854-1922) was Wormeley's nephew, son of her sister Ariana Randolph Wormeley Curtis (1834-1922). Find a Grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah

Orne Jewett. Cortissoz, Royal, 1869-1948. 1 letter; [1908]. (42). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Willa Cather

Manchester by Sea, *August* 17, 1908.

My dear Willa, — I am delighted to have your letter.

You will find that I sent a verse that I found among my papers to "McClure's,"* — and I did it as a sort of sign and warrant of my promise to you. No story yet, but I do not despair; I begin to dare to think that if I could get a quiet week or two, I could really get something done for you, and it should be for you who gave me a "Hand up" in the spring!

I wish that I could see you and that something might bring you to Boston and for a night to Manchester. For more than a night, or as long as you could stay. Mrs. Fields bids me say this.

I shall be here for a fortnight now, or more. It is the time of year when people crowd the foreground of every background of shore or inland life, but it is also the time for quiet days together. I wish that I could see you, — I must write the words again!

Send me one word on office paper to say that you are getting on well. I envy you your work, even with all its difficulties. I wish that I could take a handful for my own hand, and to help you.

Notes

McClure's: Jewett's last work published in her lifetime was "The Gloucester Mother," a poem in *McClure's Magazine* 31 (October 1908) p. 703. In *Letters* edited by Annie Fields, a facsimile of the manuscript appears on p. 90. When Jewett and Cather met, Cather was an editor at *McClure's*. This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Royal Cortissoz

Manchester by Sea
August 24th
[*1908*]*

[*Begin deleted letterhead*]
~~South Berwick, Maine~~
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mr Cortissoz

I wished to thank you at once for your most kind letter and the true and friendly remembrance that prompted it. I thought of you too when I first had news of dear Mifs Wormeley's* death{.} Your friendship and thoughtfulness have long been a great pleasure to me because I was so thankful that she found such pleasure in perhaps the very latest of her real friendships. She

[*Page 2*]

often told me of your great [kindnesses *?*] and she delighted in your works and ways. I am sure that it was through you that her Second Funeral of Napoleon was printed and brought her the very last of her pleasures of that kind. What instant recognition the spirit of it has won! I have heard of it from so many persons and the last time I wrote her was to tell her this — and much more.

What a delightful friend

[*Page 3*]

and companion we shall always miss! — I heard from her, a gay spirited note after her accident dictated to Margaret* but signed with a steady K.P.W. — and I had planned to go to my friend Mrs. Merriman* on the Thursday so that I could drive over to see her — but on Wednesday the note came to tell me that I should not find her. — It was a hard blow — I cannot get over the disappointment for if I might only have seen her once more I think that I could have borne the loss better. I had all that one could have — on the Saturday

[*Page 4*]

I did go to the dear house on a wonderful afternoon — the mountains all transfigured — her flowers in bloom — her books lying on the table. I could see what she had been reading — her dear ghost was there with me as if we were lingering together — —

I love what you have written about her, and I thank you more than I can say. Oh how well we both knew it, that "noble pride," that hatred of 'pompous gravity,' that gentleness and kindness! She lived alone in that high house as if she lived in London and sometimes the nearby voice was a fox's — barking on the hills — She was never [unmindful *?*] of conventions and yet she knew

[*Page 5*]

nothing of conventionalities, any more than she did of sentimentalities — 'the vice of sentiment'* as some one said lately. — I am not so sure about Jane Austen,* but what a late supper she and Mary Lamb* might taken together!

I wish more than ever now that I might see you and Mrs. Cortissoz. And my friend M^rs^ Fields has been saying the same thing — She has begged me to ask if you would not remember us in case you are to be near [to *?*] here in the early autumn or later in Boston; [*deletion*] if you would

[*Page 6*]

give her the pleasure of a visit. Pray do not feel that I have been slow in answering to your kindness — perhaps Miss Wormeley may have told you that I had a bad accident some time ago and still have many days when I wish to write and do not find it possible. It robs me of all my work — and our dear friend will not longer put out her kind hand and make me feel her own bravery and power of turning from one thing to another.

[*Page 7*]

|| There is one more thing that I write to say at the end of this long letter = Not a great while ago, in late spring at least, I told Mr. Berkeley Updike about Miss Wormeley's M^me^ de Praslin letters* and what a distinguished little book I believed they would make — and he was much interested. But when I wrote to Miss Wormeley she told me that she did not know where the manuscript was. Do you think it would be possible to do anything about it now, or would Mr Ralph Curtis* like to know? ----

It may be that Mr.

[*Page 8*]

Putnam* has the manuscript with the Second Funeral. If Mr Curtis does not (or it may be Mr. Latimer) does not care to [keep *?*] the translation I should be so glad to see it again.

Pray believe me with all kind and appreciated messages and thanks for your kindness in writing.

Sincerely your friend
Sarah Orne Jewett

Notes

1908: Jewett correspondent Katherine Prescott Wormeley died on 4 August 1908. In July of 1908, her essay "Napoleon's Return from St. Helena" appeared in *Putnam's Monthly* 4:4, pp. 387-393.

Wikipedia says that in 1840, the remains of French general and emperor Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) were moved from Saint Helena island, where he was buried at his death, to Paris, where a state funeral was held on 15 December 1840. *American National Biography* says that Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer (1822-1904), Katherine Wormeley's older sister, also an author, "witnessed the second funeral of Napoleon." In her *Putnam's* essay, Wormeley says that she also witnessed this event, though she was only 10 years old at the time. Jewett's use and underlining of the title *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* may result from her knowledge of the works of British author William Makepeace Thackeray, who published a book with this title in 1841. Wormeley discusses his account of the event in her essay.

Margaret: This person appears to be a caretaker or secretary rather than a family member. She has not yet been identified.

Mrs. Merriman: Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

vice of sentiment: This phrase shows up more than once in 19th and 20th century criticism. Perhaps Jewett saw it in Charles Whibley's essay, "George Buchanan," *Blackwood's Magazine* 180 (July 1906), p. 9.

Jane Austen: British novelist, Jane Austen (1775-1817). Wikipedia.

Mary Lamb: British author, Mary Anne Lamb (1764-1847). Wikipedia.

Berkeley Updike: American printer and historian of typography, Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860-1941). He was the founder of Merrymount Press, publisher of two Jewett texts, including *Verses* (1916), a posthumous collection of her poems.

Curtis ...Putnam ... Latimer: Mr. Curtis probably is Wormeley's nephew, Ralph Wormeley Curtis (1854-1922), younger son of her sister, Ariana Randolph Wormeley Curtis (1834-1922. Find a Grave.

Mr. Latimer almost certainly is her nephew, Ralph Randolph Latimer (1862-1931), son of Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Find a Grave.

Mr. Putnam is George Haven Putnam. Key to Correspondents.

de Praslin letters: *Putnam's* published this announcement in 1909 issues of the magazine:

> The Murder of a Duchess
>
> The assassination of the Duchesse de Choiseul-Praslin was one of the celebrated criminal cases of the nineteenth century. That the murderer was her husband, and that he dropped dead in court when brought to trial, was not calculated to lessen popular interest in the crime or horror at its perpetration. An English girl who happened to be living in Paris at the time recalled the story in her old age and wrote it out for Putnam's Magazine. This was the late

Katherine Prescott Wormeley, well-known for her translations from the French.

Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer recounted this incident in her book, *France in the Nineteenth Century* (1892). *Putnam's* was absorbed by *Atlantic Monthly* in 1910, and so far as I can determine, this piece never was published. See also Wormeley to Jewett of 29 February 1908.

This manuscript is held by Archives and Manuscripts at Yale University's Beinecke Library, in the Royal Cortissoz Papers: Jewett, Sarah Orne, n.d. — Box: 6, Folder: 263: Call Number: YCAL MSS 146, Series I. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, the Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Augusta Ward

Manchester by Sea, Massachusetts, *September* 1, 1908.

My dear Mary, — It has been the swiftest of flights of a summer! I have been trying to solve the usual problem of trying to be in two places at once; but besides this I had two pleasant cruises down the Maine coast, of a week or so each, with Mrs. Forbes,* whom you will remember; but I wish you knew the "Merlin" too, a big sailing yacht of great charm and spread of sail; and the Maine coast, since you only saw that of Southern New England, so low and quiet and different. Oh, no! you have seen the St. Lawrence region, which is more like Maine; the Pointed Firs, — the mountains near the shore; the long Norway-like fiords and islands!

I have the whole 'back of my mind' full of things that I wish to tell you, but I get so hindered about writing: not the "stop" in one's mind that Quakers* gravely talk about, but something much less interesting. We are first of all so very anxious about dear Mr. Norton* in these days; Sally's letters are very troubled, poor child, but she said in her last letter that she hoped to get to Mrs. Fields's for a day and night very soon. She came twice with her father to Miss Sedgwick's in the very hot weather, but unluckily I was not here. I cannot give up the hope of seeing him again. For so many reasons I am thankful that you could come last spring.

People are talking about "Diana,"* and those who wait for the book are finding it hard to wait. I think every one delights in it. I am waiting, too, for the book to have it *all* again, and for next month's magazine number, I must also confess! Mrs. Bell* was wishing for it Saturday when she came up from the York Shore to luncheon. How I wish you had both been with her! Was the house all as you wished, and the poor hurt man doing well? We have longed to know, but I waited at first to write because I knew you would both go home to such busy days. I see that "Lady Rose" is to be played at the Castle Square Theatre,* and I shall hie me to see it with great haste. I *was* so sorry that you did not have the chance in London, but you might come over to Boston! I must not write more, but to send my love. I am afraid not to seal up this poor note and send it off — next thing it will be Spring.

Yours most affectionately.

Notes

Mrs. Forbes: Mrs. John M. Forbes. Richard Cary writes of the Forbes family, "Miss Jewett periodically visited the family of John M. Forbes, the railroad builder, who owned his own island off the coast of Massachusetts. Emerson's daughter Edith was married to Forbes's son William. The island was a haven for summer and autumn guests who entertained themselves at boating, fishing, riding, and hunting. Miss Jewett relished most the invigorating cruises along the Maine coast in the Forbes majestic sailing yacht, *Merlin*" (*Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, 86).

Quakers: The Quakers or Society of Friends practiced an inward mode of Christianity, in which a part of worship was inner contemplation, seeking the light of God's presence in oneself. Jewett's "stop" was a consequence of injuries suffered in her September 1902 carriage accident.

Mr. Norton: Sara Norton's father, Charles Eliot Norton, died on October 21, 1908. Key to Correspondents.

Miss Sedgwick's: Probably Jewett refers to British-American author Anne Douglas Sedgwick (1873-1936).

"Diana": Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel serial, *The Testing of Diana Mallory* ran for a year in *Harper's Monthly*, beginning in November 1907 and concluding in October 1908. The novel was published as *Diana Mallory* in 1908.

Mrs. Bell: Helen Olcott Choate Bell (1830-1918), daughter of Rufus Choate, and a neighbor of Annie Fields. Key to Correspondents.

"Lady Rose": Mary Augusta Ward's (1851-1920) novel *Lady Rose's Daughter* (1903) was dramatized as *Agatha* in 1905).

Wikipedia says: "The Castle Square Theatre (1894–1932) in Boston, Massachusetts, was located on Tremont Street in the South End.[1][2] The building existed until its demolition in 1933."

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton Fragment

South Berwick, *September* 16, 1908.

— I am sending a little book chiefly for the sake of its biographical preface. I have delighted in knowing Lady John Scott,* and just now I have been lending her to Mrs. Bell* who made friends as quickly as I did. She is such a simple and real and *dear* person. The grandniece who writes the preface must be equally nice and delightful. I thought it might be something that you and your father would like to read together. Do not hurry, or trouble to send it back, — some day I can put it in my pocket. I am going back to Manchester tomorrow or next day; these last few days I have been quite alone and have done ever so many put-off things and comforted my soul. I was much amused the other day by a tale of some good housekeeping creatures who enlivened a tea party by trying to think what they should carry with them into another world if they could choose one precious thing, — and one chirped up that she should take an empty drawer that she had in the third story. You will guess by this what turn my poor energies have taken, but indeed I have had three or four extra good days, and hope for more. I do hope that dear Mr. Norton* is better and stronger too. I think a great deal about him and wish many wishes. I always forget, when I see him, to ask a question about a classmate, young Perry,* whom I can just remember with deep childish affection as he was going over to Italy in '54 or '55, — his fair hair, his amusing, kind ways to his little niece. He was my mother's brother, and died that very year abroad. I am afraid he was no student, though he studied law and had some gifts and ambitions toward political life. He was "wild," and I am afraid a little naughty, and he and Mr. Bigelow Lawrence kept each other's rather gay company.

He had been abroad before and was twenty-eight when he died. These are nearly all the things I know about him, except that I still treasure the remains of a lovely Paris paint-box that he was bringing me home. What a long story about a poor young uncle! I wonder if Susanina* will preserve such memories. I must have been somewhere about five years old or a little less. He had been many months away. This Sunday I shall spend at Naushon* and see the great beeches and the deer flickering about. We saw two here this summer at the edge of some woods. I had been long hoping for such a sight. Mrs. Bell came up from York for luncheon last Saturday. Was not that delightful? So well and so enchanting.

Notes

Lady John Scott: Alicia Ann Spottiswoode, Lady John Montague-Douglas Scott (1810-1900). Jewett was reading *Songs and Verses by Lady John Scott* (1904), "edited, with a memoir, by her grand-niece, Margaret Warrender." Lady John Scott is best remembered as the author of "Annie Laurie."

Mrs. Bell: Helen Olcott Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents.

Norton: Sara Norton's father, Charles Eliot Norton, died on October 21, 1908.

Perry ... Lawrence: The uncle is Nathaniel Gilman Perry (1826-1855). See also *Necrology of Alumni of Harvard College* (1864), p. 61.

It is likely that Jewett refers to Timothy Bigelow Lawrence (d. 1869), whose notoriety in brahmin Boston is reflected in the book title: *An Exposition of the Difficulties Between T. B. Lawrence and His Wife, Sallie Ward Lawrence: Which Led to Their Divorce* (1851). Wikipedia sketches Mrs. Lawrence's life; see also *Appletons' Annual Cyclopaedia and Register of Important Event*s 1873, p. 503.

Perry and Lawrence both were, like Charles Eliot Norton, Harvard graduates from the class of 1846.

Susanina: The identity of Susanina is unknown.

Naushon: Wikipedia says: "Naushon Island, part of the Elizabeth Islands, is seven miles (11 km) long, just off (SW of) Cape Cod, and four statute miles (6 km) NW of Martha's Vineyard. The island is owned by the Forbes family and is included in the town of Gosnold, Massachusetts." Jewett visited the family of John M. Forbes there. See Jewett to Mary Augusta Ward of 1 September 1908.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Mary Amelia St. Clair to Annie Adams Fields

4 Edwardes Square Studios
Kensington. [W *?*]

Sept 19. 1908

My dear Mrs Fields

Y. loving letter was — & is — a great joy to me. I am ashamed to see how long ago it was written.

I wish I cd say — not

[*Page 2*]

that I "am going to Santa Barbara or Malta" — but that I am coming to New York & Boston. I am afraid that cannot be this year. I've had to be rather economical, as there have been some heavy expenses, & I must not take so long a trip. Perhaps next year it may be possible, & then I wd love to come & see you in Manchester.

[*Page 3*]

I have had a pleasant holiday, though, staying with friends, yachting with sons in Scotland & motoring with sons in Normandy. In October I am to take my friend, Miss Mary Moss,* (you may remember her brilliant work in The Atlantic Monthly) into Dorset to see Thomas Hardy* & explore his country. I have just come back from a visit to Oxford with her & Professor Jastrow & his wife.* She was so good to me when I

[*Page 4*]

stayed with her in Philadelphia & it is pleasant to see her over here & "show her round."

I wonder if you will like my new novel "Kitty Tailleur."* She is so different from my others that you may not care for it. I am planning a long — really very long — novel. It will be harder to write than anything I've done since The Divine Fire* & I must not talk about it — in case it does not "come off." It is one that I've had in my mind for years & I have not felt ready for it till now.

[*Up the left margin and*
then across the top margin of page 1]

Please give my dear love to Miss Jewett. I shall live in hope of

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

seeing you both before very long.

[*across the top margin of page 2*]

And with much love to y. dear self
always v. [affectely *?*] ys May Sinclair.

Notes

Mary Moss: American author and literary critic Mary Moss (1864-1914).

Thomas Hardy: British novelist and poet, Thomas Hardy (1840-1928).

Professor Jastrow & his wife: Probably this is Morris Jastrow, Jr. (1861-1921), according to Wikipedia, a "Polish-born American orientalist and librarian associated with the University of Pennsylvania." His father, Marcus Jastrow, was an internationally famous Talmudic scholar. His wife was Helena Bachman (1869-1940). Morris Jastrow attended an International Congress on the History of Religions in Oxford, England, in the autumn of 1908.

Kitty Tailleur: Sinclair's novel, *Kitty Tailleur*, appeared in 1908.

The Divine Fire: Sinclair's novel, *The Divine Fire* (1904), preceded *The Helpmate* (1907). Her next novel, *The Creators* (1910), was a long book. See *Miss May Sinclair: Novelist: A Biographical and Critical Introduction*, by Theophilus Ernest Martin Boll, p. 81.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), Letters of Sinclair, mss FL 1-5637. May Sinclair, when she abbreviates a word as well as with some titles places some of the letters in superscript position. I have elected not to duplicate this practice in this transcription.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Harriet Prescott Spofford

Manchester by Sea, Monday, 1908.

My dear Hally, — have been thanking you ever since your letter came, — you were so good and kind to write and I loved what you said. I found the verses* among some things I was pulling out of a desk or drawer; I don't know in the least when they were written, but when I saw them in print I felt a little more alive in the world. Perhaps some day now, in the right place and with the right kind of quietness, I shall find myself beginning all over again; but it will be a timid young author enough! We do have our long years' use of that strange little tool, the pen, to fall back upon, and that must count for something, — the wonder and uncertainty is about a "living spring," as country people would say, to come out of the hillside with proper water for the ink! It was a day like this last year that you all three came over to Berwick, and I wish you would do it again while Annie is there. With much love and many thanks for your dear letter.

Notes

verses: The last work published in Jewett's lifetime, "The Gloucester Mother," a poem which appeared

in *McClure's Magazine* (31:703) in October 1908. See Jewett to Cather of 17 August 1908.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Augusta Ward
Fragment

Manchester by Sea, *October* 1, 1908.

My dear Mary, — What I most wish to tell you is my delight in "Diana";* you have indeed done everything to those last chapters in making them justify Diana! They do! They do! I have been reading again and again with real admiration of your most noble and beautiful gifts, — the gifts of heaven of sympathy and feeling and insight above all. That defeated old Lady Lucy, with the young strength and self-forgetful love of Diana coming in at the door! There flits into my mind as I write a most lovely poem of Mr. Lowell's* that begins, "How was I worthy so divine a loss?" I think some of the lines in it are so akin to all you felt about Oliver and Diana, — perhaps you would not say so. Could Oliver ever be selfish or a cad again, with such a love? Ah, but he *was* selfish and must so continue, and must, thank Heaven, always be fighting and fall into worse shame when he cannot win. And her face would be shining more and more with the joy of watching his poor victories. My heart is full of your story, my dear friend. I miss you so as I write and wish that we were talking; indeed, I think we have never stopped missing you and dear Dorothy* since you went away. Our last day, our last minutes always seem so close.

Notes

"Diana": Mrs. Humphry Ward's *The Testing of Diana Mallory* (alternate title *Diana Mallory*) was appearing in *Harper's Monthly* 1907-1908, and was completed in the October issue.

Mr. Lowell's: The poem of Jewett correspondent James Russell Lowell to which Jewett refers is "Das Ewig-Weibliche" (The Eternal Feminine).

How was I worthy so divine a loss,
Deepening my midnights, kindling all my mornings?
Why waste such precious wood to make my cross,
Such far-sought roses for my crown of thorns?
And when she came, how earned I such a gift?
Why spend on me, a poor earth-delving mole,
The fireside sweetnesses, the heavenward lift,
The hourly mercy, of a woman's soul?
Ah, did we know to give her all her right,
What wonders even in our poor clay were done!
It is not Woman leaves us to our night,
But our brute earth that grovels from her sun.
Our nobler cultured fields and gracious domes
We whirl too oft from her who still shines on
To light in vain our caves and clefts, the homes
Of night-bird instincts pained till she be gone.
Still must this body starve our souls with shade;
But when Death makes us what we were before,
Then shall her sunshine all our depths invade,
And not a shadow stain heaven's crystal floor.

From *The Poetical Works* of James Russell Lowell (1895) p. 464.

Dorothy: In *Annie Adams Fields* (2002), Rita Gollin says that Mrs. Humphry Ward and her daughter visited the United States and stayed with Fields in Boston in June 1908 (pp. 298-9). This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright

Manchester by Sea
9th October [*1908*]*

Dear Sarah

This letter came near crossing yours for I have been wishing to write and thinking of you a good deal these last few days. I was wishing that I could hear from you and Mary* direct ^though I have had news from one friend & another^. I thought I had written last and I imagined that you might be coming up earlier and that I might see you — You thought of taking the household and going right to Newport when you wrote last, and I thought it was to be toward

[*Page 2*]

the first of this month and idly waited to hear! I dont believe in keeping debt & credit always about letters with my real friends, but I often get off the hooks about writing. This last time it was because I adventured from York Harbour homeward in a motor — a friend offered to bring Mary & me home, and we came so fast that it almost broke my neck again! I have kept pretty fairly well, on the whole (when I keep to steady trolleys that stop every little while!) and I have thought of you always with unforgetting and

[*Page 3*]

true affection — looking forward to seeing you again with great eagerness. It seems a good [while *written over* time?] since June. Mrs. James Howe* told me that Mary really got off to Halifax and I was so glad, and perfectly love to hear too, that Mr. Wheelwright has had a good sailing summer on the Hesper. I shall beg to hear all about it. I thank you every time I think of all the islands that I have come to know, and all my lovely sailings — — It just occurs to me that I did write you three or four weeks ago just about your letter came — but I do still owe Helen Merriman.* I thought she was coming to town very early — about

[*Page 4*]*

the Cambridge [*unrecognized word*] — "owe no man anything but to love one another"* — that's a good motto, but after all, one grows more and more to love the debts that come with true friendship . . .

I have just been telling Mrs. Fields about your letter and giving your message and she says as I do, how [much *corrected*] she feels for you about the good cook. I think Mrs. McDevitt 25 Lawrence Street* can get first rate people especially if you give her time enough. She used to live (in single ~~days~~ life) with Alice Howe* long ago and knows us all. I suppose she is a friend of yours! I always think of Mrs. Cabot's Mary Bourke for you, as I have often said. She would

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

wont forget that I am very fond of you dear Sarah and it makes [me *corrected*] fonder still when I know that the clouds come — even if I cant be or do anything else. Goodbye for now, but I really hope that I shall see you soon

S. O. J.

Notes

1908: This manuscript is problematic in that it clearly contains pieces of two different letters. Page 4 comes from another letter and there is material missing at the end of the other 3 pages. The main three pages probably are from 1908. Jewett clearly writes after 1902, as she alludes to her September 1902 carriage accident. 1908 seems likely because she refers to Mrs. James Howe, who appears in the notes below, to be Laetitia Lemon Howe, who married James Carleton Howe in February of 1908. If Mrs. Howe is correctly identified, then this letter must have been written in 1908.

Mary: Mary Cabot Wheelwright, daughter of Mrs. Wheelwright. Jewett also mention Sarah Wheelwright's spouse, Andrew, and their yacht, the *Merlin*. Key to Correspondents. Jewett also mentions her own sister, Mary, in this letter.

Mrs. James Howe: It seems likely that this is Letitia Todd Lemon (1884-1927), wife of James Carleton Howe (1877-1957), a Massachusetts manufacturer and business man, who graduated from Harvard in 1899. They married in February 1908.

Helen Merriman: Key to Correspondents.

Page 4: It seems clear that this page does not belong here, and that the material that should appear at this point in the letter is missing.

love one another: See the Bible, Romans 13:8.

Mrs. McDevitt 25 Lawrence Street: This person remains unidentified, though the context seems to suggest that she operated an employment agency for domestic help.

Mrs. Cabot's Mary Bourke: Mrs. Cabot is Susan Burley Cabot, who died in 1907. Key to Correspondents. Mary Bourke, presumably her cook, has not be identified.

This manuscript is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Helen Choate Bell to Sarah Orne Jewett

Woodstock Inn
Woodstock —
[*13 October 1908*]*

Dear Sarah

Alice Howe* has written me about Annie — I had heard a mere rumor of her illness — She tells me she is better but oh how I long to know more — This beautiful weather must build her right up — Of course it is beautiful here

[*Page 2*]

but what if it is?

Nothing — but you and Annie are of any interest now — I am writing with a pin dipped in blueing, but it is all the hotel offers —

With love
your Helen Bell

Notes

1908: A black bordered envelope associated with this letter, on black bordered stationery, is

addressed to Jewett c/o Mrs. Fields in Manchester by the Sea, canceled in Boston on 13 October and in Manchester on 14 October 1908.

Alice Howe: Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 8, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

Tuesday morning, *October*, 1908.

My dearest Sally, — It was a great joy to see your handwriting, — letters can give such a feeling of companionship. I have been longing for some news of your dear father,* and I was planning last week to go to town and to Shady Hill to try to see you, but on Monday night dear Mrs. Fields was taken very ill, and for some days and nights I was most anxious.

But we have begun our little pleasures, too, and yesterday and day before I read to Mrs. Fields awhile in Lucas's "Charles Lamb."* We have been going through the first big volume this summer, and a chapter about all those friends whom she knows so well seems just the right thing. We have just got Coleridge home from Malta, and nobody in the book or out can think what to do with him! What wonderful weather for us here and at Shady Hill. Last night came the first touch of frost. I see from the window that a row of zinnias are all brown, but the upper flower-bed is as bright as ever — all the friendly marigolds — and I shall have them tucked up with a blanket if it is cold again tonight. I must not write longer, but I think to you often and send with true love you — and dear Mr. Norton both. I have never been able to believe that wireless telephones were a new discovery; if you love people enough you can be your own battery, the only thing is to teach us how to use it, — so often it seems to go off by accident only. What a scientific turn this letter takes! but never mind; it carries you much love and many wishes.

Notes

father: Sara Norton's father, Charles Eliot Norton, died on October 21, 1908.

Lucas's "Charles Lamb": Jewett probably refers to Edward Verrall Lucas (1868-1938) *The life of Charles Lamb* (1905). This is described as the life of Charles Lamb (1775-1834) and Mary Lamb (1764-1847). Among the Lambs's associates was British poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1773-1834).

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

S.B. Oct 17th. 1908.

Dear Sarah:

I feel very low at so constantly writing you about pleasures I have had, when I think that you have had anxieties instead during the same time, only I know you will be glad to know I have had the good times. It was a special disappointment that you couldn't go yesterday, for Emily* had waited in the hope you could go, and enjoy what was a perfect day with us. She is taking the motor to town on Monday, for it is in danger of freezing here, cold nights. I believe its water valves did catch once, so it is to be varnished and ready for her when she gets back to town. We got off just before eleven

[*Page 2*]

and went over Bonny Big* again by the road we used to take (Oak Woods meeting house) and then through Sanford and just before getting to Alfred we turned into a little wood road to have our luncheon{.} We found the loveliest spot where there had once been a house on the hillside, and there were snowberry bushes and bright red apples lying in the grass all about. After having "very well dined" we went on our way again, and quickly got to our journey's end{.} Eldress Lucinda* opened the door with such expressions of welcome and Emily was welcomed also to her hearts content. We were had into the parlor at once and a fire lighted, after

[*Page 3*]

which our hostess flew all over the place and then upstairs to set on her best lawn kerchief &c{.} Then we were taken across the way to the workrooms & dormitory [and *?*] here we found the sharp faced little sister who has the children in charge. Mary Anne speedily came and another younger sister who I didn't remember so well. I didn't [see the *?*] one who was so sad looking since her brothers death you remember, [but *?*] meant to ask for her, only "it slipped my mind" with so many topics of interest. Emily saw every thing worth while and was so dear to them. She bought goods, and bargained for a carpet, but they didn't like

[*Page 4*]

to promise it to her until Eldress Fanny Casey* who was off buying supplies came back. Elder Henry was wrestling with a refractory engine at the barn when we arrived, but came as soon as he could with a great welcome. Mary Anne told me that very often he would say 'Now let us sing one friends hymn" and they would have {"}Raise, Raise my Spirit". Emily said coming home how they do adore Sarah! and you would have thought so if you could have heard the eager affectionate way they kept asking for you. Each one in turn as we met. They sent such messages and talked about Thérèse* so delightfully{.} There are minor points on which

[*Page 5*]

we must speak later, but time fails now. We stayed an hour or so, before going back to Alfred where we took a crossroad to Kennebunk which was nearly all through woods. We went to the Port, and caught a glimpse of Mrs. Deland on her lawn but didn't stop as it was getting late. There was such a sunset, and John* had to stop to do something to the tire. So we sat on the rocks and watched the wide trail of rose color which came quite across the bay to our feet, while just a little at one side the waves were breaking into the whitest foam against the sharp rocks. We came across country to the

[*Page 6*]

Wells road and home by Mrs Getchells* getting to the gate just as the Angelus was ringing. I am asked to go to town Monday morning early, so can look for a gown and hat easily. I thought of Stearns' for the former. As you say I have had good fortune there always. My dear I was proud of the [Cap'n's *?*] letter, for it was a great triumph to have done such a piece of seamanship. We shall have so many, many things to speak about presently. Mr Perkins* is S.K. I will take the check right down to the bank this day — We will also speak later of the visitors !!! Emily says that Miss [Cohen *?*]

[*Page 7*]

does make good coats & skirts but it will be far less trouble if I can get one ready to wear{.} Do give dearest love to Mrs. Fields. I hope she is much better this day — I do think of you both so much, and would give anything if I could help her to gain faster or do anything for you.

Your aff MRJ

Notes

Emily: Emily Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

Bonny Big: A document of the Maine State Legislature mentions the Bonny-big hills of Sandford, ME.

Eldress Lucinda: Jewett and Tyson's party visited the Shaker colony near Alfred, Maine. Among the residents she names are Elder Henry Green (Key to Correspondents), Eldress Lucinda Taylor, Eldress Fanny Casey. Little more is yet known about these persons or about Mary Anne. See *The Alfred ME Shaker Photograph Collection*.

Thérèse: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc visited the Alfred Shakers in 1897. Key to Correspondents.

Deland: American author, Margaret Deland (1857-1945). Her summer home, Greywood, overlooked the Kennebunk River in Kennebunkport, Maine. Wikipedia.

John: Presumably an employee of Mrs. Tyson, but he has not yet been further identified.

Mrs Getchells: This person has not yet been identified.

Stearns: R. H. Stearns and Company was a large Boston retail store noted for its women's clothing, from the 1860s until about 1920.

Perkins: The meaning of this sentence is elusive, and it is not certain to which Mr. Perkins Jewett refers. Mrs. Edith Forbes Perkins was a correspondent.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 100, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to David Douglas

Manchester by Sea, Mass., *October* 20. [*1908*]

My dear Mr. Douglas, — Day after day has gone by, warm and misty or rather smoky from the great forest fires that have so afflicted the country east and west.* We are apt to have a wet, windy October and nearly all November like this, but it has been an unusual summer in many respects, hardly any rain and yet little real drought. The farmers, who do not often dig their wells deep enough, are always afraid of the ground's freezing before the

great rains come, and having to drive their poor cattle far to water, but let us hope that all the springs will fill in season this year. We have seen Mr. and Mrs. Bryce lately* — since their return from England. [The Embassy has had its summer quarters almost on the next place] and the Ambassador seems to feel little uneasiness about high affairs on either side the Atlantic. They are now away, so that we don't know how the latest affairs in Turkey, etc., affect his mind. He is a delightful man. Nobody could be more welcome to either his place of State or to his old friends in America. I have been wishing to ask you if it would be possible to find a copy of "Gleanings from an Old Portfolio," edited by Mrs. Godfrey Clark?* I see that it was privately printed, but sometimes such a book comes into the market. I was reminded of it by the list at the head of a paper in the July "Quarterly Review" about my favorite Lady Louisa Stuart.* I always thank you for giving me the pleasure of what has been a true "book friendship." This year I have lost one of my dearest older friends, Miss Katharine Wormeley, who was of the Lady Louisa ("Guinea!") stamp* and rank, a delightful "great lady," — daughter of an American mother and an English admiral, who fought in the Peninsular Wars,* and was already retired when his younger children were born. Miss Wormeley had seen much of the world all her days, but her last years were spent in a quiet house among our "White Mountains," where she busied herself with French translations, Balzac, etc., being wise enough to know that a hermit should not be idle! She lived as if she lived in London, but for months she heard few sounds beside the wind and the mountain brooks and the foxes barking on the hills. I delight in the thought of my visits to her. Lately I have been re-reading the preface of the "Lady John Scott," and delighting in it more than ever. Has "Margaret Warrender" who signs it written other things? — for this preface is a very uncommon piece of writing of that difficult and delicate sort.*

For how many pleasures I have to thank you, dear Mr. Douglas! and I must beg for one more; that we may hear from you soon and have good news of you and all your household. I hope that Miss Douglas* will be happening on a new sketching ground; her work is so interesting and must provide you with many treasures and souvenirs.

Notes

forest fires: Ralph Chipman Hawley and Austin Foster Hawes, in *Forestry in New England: A Handbook of Eastern Forest Management* (1912, pp. 254-7), report on numerous and extensive forest fires in Maine during 1908.

Bryce: James Bryce, Viscount Bryce (1838-1922), was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford University (1870-1893), ambassador to the United States (1907-1913), and also an author.

Clark: Alice Georgina Caroline Strong Clark edited *Gleanings from an Old Portfolio, Containing Some Correspondence Between Lady Louisa Stuart and Her Sister Caroline, Countess of Portarlington, and Other Friends and Relations* in 1895/1898, three volumes.

Stuart: Wikipedia says: "Lady Louisa Stuart (12 August 1757 - 4 August 1851) was a British writer of the 18th and 19th centuries."

John Buchan (1875-1940), *Lady Louisa Stuart* in *Quarterly Review* (London : England). London : J. Murray, 1908, Vol. 209, no. 416 (July) 1908.

Wormeley ... Peninsular Wars: Katharine Wormeley. Key to Correspondents. The Peninsular Wars involved England fighting Napoleon's forces in Spain and Portugal (1808-1813).

("Guinea!") stamp: According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "In 1663 the Royal Mint was authorized to coin gold pieces of the value of 20*s*. 'in the name and for the use of the Company of Royal Adventurers of England trading with Africa'; these pieces were to bear for distinction the figure of a little elephant, and 44$^1/_2$ of them were to contain 1 lb. troy of 'our Crowne gold'. The 20*s*. pieces of the African company received the popular name of *guineas* almost as soon as they were issued, as being intended for use in the Guinea trade, and made of gold from Guinea; and the name was extended to later coins of the same intrinsic value.... The latest coinage of guineas took place in 1813." Hence, any coin with a guinea stamp would be claiming superior value.

"Lady John Scott" ... "Margaret Warrander": Jewett was reading *Songs and Verses by Lady John Scott* (1904). Warrender's memoir is about 100 pages. With luck, Jewett might have found at least three other titles by Julian Margaret Maitland Warrender: *Marchmont and the Humes of Polwarth: by one of their descendants ....* (1894), *Walks Near Edinburgh* (1895), *Illustrations of Scottish History* (1889).

Miss Douglas: Douglas's daughter. See Sophie B. Douglas to Jewett of Christmas 1907.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

Tuesday night
[*October 21, 1908*]*

My dearest Sally

I must write one word to tell you how close I hold you in my heart, and how I share with you these hours of watching. You will be sure of this and yet I cannot help saying it or how dearly I love to think of your father and all that his friendship and years of kindness have been to me. I think most of all of the last time I went to Ashfield — that beloved visit! I feel nearer to him now, and count the new nearness of every year, and yet I keep thinking

[*Page 2*]

of those days.

Oh, it is no use to write but I long to know that you will remember for comfort that they never are so near us as when they first go — Many and many a time now I have proved this true! — it is all very hard to bear but great peace falls upon our hearts and theirs together.

Will you give my love to Lily and Margaret, and to your brother Richard?* I feel very near to you all.

I could not help

[*Page 3*]

going to you if I were not held here, but my heart's love goes, dear dear Sally —

Yours most tenderly
S.O.J.

Notes

1908: This date comes from the envelope accompanying the letter, addressed to Shady Hill. in Cambridge, MA, was the Norton family residence. On the front of the envelope is a note in another hand: "Ans. Wreath acknowledged." Norton's father, Charles Eliot Norton, died on 21 October 1908. Ashfield was the Norton summer residence in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts.

Lily and Margaret, and to your brother Richard: Sara Norton's siblings. See Norton in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University. Norton Family, recipient. Letters Received by the Norton Family. 5 letters to Sara Norton; [1897-1908]. MS Am 1088.1 (870-874).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sara Norton

Thursday morning
[*22 October 1908*]*

Dearest Sally — oh thank you thank you dear for this note. You are always in our hearts, but I need not tell you so. Dear Mrs. Fields is much stronger in these last two days but she feels very sad. I can see that her mind is full of that beautiful [group *corrected*] of friends whom she almost alone remembers all together eager with their love of books and of life — We must

[2]

be all that we can be to her and for her.

I shall be in Cambridge tomorrow (since I can feel that she can be left for midday —) at the Chapel,* and this is after [a all *so written*] a kind of comfort —

Heaven bless you dear Sally
S.O.J.

Notes

1908: An envelope associated with this letter was addressed to Shady Hill, in Cambridge, MA, and cancelled on 28 October 1908, but that may not be the correct envelope, for 28 October fell on a Wednesday in 1908. In Jewett to Howells of 23 October, Jewett indicates that she and Howells had attended a service for Norton on the 23rd.

Chapel: Probably, Jewett refers to a memorial service for Norton's father, who died on 21 October 1908. See Norton in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University. Norton Family, recipient. Letters Received by the Norton Family. 5 letters to Sara Norton; [1897-1908]. MS Am 1088.1 (870-874).

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

New York Oct 22d 1908

Dear Friend

I shall mail you with this the book.* Gertrude* says that the day they came in I was chained to my chair three hours and a half and read it right through. I did read it through but took no count of the time. It seemed as if some other me had done it and I liked the other me better than me self — I trust you are heartily well and not overtired [moving *?*]{,} the which I presume you have done [and *corrected*] wish you were back on the hill{,}* these days are so perfect. I am getting into the groove and am heartily

well ~~as~~ also for one so lazy as I be{,} so the children say. That poem from Sarah* was not in Harpers but Maclures. I have both and so mixed them. With love to her grace

As ever yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

book: Collyer often omits periods in this letter. I have supplied them where they seem necessary. Collyer's book, *Some Memories*, appeared in 1908.

Gertrude: Collyer's daughter-in-law. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

hill: Fields's summer residence was on Thunderbolt Hill in Manchester by the Sea.

Sarah: Jewett's poem, "The Gloucester Mother," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* in October 1908, p. 703. It was the final known publication in her lifetime.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Sarah Orne Jewett to William Dean Howells

Manchester by Sea,
October 23rd.
[*1908*]*

Dear Mr. Howells

I saw you today at the Appleton Chapel and I felt as one sometimes feels at the sight of an old friend — a new spring coming from a deeper place in the hillside of life, of attachment and affection. You must not think either that it is only the ink of this letter that begins to write itself — It is a true spring on this traveller's wayside. And I thought that you in your friendship and I in mine with dear Mr. Norton know some things together and hold them with dear love and gratitude for our very own that many of the old Cambridge neighbours, and cousins of varying degrees could never know. Maine and Ohio had not given you and me certain things that his kind hand held waiting — perhaps he cared too about our Ohio and Maine dust that we brought to him! What a dear friend — what a helper and teacher he has been! but how he has made us value the dust of which we are made, and how the springs of friendship quickly washed away everything but some fairy gold when we were with him. I look back to my first visit to Ashfield more and more thankfully every year, and I love to remember that Mr. Lowell* helped me to know Mr. Norton, to know one was to know the other. How he said things about our stories — how he <u>didn't</u> say things; how quick his letters came when we were in trouble, how sure we were that he understood why some happy days and hours were so happy! I turn to you to say this as I could not turn to anyone else, and find a beautiful new reason for our being friends. I think that in coming days the thought of you will be a great comfort often and often when you do not know it, to Sally.* She is very fond of you and I know that her father's love for you

[*Page 2*]

will be a most treasured legacy to her. I do hope in my heart that you will see her whenever you can. I think of this as one of her truest comforts.

I hoped to be at South Berwick long ago and to have you and dear Mrs. Fields see each other there, but three weeks ago just as we were going down, she fell very ill and is only just recovering. We shall be in town next week I hope. Forgive this letter if it says wrong things — the words are very bungling sometimes, but I should not send it if we had been near enough to even touch hands for one moment before we went our ways, give my love to Mrs. Howells and Pilla.*

Affectionately yours, always,
S.O.J.

Notes

1908: Jewett and Howells have attended the funeral of Charles Eliot Norton, who died on 21 October 1908. Key to Correspondents.

Lowell: James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents.

Sally: Sara Norton. Key to Correspondents.

Pilla: Howells's daughter. Key to Correspondents.

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Box 4 (122).

Willa Cather to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin* l*etterhead*]
-W-S-C-
[*End letterhead*]
82 Washington Place [*New York City*]
October 24<u>th</u> [*1908*]

Dear Miss Jewett;

Your letter reached me on a gloomy and tired day and such a new heart as it gave me. It is so true that "great worries make little frets", and that worried people become sour and disposed to find faults. Let me take that as a rebuke, whether you meant it so or not, for it is a rebuke that will do me good. The fact that both you and Mrs. Fields felt vitality in the first chapters of Mrs. Ward's story* has cheered me mightily. I am sending you a letter from her in which she outlines the rest

[*Page 2*]

of the story. I am now ransacking libraries to find material on divorce for her. I sent her off a bundle of pamphlets yesterday.

I knew Mr. Norton's death* would be a sorrow to both you and Mrs. Fields, and I thought of you both when I saw the headlines announcing it. Mrs. Fields is the only one left who can evoke that vanished time that was so much nobler than this. How she does evoke it! I think it never had much reality for me until that afternoon when I first went to her house on Charles Street, and she sat in the window with the fine broad river and a quiet sunset behind her. It was the first time in my life that I ever felt that

[*Page 3*]

we had any past — of that kind — of our very own, and I went out with an exultant feeling of ~~acquisition.~~ acquisition. I dont think she said anything about those old chapters of her life, but one got the feeling of them almost more than if she had. That is one reason why I love her verses to the Charles River. The moment my eye fell on them they brought back that first meeting with you both — a thing so long waited for.

What joy I have had from "The Singing Shepherd,"* which you marked and tied up for me with your own hands. I love "Blue Succory" and "An Autumn Bird" and "Winter Lilacs." But I think "Still in Thy Love I Trust" is perhaps the most beautiful.

[*Page 4*]

That is one of the complete things that give one such complete and utter satisfaction. And then there is dear "Little Guinever," that is so like a song in some Elizabethan play. How really gay that is, and how it sings.

I feel sure that you are both back in Charles Street by this, and I am hopeful that Mrs. Fields is getting joy out of these soft warm autumn days. "The Gloucester Mother" was copied in the N. Y. Times,* and when I was on the train going up to New Haven to spend Saturday and Sunday of last week, I saw a dear old lady cut the verses out of the paper with a hair pin!

Miss Lewis* and I are enjoying our apartment more every day, although we lead so dreary, idle lives in it. Mrs. Fields, I know

[*Page 5, letterhead*]

will exclaim when you tell her that so far we have largely fended for ourselves and have managed to get our own breakfast and luncheon and, about three days a week, our dinner. We dine at the Brevoort* on other nights and have a maid come in to clean two days a week. There are good reasons why we should each of us practise reasonable economy this winter, and cooking does take one's mind away from office troubles. These latter cares will, we hope, be somewhat lighter after the middle of November. Meanwhile, we shall have a pretty thorny path to tread until then.

[*Page 6*]

The sales for October were 10,000 more copies than last October, and November has started well.*

I have just finished the page proofs of my story in the December number.* I am afraid you wont like it, dear Lady. The scent of the tube-rose* seems to cling to it still. It rather screams, and I cant feel ~~as if~~ ^that^ stories like that matter much. But there is a little one, which Mr. McClure and Mr. Burlingame sniff at, which I somehow think might interest you a little — because it is different from the things you knew when you were ~~little~~ ^a child^. In the West we had a kind of Latin influence, as you had an English one. We had so many Spanish words, just as you had words left over from Chaucer.* Even the cow-boy saddle, you know, is an old Spanish model.*

[*Page 7*]

There was something heady in the wind that blew up from Mexico. I make bold to send this scorned tale (Mr. McClure says it is all introduction) and I pray you cast your eye upon it in some empty half hour. It is about a place a weary long way from South Berwick.

I hope the size of this packet will not frighten you. A thousand good wishes and much love goes with it to you and to Mrs. Fields. Are you rested by this, I wonder, and is your anxiety for Mrs. Fields quite over? I hope so. Good night, Dear Lady.

Devotedly
Willa

Notes

Mrs. Ward's story: Mary Augusta Ward's novel serial, *The Testing of Diana Mallory* ran for a year in *Harper's Monthly*, beginning in November 1907 and concluding in October 1908. The novel was published as *Diana Mallory* in 1908.

Mr. Norton's death: Charles Eliot Norton died 21 October 1908 . Key to Correspondents.

"Little Guinever": All of the poems Cather names, except "An Autumn Bird" appear in Fields's collection, *The Singing Shepherd* (1895). However, "The Bird of Autumn" *is* included.

Times: Jewett's "The Gloucester Mother" first appeared in *McClure's Magazine* (31:702) in October 1908. The poem also appeared in the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books*, October 17, 1908, p. 1, with slight textual variations.

Miss Lewis: Edith Lewis (1882-1972) was an editor at *McClure's Magazine* and managing editor of *Every Week Magazine*. After meeting in 1903, Lewis and Cather became domestic partners until Cather's death in 1947.

Brevoort: According to the Westview News, the Hotel Brevoort, in New York City, was built in 1845 by the Brevoort family and demolished in 1954.

December number: "On the Gulls' Road" appeared in the December 1908 issue of *McClure's Magazine*.

tube-rose: Wikipedia says: "The tuberose is a night-blooming plant native to Mexico, as is every other known species of Polianthes."

McClure … Burlingame: For Sidney S. McClure, Key to Correspondents. Author Edward Livermore Burlingame (1848-1922) was editor-in-chief of *Scribner's Magazine* (1886-1914). Jewell and Stout identify the story Cather sent to Jewett as "The Enchanted Bluff."

Chaucer: Middle-English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1343 - 1400).

Spanish model: Wikipedia confirms the Spanish origins of the "cowboy" or western saddle.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930, MS Am 1743.1, (15) Cather, Willa, 1873-1947. 3 letters; 1908 & [n.d.]. A transcription appears in *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather* (2013) by Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout, pp. 115-7. New transcription and notes.

Annie Trumbull Slosson to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
83 Irving Place
[*End letterhead*]

October 28th 1908*

Dear Sarah Orne Jewett

You just escaped another letter of congratulation on that poem in McClure! I was just going to write when the thought came to me that perhaps it was the work of years ago and it might hurt to think too much about it. It had the sea in it and I liked it.

I was more than glad to have your letter. Again and again I have thought

[*Page 2*]

of writing, but refrained swiftly on your account. I am so sorry you cannot write for us. I miss it more than I can tell you. And I know how you miss it.

But it will come back. I know it will. If you could at least find those lost stories!

Yes, I write a little, principally goody-goody sketches. I have brought out two books* the past year, but you would not care for them.

[*Page 3*]

One was made up of true stories, the first I ever wrote, sketches of plain folk I have known. I called it Simples from the Master's garden. Two dear old servants, with black faces and white souls were told of in it and some other simple saints. I would send it to you were I not afraid you would think you must acknowledge and say something pleasing about it. Then a publisher asked [lean *?*] to make a small book of two magazine tales of mine, each laid in the White Mts, for sale to

[*Page 4*]

jaded tourists this last summer, and I consented. One was an Atlantic story ^"a dissatisfied soul"^ which came out two years ago and which greatly interested me as I wrote it, the other was trash to me. I may send both to you, as we say in New England I don't know as I will and don't know as I will.

I was seventy in May and so ought to stop scribbling perhaps.

I have [never seen *?*] the Hampshire Sketches though I was [fond *?*] of M'lle Ixe* years ago. As I read your praise of them and characterization of their style

[*Page 5, letterhead*]

and charm I [feel *?*] a keen longing to go back and begin again and try to write that way. Do you know the [feeling *?*] ? At seventy it hurts a little.

I went to Florida last winter for the first time without my comrade* of long years. [Gripe *?*] sent me and I took a niece along. I went to a new place with no old associations. I may go again in January.

Good bye. I wish I might see you face to face. I love you,

Affectionately
Annie Trumbull Slosson

Notes

1908: Penciled in another hand at the top center of page 1: Poem: "The Gloucester Mother". Jewett's poem first appeared in *McClure's Magazine*, October 1908.

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett care of Mrs. James T. Fields in Manchester by the Sea, MA, and forwarded to 148 Charles St., Boston, cancelled on 28 October 1908.

two books: Slosson's two recent books were: *Simples from the Master's Garden* (1907) and *A Dissatisfied Soul — A Tale of the White Mountain*s (1908).

Hampshire Sketches ...M'lle Ixe: *Mademoiselle Ixe* (1891) is a novel by Lanoe Falconer, pen name of British fiction writer Mary Elizabeth Hawker (1848-1908). Her 1907 book was *Old Hampshire Vignettes*. Wikipedia.

comrade: Wikipedia suggests that this comrade was Slosson's widowed brother-in-law, William Cowper Prime (1825-1905). Prime was an art historian who shared Slosson's interest in entomology.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 199. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields

Oct 28. 1908.

[*Begin letterhead*]

STOCKS,
TRING.

[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mrs Fields

Whenever Mr and Mrs Hooper* appear our welcome will be ready for them. I have told the servants to send on their cards, & I hope very much that they will come down to us at Stocks for a night — There is no chance I fear of our being in town before Christmas, but Stocks is so near that it ^is^ almost as easy to come to us there, as to dine in town, — especially since we have become possessors, or rather [hirers *?*] of a motor! — We have just got back into the dear rebuilt [or *?*] transmogrified house. It is much prettier and more convenient ^than of old^ & I hope the newness will soon subside! — I have just been

[*Page 2*]

writing my letter of sympathy to [dear *?*] Sally* — How thankful I was that we had that [last *?*] evening at Shady Hill in May, & for the tender & gracious [memories *?*] it leaves. Mr Norton was quite himself then, though so frail, and the remembrance of him standing on the threshold, as we left, smiling gently at us, so kind, and yet already so far away, will never leave me —

I think of you now as back in the Charles St house. It is so good to hear from Sarah that you are really the better for the summer. — I do hope the winter will do nothing to take away the gain.

We have been very busy getting into Stocks & are now fairly settled, but all our home-coming has been darkened for us by the grave illness of my dear sister Julia Huxley.* She is very, very ill, & one hangs upon the news from day to day, & week to week. It is such a tragedy! In seven years she has created a great

[*Cross written in the left margin, through the top lines, and in the right margin of page 2*]

school, entirely by the magic of her own personality, with 80 girls, & buildings like a beautiful college, on the top of a [Surrey *?*] hill. And now just as it is completed, she lies there, [stricken down *?*]. I am just in town on my way to her — We shall hope, but our hearts are very heavy — Much love to dear Sarah. I did so like the kind things she says about Diana.* That ^lady^ has been having a very prosperous career I am glad to say, & I am now half way through her short successor [who *?*] is to begin in McClure's in January.

Ever dear Mrs Fields most [utterly *?*] yours
Mary A. Ward

Notes

Hooper: Probably William and Elsie Alice Perkins Hooper (1867-1945). Richard Cary notes that

William Hooper was "a Boston cotton mills, mining, and railway executive. Alice Perkins Hooper maintained a home in Boston and a cottage in Manchester-by-the-Sea, where she entertained many of the women in the Fields-Jewett circle. Helen Bell characterized her house as the only salon in Massachusetts."

Sally: Sarah Norton. Key to Correspondents. Her father, Charles Eliot Norton, died 21 October 1908.

Julia Huxley: Julia Huxley (1862- 29 November 1908). Her cause of death was cancer.

Diana: Ward's 1908 novel, *Diana Mallory* in the U.S., *The Testing of Diana Mallory* in the U.K. Ward's next novel was *Daphne* (first American title, *Marriage à la Mode*).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces. Ward has cross written on the first 6 lines of this page, and the transcription of these lines as well as of the cross-writing is more than usually uncertain.

Henry Mills Alden to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
Editorial Rooms, Harper's Magazine
Harper & Brothers
Franklin Square, New York.
[*End letterhead*]

November 2, 1908

Dear Miss Jewett:

Even now, before the winter is actually upon us, we are planning the spring and summer numbers of the Magazine. May we not hope to have the pleasure of seeing one or more short stories by you with a view to possible use during the coming season?

As you know we prefer stories of about 5000 words in length, and we shall be most happy if you can place a story in our hands of consideration within the next

[*Page 2*]

month or two.

Trusting that you will find it possible to send us something even before that time, we are

Sincerely yours,
[*signed* H. M. Alden]
Miss Sarah Orne Jewett
148 Charles Street,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Note

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 1, 4. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett possibly intended for an unknown recipient

The music — the thing that carries the poet along — is not always there. If it were shortened the weaker and more difficult passages left out, it would give the others more force set free their beautiful simplicities. It does not quite bear such length as it now has.

Notes

Jewett wrote this passage using both sides of a small envelope that was cancelled at Fenway Station, Boston, on Nov. 3, 1908. The envelope is addressed to Sarah Orne Jewett, 148 Charles St. Boston, Mass.

This text is from the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Fields.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
201 West 55th Street
New York
[*End letterhead*]

November 10th 1908

Dear Lady Lass

Thanks for the good letter, and the "piece" about the memories,* also so good that I could not want or think of a better — Gertrude* has had one of her bad times but is here along this morning to breakfast Laus Deo* — I dreamed I should pass the milestone this year quietly{,} just smile at old Father Time and see him smile but the Unitarian Club proposes to take him by the forelock at its first meeting on the 18th, give a dinner and reception to and for me, at the Manhattan with congratulations and the "haith"* of good wishes in which Andrew Carnegie* will join them{,} bless the [mark *corrected*] and the man — This will be 20 days before I am born Dec 8th, 1823 at 20 minutes past 2 in the morning Greenwich time and you see that will let me meet the Ancient quietly all the same at 20 minutes

[*Page 2*]

past seven Washington time —

I have a quarrel with Andrew of old standing — The restless Clans came leaping over the border in 1319 A D doing much mischief, and Lady Percy* reports to the government in London they burnt her town of Ilkley — But — It will be in order if the humor takes me to say one of Ilkley will forgive and kiss and be friends henceforth.

I think He makes true the ancient Saga "The younger son of the All Father is King of the Forge{.}"*

As ever and always yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

memories: Collyer's book, *Some Memories*, appeared in 1908. It appears Fields has sent him a review his book. Fields is not yet known to have published a review, herself. Judith Roman points out that the Huntington Library holds a Fields manuscript entitled, "Memoir of Robert Collyer," Box 3, Env. 14.

Gertrude: Collyer's daughter-in-law. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

Laus Deo: Latin: Praise be to God.

haith: This transcription is uncertain. Perhaps Collyer intends a dialect pronunciation of "height?" Or perhaps he actually intends the Scottish meaning, "curse."

Carnegie: Scottish-American industrialist and philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie (1835-1919), who funded a library, in part honoring Collyer, in Ilkley, Yorkshire, UK.

Lady Percy: Collyer refers to the Anglo-Scottish Wars of the 14th - 16th centuries. Probably, Lady Percy was Eleanor FitzAlan (1284-1328), wife of Henry de Percy (1273-1314).

Forge: This is the epigraph of Collyer's poem, "The Legend of Two Kings" in *Unity* 72 (18 December 1913) pp. 249-50. In this publication, the poem is said to have been read at an Illinois convention of blacksmiths. The poem had appeared earlier in *The Modern Elocutionist or Popular Speaker* (1900, pp. 149-53) by Guy Steeley, where it is said to have been given to "the Hebrew Brethren of New York for their great Purim ball ... for the honor and glory .... of his old craft — the blacksmith."

Though this is not certain, it seems likely that Collyer quotes or paraphrases from a translation of the *Völsunga Saga*. See *The Younger Edda* in which Regin, a youngest son becomes a blacksmith.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Annie Adams Fields to Lilian Aldrich

Thanksgiving Eve[g].
[*26 November*] 1908

Dear Lily:

Your pretty gifts this morning and your note of affectionate remembrance gave me real pleasure. The marmalade* was pronounced the best of its race but however that may be, the posy and the cards and your note were surely loving landmarks to hold when the marmalade is no more!

Affectionately yours
Annie Fields.

Notes

marmalade: Fields may have written "marmelade" both times.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, MS Am 1429, Box 6, Items 1446-1538.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Willa Cather

South Berwick, Friday, 27*th November*, 1908.

My dear Willa, — I was glad to get your letter last night, and I was sorry to miss the drive to the station and a last talk about the story and other things; but I was too tired — "spent quite bankrupt!" It takes but little care about affairs, and almost less true pleasure, to make me feel overdone, and I have to be careful — it is only stupid and disappointing, but *there it is*, as an old friend of mine often says dolefully. And I knew that I was disappointing you, besides disappointing and robbing myself, which made it all the harder. It would have been such a good piece of a half hour! Emerson was very funny once, Mrs. Fields has told me, when he said to a friend, "You formerly bragged of ill-health, sir!"* But indeed I don't brag, I only deplore and often think it is a tiresome sort of mortification. I begin to think this is just what makes old age so trying to many persons. It seemed a very long little journey, and I could hardly sit up in my place in the car. I have never been very strong, but always capable of "great pulls."

I expect to be here until Monday the seventh, unless dear Mrs. Fields should need me. I have just had a most dear and cheerful note from her, and we spoke by telephone last evening. She wrote me about the pink roses.

And now I wish to tell you — the first of this letter being but a preface — with what deep happiness and recognition I have read the "McClure" story,* — night before last I found it with surprise and delight. It made me feel very near to the writer's young and loving heart. You have drawn your two figures of the wife and her husband with unerring touches and wonderful tenderness for her. It makes me the more sure that you are far on your road toward a fine and long story of very high class. The lover is as well done as he could be when a woman writes in the man's character, — it must always, I believe, be something of a masquerade. I think it is safer to write about him as you did about the others, and not try to be he! And you could almost have done it as yourself — a woman could love her in that same protecting way — a woman could even care enough to wish to take her away from such a life, by some means or other. But oh, how close — how tender — how true the feeling is! the sea air blows through the very letters on the page. Do not hurry too fast in these early winter days, — a quiet hour is worth more to you than anything you can do in it.

Notes

Emerson: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). Annie Fields tells this anecdote twice in *Authors and Friends* (1897). In "Glimpses of Emerson," she reports: "After an agreeable conversation with a gentleman who had suffered from ill-health Mr. Emerson remarked, 'You formerly bragged of bad health, sir. I trust you are all right now'." (p. 96). In "Whittier," the gentleman is revealed to be John Greenleaf Whittier, and the quotation is rearranged: "I hope you are feeling well, sir! I believe you formerly bragged of bad health" (p. 309).

the "McClure" story: James Woodress identifies this story as "On the Gull's Road," which appeared in the December 1908 issue of *McClure's Magazine*. Woodress discusses the influence of these letters on Cather in *Willa Cather: A Literary Life* (1987, Chapter 9). For a more detailed discussion, see Sharon O'Brien in *Willa Cather: The Emerging Voice* (1987, Chapter 15).

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Friday morning
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]
[*December 1908*]*

Dearest Annie

I have just parted from "Billy"* who sends his love to you, and I told him the kind of plot you had and let me have for our coming to spend Thanksgiving Day with you — and he was so pleased and only wished he could have seen you — it was always so much to see you! He was very interesting last night after we got home — he had been in Washington nearly a week at the Y.M.C.A. international convention, and

[*Page 2*]

told me of such interesting men and their speeches — and much beside ---- One was a man named Steiner* a Hungarian by* birth, a professor in the Iowa State College. He has written a book called The Emigrant's Trail (I think that was it.) He said that there were just as many Puritans and Pilgrims coming every year ^now^ and in all this great rush to our country we knew the dangers but the menace was not in them but in us! That it was in

[*Page 3*]

our hands. It seems that the Association has already begun to send workers over to Italy & Hungary &c to know the people at home before they come in order to work better among them after they get here. I did so much wish for you last evening and I shall try to remember more than I can now — but I really thought this man Steiner would be a person for Miss Schuyler* to be reminded of in order to think about the foreigners and some possible work, of a large sort.

The day at

[*Page 4*]

Exeter was very comfortable and pleasant ^14 at dinner^ — Uncle Will* very well — My ink is low and this is a flinty pencil. I send you Mr. Higginson's note* — There is such a kind touch in it — please lay it [on *corrected*] my desk. What an exquisite day yesterday — it was beautiful coming down in the train — and today is shining bright but there is a little snow that fell yesterday morning early.

With dear love
Pin

Notes

1908: Jewett refers to the International Y.M.C.A. Convention that was held in Washington, D.C. on November 22-25, 1908.

"Billy": It is likely that this is William Perry Fiske, who is often called "Billy" in the Jewett correspondence. Key to Correspondents.

Steiner: According to a University of Iowa web page, Edward Alfred Steiner (1866-1956) was a professor of religion at Grinnell College, Grinnell, IA. Born to a Jewish family in Slovakia, he immigrated to the United States in 1886, where he pursued the Tolstoyan teachings of non-violence and toleration he had embraced at the University of Heidelberg. In the U.S., he converted to Christianity and attended Oberlin College. He joined the faculty at Grinnell College in 1903. He published *On the Trail of the Immigrant* in 1900. See also the Google Books biographical sketch, which varies from the above in some details.

Hungarian by: After these words, Jewett shifted from ink to pencil. The remainder of the letter is in pencil.

Miss Schuyler: Georgina Schuyler (1841-1923) lived with her sister Louisa Lee Schuyler (1837-1926) on Park Avenue in New York City. Wikipedia says: "Louisa Schuyler ... was an early American leader in charitable work, particularly noted for founding the first nursing school in the United States." Georgina was her partner in her philanthropic work. The New York *Times* (May 6, 1903, p. 9) reports that Georgina Schuyler donated the bronze plaque with the sonnet, "The New Colossus," by her friend Emma Lazarus, that appears at the Statue of Liberty in New York City.

Uncle Will: It seems likely Jewett refers to Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910), her maternal uncle. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Higginson's note: This could be Thomas Wentworth Higginson (1823-1911), but this is not certain.

This manuscript is held by The Morgan Library and Museum: Record ID: 193455. Accession number: MA 3943. An earlier transcription appears in Nancy Ellen Carlock's 1939 Boston University thesis, *S.O.J. A Biography of Sarah Orne Jewett*. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Willa Cather

148 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.,
Sunday, 13th of *December*.

My dear Willa, — I have been thinking about you and hoping that things are going well. I cannot help saying what I think about your writing and its being hindered by such incessant, important, responsible work as you have in your hands now. I do think that it is impossible for you to work so hard and yet have your gifts mature as they should — when one's first working power has spent itself nothing ever brings it back just the same, and I do wish in my heart that the force of this very year could have gone into three or four stories. In the "Troll-Garden" the Sculptor's Funeral* stands alone a head higher than the rest, and it is to that level you must hold and take for a starting-point. You are older now than that book in general; you have been living and reading and knowing new types; but if you don't keep and guard and mature your force, and above all, have time and quiet to perfect your work, you will be writing things not much better than you did five years ago. This you are anxiously saying to yourself! but I am wondering how to get at the right conditions. I want you to be surer of your backgrounds, — you have your Nebraska life, — a child's Virginia, and now an intimate knowledge of what we are pleased to call the "Bohemia" of newspaper and magazine-office life.* These are uncommon equipment, but you don't see them yet quite enough from the outside, — you stand right in the middle of each of them when you write, without having the standpoint of the looker-on who takes them each in their relations to letters, to the world.* Your good schooling and your knowledge of "the best that has been thought and said in the world," as Matthew Arnold* put it, have helped you, but these you wish and need to deepen and enrich still more. You must find a quiet place near the best companions (not those who admire and wonder at everything one does, but those who know the good things with delight!). You do need reassurance, — every artist does! — but you need still more to feel "responsible for the state of your conscience" (your literary conscience, we can just now limit that quotation to), and you need to dream your dreams and go on to new and more shining ideals, to be aware of "the gleam" and to follow it;* your vivid, exciting companionship in the office must not be your audience, you must find your own quiet centre of life, and write from that to the world that holds offices, and all society, all Bohemia; the city, the country — in short, you must write to the human heart, the great consciousness that all humanity goes to make up. Otherwise what might be strength in a writer is only crudeness, and what might be insight is only observation; sentiment falls to sentimentality — you can write about life, but never write life itself. And to write and work on this level,

we must live on it — we must at least recognize it and defer to it at every step. We must be ourselves, but we must be our best selves. If we have patience with cheapness and thinness, as Christians must, we must know that it *is* cheapness and not make believe about it. To work in silence and with all one's heart, that is the writer's lot; he is the only artist who must be a solitary, and yet needs the widest outlook upon the world. But you have been growing I feel sure in the very days when you felt most hindered, and this will be counted to you. You need to have time to yourself and time to read and add to your recognitions. I do not know when a letter has grown so long and written itself so easily, but I have been full of thought about you. You will let me hear again from you before long?*

Notes

Sculptor's Funeral: Willa Cather's (1876-1947) collection of short stories, *The Troll Garden*, appeared in 1905 and included her short story, "The Sculptor's Funeral." In *Willa Cather*, Sharon O'Brien quotes from an unpublished May 1905 letter Jewett had written to Witter Bynner at *McClure's* after reading *The Troll Garden*: "I cannot help wishing that a writer of such promise chose rather to show the hopeful, constructive yes — even the pleasant side of unpleasant things and disappointed lives! Is not this what we are bound to do in our own lives and still more bound to do as writers? I shrink more and more from anything that looks like giving up the game" (343). This was written before Jewett had met Cather.

magazine-office life: Cather was born in 1873 and spent her early childhood near Winchester, VA. In 1883, her family moved to the area of Red Cloud, NB. After graduating from the University of Nebraska in 1896, having written for newspapers during college, Cather continued journalism in Pittsburgh, PA. In 1906, she moved to New York City, after accepting an editor's position at *McClure's Magazine*.

to the world: In her preface to *Alexander's Bridge* (1922), Cather writes: "One of the few really helpful words I ever heard from an older writer, I had from Sarah Orne Jewett when she said to me: "Of course, one day you will write about your own country. In the meantime, get all you can. One must know the world so well before one can know the parish."

Matthew Arnold: Key to Correspondents. See Arnold's preface to *Literature and Dogma*, where he defines culture as the best that has been "known and said" or "thought and known."

conscience: The source of this quotation, if it has one, has not been discovered.

"the gleam": possibly referring to "the visionary gleam" in William Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality" (1807). Or perhaps, Jewett refers to Tennyson's poem, "Merlin and the Gleam" (1889).

before long: For Cather's reply see her letter to Jewett of 19 December.

Cather's dedication of *O Pioneers!* (1913) reads: "To the memory of Sarah Orne Jewett in whose beautiful and delicate work there is the perfection that endures."

In a 1913 interview, Cather said, "I dedicated my novel *O Pioneers!* to Miss Jewett because I had talked over some of the characters in it with her one day at Manchester, and in this book I tried to tell the story of the people as truthfully and simply as if I were telling it to her by word of mouth" (*The Kingdom of Art*, 448).

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Dorothy Mary Ward to Sarah Orne Jewett

Dec. 13. 08

[*Begin letterhead*]

STOCKS.
TRING.

[*End letterhead*]

Dearest Miss Jewett

This very morning there has come the most delightful letter from you, and I want to make use of wet Sabbath peace (!) to answer it <u>at once</u> — though indeed I have had an envelope addressed to you — with a photograph inside lying on my table for a fortnight, & I was anyhow going to write to you for Christmas. Thank you lovingly for this dear letter, — for the wishing to talk about Sally* to me, that I care so much for you to have felt, and for the warm, <u>delightful</u> things you have said about the new story — I took the letter straight in to Mother, and you don't know what pleasure & encouragement your words have given her. Just now, when the "plot is thickening" & all the <u>difficulties</u> of the new story coming to a head, it

[*Page 2*]

helps her very particularly to know what you think of the opening chapters. It was also extra good to have <u>anything</u> cheering to show her just in these days, when she is so very sad. You did not know

that on the very day on which you wrote, we were laying Mother's beloved sister, Julia Huxley,* to rest — in the lovely little hill-side cemetery in Surrey, where Watts* designed & painted the little chapel. — It was a funeral never to be forgotten by those who loved my aunt — for the outward & visible signs it brought us of the love in which our dear one was held. You know that she founded & created the [great *?*] school, which — starting 6 years ago with 4 or 5 girls, has now 83, and the most beautiful group of school buildings you could find anywhere in England. All the [elder *?*] girls were there — 40 of them — in their simple [blue-eye *?*] frocks & school hats, just as she would have liked — their young

[*Page 3*, *letterhead*]

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faces awed, hushed, at first, & then all breaking down at the last sentences by the grave. All the mistresses were there, & all the servants — & many, many friends. And her poor husband, boys! it was piteous to see them — & my Mother's drawn face. She had only been ill 4 months — & only known to be fatally ill for 2 months, & oh! such a cruel, relentless disease! — At the end one could only give thanks that she was released — even though, on the other hand, one could feel nothing but bewildered rebellion that such a thing could be — such a pouring out of a life still young — only 45 — & so wanted, so ineffably wanted — beneficent & lovely in all its ways & all its effects.

[*Page 4*]

I cannot tell you what a night-mare of an autumn it has been for my Mother — since the great doctor's final verdict at the end of September — "no operation possible !" For this sister & she have been bound together by a tie peculiarly tender, intimate & lovely. And to see her suffer so! — to watch her week by week — for week by week Mother went down to see her, even if [she *?*] to only be with her 5 minutes — slipping down the path of life & out gradually into the great unknown. The pity of it! — my poor Mother — it is the worst thing that has happened to her for many, many years, & I am afraid it will [tell *?*] on her for a long time. Yet I cannot tell you, too, how wonderful he has been through it all! — bending her mind by sheer force of will [*unrecognized word*]

[*Page 5*, *letterhead*]

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to her book* — to the Play-centres — to the old people in the village here — to the planning of the garden for next year — — to all that Arnold & Janet & I were doing — with a heart tortured meanwhile & her thoughts by the bedside on the Surrey hills. — The day after my aunt died (Mother had been with her the last 4 days, tho' there was never any room for her at the School — that was one of the sad things too — & she had to put up two or three miles away at a tiny village inn & go back & forth) — Mother brought the 2 youngest children back here — Margaret, the little 9-year-old girl, the last comer, who was her mother's darling joy, & Aldous, the 13-year-old boy in his first "half" at Eton, poor little

[*Page 6*]

fellow, & I returned post haste from Dublin, where I had been for 3 days with my dear friend Lady Lyttelton.* — The 2nd boy, a dear of 19, came the next day from Oxford (his first term at Balliol, where his elder brother is too — both with Scholarships, oh! how proud — how justly proud she was of them!) — & we tried our best to love & comfort them. I took them to the funeral from here, & brought them back. The little Eton boy is very sensitive & brooding & white, & feels it deeply — & dumbly! like a boy does! The little girl is too young — such a child, all spirits & free, does not, cannot realise what she has lost — we alas! realise it so fully for her — we shall have them all here for Xmas — Trev & Margaret are here now, tho' Aldous

[*Page 7, letterhead*]

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went back to Eton for the last fortnight of term. Their old faithful German nursery-govey is here too & a great help. — Two years ago my Aunt, finding the sheer practical work of the School growing almost unmanageable for one person, took a partner, Mrs Burton-Brown,* a rather well-known classical lecturer, & this lady is going to keep in the School now. But of course it means the breaking-up of the home for my uncle & the children & their plans are entirely unsettled at present. I have written rather at length about our trouble, but I knew you & Mrs Fields wld feel the deepest sympathy with Mother in her loss. — It was very hard for my aunt Ethel* starting when she did — and we all went to Euston to see her off for America, to try & cheer her up, tho' it wasn't very possible under the circumstances. But the lectures had been

[*Page 8*]

fixed up many months before & she working on them for ever so long, & Mother felt it was wise to persuade her to stick to the plan — esp. as my Aunt Judy had been so, so keen for Ethel to go to

America. And she could alas! do nothing by staying — no one could. — To our great relief we heard by cable ^(from someone else!)^ that the first lecture had been a great success — so we do indeed hope the others will be too.

— — I just loved to hear all you told me about Sally. Only yesterday I posted a letter to her begging her, if she really is coming over in January, to come as early as she can, so that we may claim her here first for all that remains of that month — because, alas, as Fate will have it, we must go to London about the 1st of Feb., & we have not even half a spare-room there! — the 2 that there were having had to be mopped up for mother's working-room & our two

[*Page 9, letterhead*]

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Secretaries' office, years ago. It really distresses me, selfishly & personally, that Sally' visit shld have to be just in those months, January, February, March — because they are for us always the most London-y months of the year, and I had so longed to have her for one long solid month at least, here, in our dear, beautiful Stocks. But we shall be here all January, so that, as I have said to her, if she can get over by about the 12th, we shld still have 3 weeks or so of her dear company here. That is, always supposing she is meaning to come to us first, which of course I am not sure of! — Yes indeed, how that well-known figure at Shady Hill must be missed! and what a different life it will be

[*Page 10*]

now for the daughters! I have thought so much of it all. And you can imagine how glad Mother & I are that the good fates took us just this year, & not later, to Shady Hill. We shall never forget that last evening we spent there — One felt all the evening that it was the last time — & the happiness of being there was sobered & made more precious by that realisation. — I had a dear letter from Lily* this past week, & was so relieved that she [did *?*] say in it that on the whole Sally was well.

. . . While I was writing this, this morning — Mother came in & when I told her to whom I was writing, her dear face brightened & she said — "Oh tell dear Miss Jewett that I am of course aghast at her having been allowed to see the first chapters!! — but that I love to know she likes them so much — that I do indeed

[*Page 11, letterhead*]

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hope the rest of it will interest her equally much." — — And she went on to say that I was to [tell you *?*] she was now rather low about it, because all the people in it are turning out to be horrid ! — but she is struggling to make the Bostonian, Elsie French, be a more gracious & kindly person than the rest! — be rather a comfort to the reader, in fact! Its just all being very contrary & difficult just now — you know how books sometimes get out of hand like wayward ponies! — Well — I think I must put a forcible stop to this too long letter, as I don't want to weary you, dear friend. I want you to have

[*Page 12*]

this photograph that I took — 3-4 years ago? — of dear Madame Blanc* & mother on the lawn here. I never did send it you, did I? — and I want you to know that I have been wearing one dear paste brooch constantly, that it makes me think of you just ever so often. I have been remiss at writing — forgive me — but I have not been un-busy this autumn. Since the middle of September we have moved back into this house & re-furnished it from top to toe & I have got together & started an almost entirely new household. So that the days have been absorbed in things domestic, to a great extent. It is so delicious now, I do wish you could see it — I have such a dear sitting-room of my own, next my bedroom, & oh! would 'nt it be good to have a [room *?*] with you in it! --- Will you give

[*Page 13, letterhead*]

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our dear love to Mrs Fields — I shld be proud if she wld care to see this letter — & tell her how greatly relieved & rejoiced we were — & freshly are, by your account — to know that she had really quite got well over her October illness. What with one not being in London & our absorption in Auntie Judy's illness, and Mrs ^Hooper^ [*deletion*] not being able to go about, we have never yet met her, I'm sorry to say! tho' she & Mother exchanged letters. She held out hopes of returning in the spring. — The little art couple* (I forget their names at the moment) came by the Settlement long ago & saw the Warden, Mr Gladstone, while we were away & introduced them to Mr Patrick Geddes* of

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the Chelsea University Hall Settlement, & I heard of a little reception being given for them there. But I am sorry to say tho' we wracked our brains we did not think of a way in which we cld help them financially at the Settlement, as its very little available money for teaching was allotted for the

winter — . so much of the lecturing & teaching is voluntary. I do hope they are getting on all right. —

Dear Miss Jewett, may all good Christmas blessings be yours & may 1909 bring you good health & much happiness of the loveliest & most enduring kind.

— I did so love your letter! please, please write again before too long.

Ever your loving

Dorothy Ward

Notes

Sally: Sara Norton of Shady Hill, in Cambridge, MA. Her father, Charles Eliot Norton, died on 21 October 1908. Key to Correspondents.

In volume 2 of Mary Augusta Ward's *A Writer's Recollections* (1918), she recalls her visit to New England in 1908:

> Then Philadelphia, where I lectured on behalf of the London Play Centers; Boston, with Mrs. Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett — a pair of friends, gentle, eager, distinguished, whom none who loved them will forget; Cambridge, and our last sight of Charles Eliot Norton, standing to bid us farewell on the steps of Shady Hill; Hawthorne's house at Concord; and the lovely shore of Newport. The wonderful new scenes unrolled themselves day by day; kind faces and welcoming voices were always round us, and it was indeed hard to tear ourselves away.

Julia Huxley: British scholar, Julia Huxley (1862-1908) died of cancer in 1908.

Watts: Wikipedia says the Watts Cemetery Chapel was completed in 1896. The designer was British painter and sculptor, George Frederick Watts (1817-1904).

Play centres: Mary Augusta Ward's *Daphne, or 'Marriage à la Mode'* appeared in 1909, with Elsie French among its characters.

Mary Augusta Ward and her daughter were leaders in the Play Centers Movement in Victorian England, to provide after school recreation and education for children of working parents.

Arnold ... Janet: Children of Mary Augusta Ward, siblings of Mary Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Lady Lyttelton: There were several Lady Lytteltons whom Dorothy Ward might have known, but in Dublin, it seems likely she would have met British novelist and playwright, Lady Edith (Balfour) Lyttelton (1865-1948). She is remembered particularly as a friend of Irish poet William Butler Yeats (1865-1939). Wikipedia.

Burton-Brown: British educator, Ethel Ann Burton-Brown (1868-1927). She served as headmistress of Prior's Field School from 1908 to 1927.

Ethel: According to Wikipedia, English author, journalist and lecturer, Ethel Arnold (1865-1930) lectured in the United States in 1909 and 1910. This letter indicates that these lectures began in late 1908.

Lily: Elizabeth (Lily) Gaskell. See Sara Norton in Key to Correspondents.

Blanc: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc. Key to Correspondents.

Auntie Judy ... Mrs. Hooper: Presumably, Aunt Judy is Julia Huxley.

Mrs. Hooper is Elsie Alice Perkins Hooper (1867-1945). Richard Cary notes that her husband, William Hooper, was "a Boston cotton mills, mining, and railway executive. Alice Perkins Hooper maintained a home in Boston and a cottage in Manchester-by-the-Sea, where she entertained many of the women in the Fields-Jewett circle. Helen Bell characterized her house as the only salon in Massachusetts." See Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields, 28 October 1908.

art couple: The reference to their "smallness" suggests she refers to Charles H. and Susan Marcia Oakes Woodbury. Key to Correspondents.

Settlement: The Passmore Edwards Settlement (now Mary Ward House), founded by Mary Augusta Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Gladstone ... Patrick Geddes: I have been able to learn little about George Edward Gladstone. He was the second warden of the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, 1908-1912. He was married to the British artist, Grace Elizabeth Gladstone (1873-1964). See "The Passmore Edwards Settlement" in *Charity Organisation Review* 36 (October 1914) pp. 257-62.

Wikipedia says that Sir Patrick Geddes (1854-1932) was a British biologist, sociologist and philanthropist. For information on the University Hall Settlement, see Chapter 5 of *The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward* (1923) by Janet Penrose Trevelyan.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Ward, Dorothy Mary. 1 letter; 1908. bMS Am 1743 (226). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's

Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 97, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Willa Cather to Sarah Orne Jewett

82 Washington Place [*New York City*]
Saturday, December 19 [*1908*]

My Dear, Dear Miss Jewett;

Such a kind and earnest and friendly letter as you sent me! I have read it over many times. I have been in deep perplexity these last few years, and troubles that concern only one's habits of mind are such personal things that they are hard to talk about. You see I was not made to have to do with affairs — what Mr. McClure calls "men and measures."* If I get on at that kind of work it is by going at it with the sort of energy most people have to exert only on rare occasions. Consequently I live just about as much during the day as a trapeze performer does when he is on the bars — it's catch the right bar at the right minute, or into the net you go. I

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feel all the time so dispossessed and bereft of myself. My mind is off doing trapeze work all day long and only comes back to me when it is dog tired and wants to creep into my body and sleep. I really do stand and look at it sometimes and threaten not to take it in at all — I get to hating it so for not being any more good to me. Then reading so much poorly written matter as I have to read has a kind of deadening effect on me somehow. I know that many great and wise people have been able to do that, but I am neither large enough nor wise enough to do it without getting a kind of dread of everything that is made out of words. I feel diluted and weakened by it all the time — relaxed, as if I ^had^ lived in a tepid bath until I shrink from either heat or cold.

I have often thought of trying to get three or four months of free-

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dom a year, but you see when the planning of articles is pretty much in one person's [*deleted word*] ^head^ it is difficult to hand these many little details over to another person. Your mind becomes a card-catalogue of notes that are meaningless except as ~~they~~ related to their proper subject. What Mr. McClure wants is to make me into as good an imitation of Miss Tarbell* as he can. He wants me to write articles on popular science, so called, (and other things) for half of each week, and attend to the office work in the other half. That combination would be quite possible — and, I fear perfectly deadening. He wants, above all things, good, clear-cut journalism. The which I do not despise, ~~except~~ but I get nothing to breathe out of it and no satisfaction.

Mr. McClure tells me that he does not think I will ever be able to do much at writing stories, ~~again,~~ that I am a good executive and I had better let it go at that. I sometimes, indeed I very

[*Page 4*]

often think that he is right. If I have been going forward at all in the last five years, it has been progress of the head and not of the hand. At thirty-four* one ought to have some sureness in their pen point and some ~~knowledge~~ facility in turning out a story. In other matters — things about the office — I can usually do what I set out to do and I can learn by experience, but when it comes to writing I'm a new-born baby every time — always come into it naked and shivery and without any bones. I never learn anything about it at all. I sometimes wonder whether [*deleted word*] one can possibly be meant to do the thing at which they are more blind and inept and blundering than at anything else in the world.

But the question of work aside, one has a right to live and reflect and feel a little. When I was ^teaching^

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I did. I learned more or less all the time. But now I have the feeling of standing still except for a certain kind of facility in getting the [*deleted word*] sort of material Mr. McClure wants. It's stiff mental exercise, but it is about as much food to live by as elaborate mental arithmetic would be. — Of course there are interesting people and interesting things in the day's work, but it's all like going round the world in a railway train and never getting off to see anything closer. I have not a reportorial mind — I can't get things in fleeting glimpses and I can't get any pleasure out of them. And the excitement of it doesn't stimulate me, it only wears me out.

Now the kind of life that makes one feel empty and shallow and superficial, that makes one dread to read and dread to think, can't be good for one, can it? It can't be the kind of life one was meant to live. I do think that kind of excitement does to my brain exactly what I have seen alcohol do

[*Page 6*]

to men's. It seems to spread one's very brain cells apart so that they don't touch. Everything leaks out as the power does in a broken circuit.

So whether or not the Chief is right about my never doing much writing, I think one's immortal soul is to be considered a little. He thrives on this perpetual debauch, but five years ^more^ of it will make me a fat, sour, ill-tempered lady — and fussy, worst of all! And assertive; ~~as~~ all people who do feats on the flying trapeze and never think are as cocky as terriers after rats, you know.

I have to lend a hand at home now and then, and a good salary is a good thing. Still, if I stopped working next summer I would have money [*deleted word*; enough *?*] enough to live very simply for three or four years. That would give me time to pull myself together. I doubt whether I would ever write very

[*Page 7*]

much — though that is hard to tell about for sure; since I was fifteen I have not had a patch of leisure six months long. When I was on a newspaper I had one month vacation a year, and when I was teaching I had two. Still, I don't think that my pen would ever travel very fast, even along smooth roads. But I would write a little — "and save the soul besides"* It's so foolish to live (which is always trouble enough) and not to save your soul.* It's so foolish to lose your real pleasures for the ^supposed^ pleasures of the chase — or of the stock exchange. You remember poor Goldsmith*

"And as an hare whom horns and hounds pursue,
Pants for the place from which at first she flew"

It is really like that. I do feel like such [an *intended* a *?*] rabbit most of the time. I dont mean that I get panic-stricken. I believe I am still called "executive" at the

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office. But inside I feel like that. Isn't there a new disease, beloved by psychologists, called "split personality"?*

Of all these things and many others I long to talk to you. In lieu of so doing I have been reading again this evening "Martha's Lady."* I do think it is almost the saddest and loveliest of stories. It humbles and desolates me every time I read it — and somehow makes me willing to begin all over and try to be good; like a whipping used to do when I was little. Perhaps after Christmas I can slip up to Boston for a day. Until then a world of love to you and all the well wishes of this season, an hundred fold warmer and more heartfelt than they are wont to be. I shall think of you and of Mrs. Fields often on Christmas Day.

Devotedly
Willa

[*Set off with a line in the top left margin of Page 8*]

As I pick up the sheets of this letter I am horrified — but I claim indulgence because I have left wide margins.

Notes

Mr. McClure: Sydney S. McClure; Key to Correspondents.

Wikipedia says: "In 1906 Cather moved to New York City after being offered a position on the editorial staff of *McClure's Magazine*. During her first year at McClure's she wrote a critical biography of Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. ... "Mary Baker G. Eddy: The Story of Her Life and the History of Christian Science" was published in *McClure's* in fourteen installments ..., and then in book form as *The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science* (1909)." The Willa Cather Foundation Timeline indicates that Cather left *McClure's* in 1912.

Miss Tarbell: Ida Minerva Tarbell (1857-1944) was an American author and, an originator of investigative journalism. Wikipedia says her best-known book was *The History of the Standard Oil Company* (1904).

thirty-four: Jewell and Stout say that at the writing of this letter, Cather had just turned thirty-five.

"and save the soul besides": Near the end of *The Ring and the Book* (1868-9) by Robert Browning (1812-1889), appear these lines:

So write a book shall mean, beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.

not to save your soul: Cather seems to be alluding to Matthew 16:26: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" See also Mark 8:36.

Goldsmith: In "The Deserted Village" (1770), British author Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) wrote:

And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

split personality: The 21st-century medical term for "split personality" is "Dissociative Identity Disorder ... characterized by the appearance of at least two distinct and relatively enduring identities or dissociated personality states that alternately show in a person's behavior." Wikipedia.

Martha's Lady: Jewett's "Martha's Lady" was first published in *Atlantic Monthly* 80, pp. 523-533, in October 1897, and was collected in *The Queen's Twin* (1899),

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930, MS Am 1743.1, (15) Cather, Willa, 1873-1947. 3 letters; 1908 & [n.d.]. A transcription appears in *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather* (2013) by Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout, pp. 117-20. New transcription and notes.

David Douglas to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin Letterhead*
Underlined portion filled in by hand.]
DAVID DOUGLAS
PUBLISHER

10 Castle Street
Edinburgh Dec 19 190_
[*End Letterhead*]

[*1908*]

My dear Mrs Fields

I do not like the last week of the year to pass without sending our Christmas greetings including wishes for 1909. Both our households have reason ^to Miss Jewett^* to be grateful to the protecting hand of the Almighty in the years that is rapidly waning. —

My daughter is sending (in lieu of a sketch from Nature) a view of our staircase [containing *?*] representations of some of my friends. I wish I could have added a corner of my

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little library which contains another group, in which the beautiful photograph of Mr Fields has an honored place — (under David Masson & De Quincey) — of course one cannot contemplate them without a feeling of sadness, but also with the blessed hope of meeting them again. —

Here am I, on the very brink of human dissolution — yet permitted to look on their faces! I can only thank God and implore his continued protection "until" (in the words of the old hymn)* — "all our [*deleted word*] ^wanderings^ cease, and at our Fathers loved abode our souls arrive in peace" —

Are you acquainted with the writings of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen?* I [intend *?*] to send you a little volume containing a

3

a selection from his Letters made a few years ago, — some of which will, I think, interest you. I knew him a little but was too young to know him intimately — His friends included Dr Chalmers & Carlyle,* specimens of their correspondence are included in the volume. —

[*Postscript appears at the top of page 1*]

P.S. I had almost forgot why the long letter was written — It was to send your my dear wifes card now enclosed.*

Notes

Miss Jewett: Though Douglas has indicated his insertion belongs here, it is not very clear where he really wanted to put it.

David Masson ...De Quincey: Scottish author and reformer, David Mather Masson (1822-1907).
British author, Thomas Penson De Quincey (1785-1859).

old hymn: This hymn is "O God of Bethel, by whose hand."

Thomas Erskine of Linlathen: Scottish theologian, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen (1788-1870). A collection of *Letters of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen* appeared in 1878.

Chalmers & Carlyle: Scottish clergyman and educator, Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847).
Scottish author and historian, Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).

enclosed: Douglas's wife was Sarah Burns Millidge (1830-1912). The enclosed small printed card reads: "Mr. & Mrs. David Douglas send their kind wishes for Christmas and the New Year." It is dated December 1908 from 22 Drummond Place, Edinburgh.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda, Box 16: mss FI 5637.

Alice Meynell to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
4, GRANVILLE PLACE MANSIONS,

W.

[*End letterhead*]
Portman Square

December 23d
[*1908*]*

Dear Friend,

It was a joy to see your handwriting and to know that you think as affectionately of your old guest as I do of my dear and most kind hostefs.

[*Page 2*]

It would be a grief to me to think I should not see Boston again, and I still hope.

I am distrefsed to know you have been ill. I love to think of my dear Mifs Jewett watching over you. I am sending her a copy

[*Page 3*]

of Francis Thompson* because Mr. Whittemore* said he was sending you one instead of me. You are not to let her acknowledge it. She should have a rest from letters. I know she does not forget me as I do not forget her.

[*Page 4*]

Many many thanks for the Shelley — It is singularly interesting. That large-eyed portrait I never believed, but William Bell Scott* had a rather grotesque bust with a retreating chin which he held to be authentic. The chin in this West portrait* is particularly good, and the face is altogether fine.

My son* and his bride are very happy and well, settled near me. A very happy New Year, dear, dear Friend to you and your darling friend and mine.

Ever your affectionate
Alice Meynell

Notes

1908: The Huntington Library believes this date is correct. The belief is supported by recent the marriage of Meynell's son and the publication of her husband's Thompson volume.

Francis Thompson: Thompson (1859-1907) was a British poet. It seems likely that Meynell's gift to Jewett was *Selected Poems: with a Biographical Note* (1908), prepared by Meynell's husband, Wilfrid Meynell.

Whittemore: American scholar and archaeologist, Thomas Whittemore (1871-1950).

Shelley: British poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).

William Bell Scott: Scott (1811-1890) was a Scottish painter, poet and teacher. His bust may have been the portrait bust attributed to Marianne Leigh Hunt. The "wide eyed" portrait probably was a widely circulated engraving based upon Amelia Curran's 1819 painting.

West portrait: Damian Atkinson has identified American portrait painter William Edward West (1788-1859), who produced a memorable image of Shelly.

son: Meynell's son, Everard, married the Italian-American singer, Grazia Carbone, in 1908.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 47: mss FI 3301, Folder 1. Archival notes on the manuscript have not been reproduced. This letter was previously transcribed by Damian Atkinson for *The Selected Letters of Alice Meynell* (2013). New transcription and notes.

Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields

Dec 24. 1908

[*Begin letterhead*]

STOCKS,
TRING.

[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mrs Fields

[Thankyou *so it appears*] so much for your kind thought, & cheering words of Diana.* You had ^not^ heard when you wrote of our [irreparable *?*] loss,* but you will have heard before this, and I know how you and Sarah will have felt for us — It is barely a month since she passed away, and [though *?*] her last words to me are always in my ear — 'sweetheart! — sweetheart! {'} — all my last watch beside her seems to have passed in another life, another world — We have her children here, & my poor brother-in-law. Today there is a big Xmas tree for the children, — and I hear their merry cries in the hall — For years she & her babes always spent Xmas here —

[*Page 2*]

Every good wish to you and Sarah for the New Year, my dear friends — I do hope the winter will deal kindly with you — you will perhaps have heard

of the success of Ethel's lectures* in New York. The news of it has been a great joy to me in this dark time — and would have been such a joy to Judy!

I am very glad about Diana. The next story alack, will have an odious heroine & will be as much a tract as anything I have ever written. But I was much stirred by some talk I had at Philadelphia on the divorce problem, & I have tried to show what money-hunting on the English side, & [*deleted word*] ^ the^ divorce laws on your side may come to in combination. I am finding the subject however extraordinarily difficult, and am at present [groaning *?*] and laboring. Do by all means send me any criticisms that come to you

Ever your affec^te^
Mary A. Ward.

Notes

Diana: Ward's 1908 novel, *Diana Mallory* in the U.S., *The Testing of Diana Mallory* in the U.K. Ward's next novel was *Daphne* (first American title, *Marriage à la Mode*).

loss: Ward's sister, Julia Huxley (1862- 29 November 1908).

Ethel's lectures: Ward's sister, Ethel Arnold (1865-1930), a British suffragist and niece of the poet, Matthew Arnold. Wikipedia notes that she lectured in the U.S. in 1909 and again in 1910. Though her topics were various, a main topic was woman suffrage.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Elizabeth Jervis and Mary G. Gilman

South Berwick, Friday
[Christmas 1908]*

[*Letterhead, upper left corner, in red ink, of the initials SOJ intertwined, inside a circle*]

Dearest Lizzie and Mary

The candy is better than ever, and the fairy gingerbread couldn't have been better if fairies had charmed it into being! Thank you so much; and I believe that I never loved to have your Christmas remembrance so much. I am glad the little boxes got there all right.

[Page 2]

I cant think why they were so slow —

— I came down early on Christmas morning and now Mary and I have begun to get our breath again. Such a feeling comes over me of needing to be in both places!

I had a most dear postcard from Cousin Fanny* — beautifully written and so full of her dear kindness. I had a nice time with her too on Thanksgiving day when we sat next. Goodbye with my best new year wishes to you both [and with love *?*] — Sarah

Notes

1908: This date is only a guess, supported flimsily by the similarity of this card to another addressed to the Gilman sisters in June of 1908. The guess of the date of that card also has minimal support.

Cousin Fanny: This presumably is Fanny Gilman. See Helen Williams Gilman in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this card is held by the George J. Mitchell Department of Special Collections & Archives, Hawthorne-Longfellow Library, Brunswick, ME, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers, Series 1 (M238.1): Correspondence, 1877-1905, n.d.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

[*Letterhead consisting of initials SOJ in red ink intertwined inside a circle.*]

South Berwick. 28th
[*December 1908*]*

Dear Lilian

I thank you so much for my lovely goblet — and I safely brought Mary's lovely tumbler to her without any trouble at all. They will be so good and charming to have! and nobody found them but you.

I shall hope to see you soon and thank you all [over *?*] again

Yours ever S.O.J.

Notes

1908: The envelope associated with this note was cancelled on 28 December 1908. The note appears to be written on a black-bordered card.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).